

THE

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

1892-93.

17245

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 27, 1892.

No. 1.

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PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF
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B. L. BRYANT, '95.

TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1104, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The ORIENT has attained its majority. With the issue of this number it enters upon its twenty-second year. Hence there devolves upon us who have assumed its management increased responsibility. Not only should it continue to voice the sentiments of the students of Bowdoin College, but it should feel that its age entitles it to authority; and as year by year it becomes more firmly established as an element of college life, it is more and more bound to weigh and deliberate its opinions.

Aside from its editorial columns the scope of the ORIENT's work is threefold. It is the organ of the alumni and of the students. It should contain everything of interest to Bowdoin men, whether of the Corporation, the Faculty, the graduates, or the undergraduates. Accordingly, as in the past, the two news departments, "Personal," devoted to alumni items, and "Collegia Tabula," for the Faculty and students, will be continued, and the columns will be thrown open freely to all communications of college interest. By diligence and care in issuing the paper promptly it cannot fail to be of value to all who care for Bowdoin and Bowdoin men.

The third rôle which the ORIENT has to play is that of a literary periodical. If it had at its command the literary ability of the

students of this college it need not in any respect partake of the nature of an amateur paper. Since it cannot command, it must appeal. If it receives the support due it for the sake of the college which it represents, if a rivalry in good work can be aroused among the students, if every man will do what he can, we are confident that a surprise will await our readers, and that they will say, not "this is good for a college paper," but "this is excellent in itself," and watch with interest for the succeeding numbers.

Our intentions are good, as have been those of every preceding editorial board. If you will help us we believe we can make this ORIENTAL year a success.

IN ORDER to stimulate an interest in writing, the ORIENT offers the following prizes:

For the best story published in this volume of the ORIENT, Five Dollars.

For the second best story, Three Dollars.

For the greatest number of poems published, Five Dollars.

For the best short poem published, Two Dollars.

These prizes are open to all students of Bowdoin College except the present ORIENT editors.

The judges will be Rev. Dr. Mason, Professor Lawton, and Barrett Potter, Esq.

The editors reserve the right to decline any article which they deem unsuitable for publication. They cannot insure the publication of any story more than 1,500 words long nor of any poem of more than 50 lines.

Manuscripts are subject to revision by the editors before publication, and the judges will see the articles only as they appear in print, therefore misunderstanding will be avoided by careful preparation.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, which, however, will not be published.

Do not put off writing till next winter term, or some of the articles will be crowded out.

BY AN error in the last number, Mr. Bryant's name was written H. E. Bryant. It is B. L. Bryant, '95, who has charge of the ORIENT's Personal column. If the alumni and students will supply him with any facts which they may know of in regard to Bowdoin graduates, they will oblige not only the editors but the readers of the paper.

MTHE Y. M. C. A. column will be conducted by Mr. C. H. Howard, President of the Association, who may thus be considered an editor *ex officio*.

WE PUBLISH in this issue the complete text of the winning part in the '68 Prize Speaking contest. Mr. Linscott seems to have said the right thing in the right way. He strikes a chord which interests us all.

In this connection, is not the '68 speaking encroaching a little upon Commencement? We must not be understood as adversely criticising any of the disquisitions which were recently delivered in Memorial Hall when we say that they were too long. A certain limit of time is set, and yet nearly every man seems to feel that if he keeps within that limit his chances are lost. He is too ambitious. He starts out on too grand a scale. The result is that the strain of building up and then committing so long an oration in the latter part of the hard winter term is too severe, and one or two of the contestants are sure to give it up. Why cannot the speaking be limited strictly to a short period similar to that usually occupied by a declamation? Then the tax would be laid on the man's ingenuity and ability instead of his physical strength. It takes just as good a man to write a short speech as to write a

long one,—perhaps a little better. Certainly Lincoln's Gettysburg address was as good as a ream of Congressional Globes on the silver question.

UNDER the supervision of the architect, Mr. McKim, the site for the new Art Building has been staked out to the south of the central path, near Main Street, and facing Appleton Hall.

The building will be the largest on the campus, with the exception of the chapel, the dimensions being 87 x 100 feet. We shall give a more detailed description in a later issue, but the following is in brief the plan of the building: It is to be of the Italian Renaissance style, brick with trimmings of Indiana limestone. The height of the building will be 35 feet, and it will be surmounted by a low dome similar to that of the Parthenon at Rome. This will light the central apartment, which is to be devoted to sculpture. The two wings will each contain a room for paintings. In the bay at the rear, towards the street, is to be another room, known as the Sophia Walker room. In front there will be a portico fronting a broad platform, six feet high, to which will be an ascent by steps. This will be a noticeable feature of the building. It is designed after the Villa Medici at Rome.

WE WERE sorry to learn that the newspaper version of Judge Symonds's speech, which the ORIENT published in the last number, contained some inaccuracies. The speech as printed was excellent, but it would surely have been much better if it had been exactly as Judge Symonds delivered it.

BEWARE of the small boy. Not but what a good many of the small boys who haunt the ends are perfectly honest, but the unclassified specimen with observing eyes

and large pockets is likely to prove a delusion and a snare. Every generation of students has to learn this from experience. There is no need of giving the kids a free pass to all the rooms in college. Let them keep their distance till they are wanted.

Saved by Old Boreas.

THE evening was fast turning to night, as the train, on which I was a passenger, pulled into the little station of C—, and came to a stop. Awaking from a reverie and realizing that I had reached my journey's end, I stepped out upon the platform of the station, and giving my baggage checks to an eager hackman, sauntered toward the one hotel in the little town.

C— is a pleasant little place on the west coast of Florida. I had come hither to spend the early fall before returning to my college. As I walked along the shore of the harbor I saw lights beginning to appear in the farm-houses on the opposite side of the bay, and looking out on the water I discerned, out about a mile and a half, a long sand-bar, dimly seen in the moonlight. Noticing that the tide was out, I thought what a pleasant place it would be to row out to, and decided to hire a boat for that purpose in the morning.

Arriving at the hotel, I ate a hearty supper, retiring soon after. When I awoke the next morning I found the day was cloudless and quite warm. Looking out of my window I perceived the little sand-island lying temptingly near the shore. After eating my breakfast I hastened to the beach, and hiring a dory rowed quickly toward the island. In a few minutes I came abreast of it. It was about two hundred feet long, and extended exactly north and south. It was also higher at each end than at the center, and there were a few rocks at the southern extremity.

Drawing my boat upon the northern end,

which was nearest, I walked toward the rocks, and obtaining as comfortable a seat as possible, I was soon watching the light clouds fleeting past. Soothed by the soft wind I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by a dash of water in my face. Thinking it must be beginning to rain I lazily opened my eyes. But I saw no clouds, only blue sky. Again the water splashed in my face. This time I leaped to my feet and looked around me. I was standing on a rock barely ten feet across, and not three feet above the level of the sea! In my surprise I stood spell-bound for a moment, not realizing my danger. Another wave rolling up dashed the spray at my feet.

Glancing about I saw in what a desperate situation I was placed. Oh how deeply I regretted my inability to swim, as I saw my boat safely resting where I had drawn it up, and that the water had now completely covered the stretch of sand between me and it. A strong wind was blowing from the north. Might it not blow the boat within my reach when the fast-rising tide had set it afloat? Turning towards the shore I waved my hat and shouted, trying in futile attempt to send my voice a mile and a half. Another wave rolls on, covering the rock completely. I almost sink in despair. With the water up to my knees, and retaining my hold with difficulty, I see my boat afloat and drifting toward me. But would it come in time? It is within twenty five yards! That last wave reached to my waist almost sweeping me from the rock. And now the dory is within fifteen yards, twenty feet, ten feet. I see a monstrous wave approaching. Which will reach me first?

When the boat is within six feet I give a desperate leap and catch the gunwale firmly with both hands just as the billow sweeps over me. I hold on with the strength of despair, and after the wave has passed man-

age to draw myself over the side, falling exhausted in the bottom of the boat. After lying a few minutes, I recovered my strength and, seizing the oars which had luckily remained in the boat, rowed rapidly toward the shore.

I remained in the hotel the rest of that day, and afterward, whenever I wanted to row, I always ascertained the condition of the tide.

The Straits of Magellan.

PROFESSOR LEE'S LECTURE.

*T*HE Washington Star of April 2d contains an interesting account of Professor Lee's lecture at the National Museum. The following is an extract:

Several hundred people gathered in the lecture hall of the National Museum last night to take a trip to Terra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan. It was a personally conducted tour by Professor Leslie Lee, who, with the aid of a stereopticon, some photographic views, and a ready flow of descriptive language, transported the audience to the Antipodes. It was a delightful trip. There was no seasickness, no chill pampers encountered off the coast of Patagonia, and the unpleasant odor of seal oil and red clay which Professor Lee said attends the person of the Terra del Fuegan was not perceptible to any annoying degree.

Professor Lee was eminently qualified to conduct the tour, as he made it in the Albatross, the fish commission's steamer, some time ago. All the explanations which he made to an interested and appreciative audience last night, therefore, were the results of actual experiences.

Then follows a brief abstract of the lecture, at the end of which is an interesting paragraph which shows the Professor's labors for the advancement of civilization:

Prof. Lee presented several views of the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, charming creatures, with their thin, attenuated limbs and portly stomachs. These beauties allow their hair to grow long and hang down straight. Then they plaster it with seal oil and red clay, which hardens and makes a complete waterproof covering for their heads. The natives possess the faculty of imitating a sound, and Professor Lee undertook to teach them a song. He

succeeded so well that when he departed from their midst a group stood upon the shore and serenaded him with "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now."

Psi Upsilon Convention.

THE fifty-ninth annual convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held in New York City, April 6th, 7th, and 8th, under the auspices of the Lambda Chapter of Columbia College, and was largely attended by representatives from the leading universities and colleges of the country. The Kappa sent R. W. Mann, L. M. Fobes, and H. C. Fabyan. On the evening of April 6th a reception was tendered the visiting delegates by the Psi Upsilon Club of New York, at its Club House where about three hundred Psi U men were welcomed by the members of the club and of the Lambda Chapter.

Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the business meetings of the Fraternity occurred, continuing through that day and the day following, at which petitions for chapters from Johns Hopkins University, the Boston Institute of Technology, Dickinson College, and the new University of Chicago were considered and refused.

In addition to this and other important business matters it was decided by the convention to issue a Fraternity annual and to erect in the city of New York a new Club House for the use of all resident and visiting Psi U men.

The public literary exercises of the Fraternity were held Thursday evening, April 7th, at the new Carnegie Music Hall, before a large and brilliant audience well worthy of the efforts put forth by the speakers of the evening.

Shortly before eight o'clock the delegates formed in line in order of the foundation of their respective chapters, and to the inspiring strains of "Tannhäuser," from the orchestra, stationed behinds the palms and greenery with which the stage was banked,

proceeded down the aisles to the seats reserved for them, headed by the grand marshal, Mr. Waldron Williams, A. '85.

Soon after eight o'clock the exercises commenced, of which the following is the order:

Overture—	Tannhäuser.—Wagner.
Grand March—	Aida.—Verdi.
Prayer.	Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., D.C.L.
Address.	Robert Lenox Belknap, A.M.
Fraternity Song.	Glee Club.
Waltz—	"Pazman."—Strauss.
Poem.	John Kendrick Bangs, Ph.B.
	Intermezzo.
	"Cavalleria Rusticana."—Mascagni.
Oration.	Rev. Martin R. Vincent, S.T.D.
Fraternity Song.	Glee Club.
March—	"La Reine de Saba."—Gonnod.

The most brilliant affair of the whole convention was the banquet, held in the concert Hall of the Madison Square Garden, on the evening of April 8th, at which the praises of old Psi U were rehearsed in song and story.

At the head of the hall and banked by mosses of ferns and lilies, behind which the orchestra was concealed, sat the speakers of the evening: Dr. William H. Draper, Chancery M. Depew, F. W. Hinricks, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, William A. Kingsley, and Dr. Willard Parker.

The speeches of the evening were hailed with great enthusiasm and were interspersed with the various chapter yells and Fraternity songs, all of which added greatly to the interest of the scene on the part of the fair occupants of the boxes above. After every chapter had pledged every other chapter with the "garnet and gold" until long into the night, the banquet hall gradually became deserted, and the festivities of the fifty-ninth convention of old Psi U had come to an end.

In a German University a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to the theatres and takes him free to art galleries.

The Common School System the Hope of the Republic.

'SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZE ORATION.

BY HARRY F. LINSCOTT.

HE fourth of March, 1797, was a memorable day to our nation, marking, as it did, the close of the public life and services of the first great character in American history. For, on that day, George Washington, after commanding for more than twenty years the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, the admiration of the whole civilized world, yielded to other hands the care of the nation which had been the foremost object of his thought and solicitude, the object to which he had devoted his noblest efforts, the consummate genius and indomitable energy of his magnificent personality.

But before he laid aside the robe of state and sought rest and relaxation he gave to his people a last political will and testament, the priceless legacy of wise counsel and advice—his Farewell Address. That loving outburst of a noble heart; that affectionate exhortation to national unity and fraternal good-will has ever been considered as one of the grandest achievements of a surpassing genius. Within its pages are found declarations of policy that are as true to-day as they were a century ago. In one statement in particular, however, there is embodied a principle which is especially applicable to our political and social status at the present day. The words of Washington are as follows: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. When the structure of a government gives greater force to public opinion it is imperative that public opinion be enlightened."

Nearly one hundred years have passed since the tears of the American people fell upon the grave of the "Father of his Country" as his body was lowered into the narrow precincts of its last long home beneath the willows of Mt. Vernon. Within those hundred years his people have been guided by those words and have not failed to recognize the supreme importance of education and its intimate relation to their welfare. Public opinion has, indeed, been enlightened in this land, and to that fact we may ascribe, in large measure, the perpetuity of our free institutions. As long as the sanctity of American citizenship was kept inviolable; as long as the homogeneous nature of our people was preserved, so long did succeeding generations

come into the full inheritance of their fathers with minds properly trained and filled with an adequate conception of their duties and privileges.

Now, however, a tremendous burden has been cast upon our common school system. From two distinct sources there has been thrown upon the body-politic a mass of adventitious material which must be entirely remodeled to fit new conditions and greater responsibilities. On the one hand, for more than fifty years the nations of the world have been allowed, yea, invited, to spew out upon this fair land their refuse population, and to taint our society with the foul products of centuries of oppression and misrule. A ceaseless tide of immigration has been setting toward our shores, and a loose system of naturalization has supplemented this evil by admitting multitudes of aliens to full participation in public affairs.

Thirty years ago the men of the North and the South left their occupations in civil life and donned, the one the blue, the other the gray, for a death struggle such as has seldom been known in history. Under the oaks of the North and the cypress of the South they bade adieu to home and friends and marched away to the conflict that sowed the Southland with graves, and brought sorrow to many a home from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. When, at last, the men of the Northwest had hewed their way along the Mississippi by the sword; when Sherman had swept, with irresistible might, through the bowels of the Confederacy, and, with Grant, had rounded up the hunt in the trenches about Petersburg, more than four million human beings had been admitted to the brotherhood of American citizenship.

By thus investing with the full rights of citizens so many aliens and emancipated slaves we are throwing a fearful weight into the scale which before seemed as heavily loaded as our institutions could bear. As a result, in ten thousand homes, the children are trained in the language and spirit of a European monarchy and then, at a tender age, are turned out into the world with no equipment for life save a scanty knowledge of the vernacular of the streets, ignorant of the history and institutions of the land in which they dwell, and absolutely devoid of any conception of the meaning and responsibilities of American citizenship.

There is, moreover, nothing in the history of universal suffrage, as vivified by popular ignorance, that can give us confidence in the future of our republic. Turn to the vivid delineations upon the pages of history and behold the sovereign city of

antiquity struggling from one tyranny to another, through proscriptions, confiscations, and the blood of citizens. Mighty Rome never had an intelligent, much less an educated, populace. The magnificent fabric of that empire trembled and fell in ruins, overwhelmed by the organized depravity and legalized corruption of its institutions, the inevitable consequences of a debased citizenship.

Universal suffrage, in this country, exists inevitably and immovably. Every man of twenty-one years has, and will have, a vote, and, while—to their shame—many men of culture remain away from the polls, there is not one of the ignorant, irresponsible citizens who is not lured, bribed, or threatened into casting his vote once or oftener. As long as we have a great majority of voters who are utterly incapable of exercising the right of suffrage, but are mere multipliers of the votes of political intriguers and demagogues, a body that can be wielded by a single, central, yet ubiquitous will, and can incline the balance of power as that will may dictate, our republic is in danger, a cloud hangs over us, and our only hope is that it may be dissipated before it bursts upon the land.

It is hardly reasonable to expect that all extraneous affiliations will be banished from aliens of the first generation, or that the negroes will lose, at once, their ignorant, superstitious character. Adult Germans, who settle among us, will, in all probability, never be anything but German Americans. We must, however, tender to their children no facilities for perpetuating the hybridism. We want no mongrels in the second generation.

Our safety, then, should be sought in the education of the children, and that education must be in the public schools and through the agency of the English language. No other system can provide for the training of the entire body of the fast rising generation. No other method can so fuse heterogeneous elements of condition, sect, nationality, and color, that they shall become one people with a common interest in the country as their own, and in its institutions as their joint trust. There is, in a word, but a single instrumentality adequate to combine all the good forces of the state into one cosmic unit, to compress and crush all chaotic forces, and that active principle is embodied in the public schools.

Educational institutions maintained by charity, sectarian schools, and the Parochial system of the Catholics suffice, in an eminent degree, to diffuse knowledge. Their efficiency, however, is seriously impaired by the fact that the scope of their work

is confined to such narrow limits. On the other hand, the common school system is not ordained to prepare the individual, primarily, to buy and sell and get gain, to appear properly in reputable society, to be free from ignorance. The reason for its being lies deeper. It is to perpetuate and purify citizenship.

Schools sustained by charity would be spurned by those, who most need them, and would deepen and indurate caste spirit, create a distinct aristocracy and make plebeianism and pauperism hereditary. Sectarian schools leave out of their charge the unfortunately growing multitude owned by no sect and intensify both religious and political partisanship by the fuel, with each feeds the other's fires.

Educational institutions maintained at the public expense tend to soften social contrasts, to modify sectarian prejudices, and to tone down the bitterness fostered between those of different nationalities. Moreover, this common school education will implant, in the heterogeneous elements of the rising generation a vivid conception of the fact, that they are bound together by the tie of brotherhood common to all the human family, that they are amenable to the laws of society, and above all, that they are Americans.

It is, therefore, imperative that the public character, the true Americanizing function of the school system be zealously guarded. Let us first eliminate from the nursery of the nation all distinctions and schisms, remove every opportunity for widening the divergences now existing, which tend to destroy the oneness of the civil life and the national consciousness, and finally, bring all elements of the rising generation, black and white, Protestant and Catholic, native born and alien, in touch with one another, on an equal footing, in a school, the whole genius of whose discipline shall be devoted to strengthening civil allegiance and to giving a mighty impulse to the warm flow of American patriotism.

Within the next twelve months the people of the United States will fittingly commemorate a most important event in their history, and will honor the memory of that intrepid sailor, the discoverer of America. Then this country will welcome to its shores the representatives of every member of the brotherhood of nations, and will receive from them sincere congratulations for the material prosperity of the land. To the thoughtful mind of the patriotic citizen, however, this festal year must appeal with a deep meaning and cannot fail to awaken in

his inmost thoughts a grave apprehension. What shall our next centennial be? Shall our posterity have one in any sense worthy of jubilant celebration? This anniversary of the new birth of America into the domain of civilization presents no more momentous theme.

The only authoritative exposition of the duty of the American people in this exigency is embodied in those wise words uttered by Washington a century ago. Education is the chief defense of nations. The common schools are the fathers and mothers of the republic that shall be. A corps of teachers in every township, a school-house at every cross-road are better agents for maintaining national honor and security at home and abroad, than the fierce hand of war or the peaceful ordinances of legislative assemblies. If public opinion is not enlightened in this land, the inevitable consequences will be a vitiated, debased suffrage, religious and sectional enmities, and finally revolution, anarchy, ruin.

On the other hand a common school system free from distinctions of color, nationality, and sect will ensure to the nation a contented people, devoted to the interests of their country and indissolubly united in shielding the fair name of American citizenship from reproach and disonor.

Heaven grant that those, who shall, a century hence, stand where we do now, may cherish for us, as restorers and preservers of this state, such honor and gratitude as is now rendered to those who laid its foundations a century ago. May coming generations behold a united, a homogeneous nation, forever dedicated to the principle that legitimate freedom is the portion of the scholar and the mature citizen, the love of liberty and love of letters being joint expressions of the results of our educational processes, affections joined together, because it is for the good of the individual and of that greater, grander personality, the nation.

DREADFUL.

"Oh, Jack!" the maiden eager cried,
"I'm learning billiard-law,
For pa has just been teaching me
The 'follow,' 'English,' 'draw,'"
"Dost know what 'kissing' is?" I asked,
In accents calm and slow,
And heard the blushing maid reply,
"Well—not in billiards, no!"

Of the 332 members of the present United States House of Representatives, 106 are college graduates.

Rhyme and Reason.

A Legend.

Bowdoin Man—
Invitation—
"Charmed I'm sure—" "In vacation."
He arrives—
"How appalling!
Left behind
Cards for calling—" Only four
Now remaining.
Stoic he—
Not complaining.
Sallies forth—
Four calls made, be
Still must call
On many a lady.
Level head—
Deep reflection—
Calls again—
Makes collection—
Same four cards
Re-obtaineth—
So on till
No call remaineth.

To an Air Castle.

Thou child of my own fancy,
Thou dream of coming days,
Thou hope-illumined vision,
That holdest my fond gaze,—

Why art thou a creation
Created but to die,—
A thing to be left lifeless
By grim Reality?

Anticipation's kinsman,
Yet far more frail, and fraught
With far more desolation
When thou art come to naught,

Since I do know thy nature
Why should I worship thee?
Why should I let thee linger
In willing fantasy?

Because of thy rare beauty
From thy soft, sweet sway ;
Because I love thy presence
As flowers love the day ;

Because thou art so lofty,
So pure, and so ideal !
Alas ! Thou art too lovely !
Not so appears the real.

But I cannot dismiss thee
So joyous dost thou seem,
Though thou art so deceitful,
Thou bright and winning dream !

Aye ! Constantly returning
Art thou and thine to Youth !
Thou com'st, and Reason never
Stands face to face with Truth.

To Her.

Some memories linger with a perfume sweet
Within my soul, and shed a softened light
O'er rugged ways, and doubtings put to flight.
My love, my deepest memory, thee I greet
For in thee purely earth and heaven meet
Linked by thy own heart's love; and sparkling
bright
Thy sunny nature turns earth's darkest night
To pulsing life and joy. And so complete
My pleasure is, when thy blessed memory rests
In me. Peace to my troubled soul thou art,
And faith for all that's best in human life.
High and full aims thou plantest in my breast
Courage and truth thou settest in my heart,
Thou bidst me firm-souled face life's murmurings
strife.

Daphne Changed into a Laurel.

Daphne, so the poets say,
On a lovely summer's day,
With great Apollo flirted.
But he like many another swain,
Thought that flirting was in vain,
And his true love asserted.

He hoped she'd be his lawful wife,
And hand in hand with him through life,
Would wander through Elysium ;
But this for Daphne has no charm,
She, fearing he may do her harm,
Flies, laughing in derision !
But he with wonder in his face,
Quickly starting on the race,
Vowed he would overtake her ;

And if she said she would not spouse,
The god whose love she had aroused
He certainly would make her ?
Now Daphne hurries o'er the stones,
(The wonder is she breaks no bones)
Apollo close beside her;
Telling his love with panting breath,
And saying he should grieve to death,
If she did not look kinder !

But Daphne quickly onward flies,
The god in vain to catch her tries,
Until they both grow weary ;
When just as they have reached a brook,
And in her face he tries to look
Calling her his "deary !"

She cries aloud, unto the wave,
" Oh ! Father dear ! in pity save,"
Have mercy I implore thee ;
For in thee I put my trust,
For you to save me is but just !
Oh ! Save me ! Father, save me ! "

Then the spirit of the wave,
One look unto the goddess gave,
And then her wish was granted ;
Now leaves and bark her form adorn,
And by the river side that morn,
A laurel tree was planted.



The sale of the Reading-Room papers occurred last Wednesday afternoon and furnished more amusement than cash. The *Boston Journal*, as usual, was the most fortunate of the dailies. The Bangor papers, from some unaccountable reason, were not in it. *Judge* was the leader among the weeklies.

Baker, '93, has left college.

The college quartet will give a concert in Norway shortly.

Flood, '94, who was teaching last term, has returned to college.

Barton, '84, principal of Bridgton Academy, spent several days in town last week.

Hersey, '92, will remain at home a portion of the term owing to the serious illness of his father.

Nichols, '94, who has been teaching during the winter at Pembroke, will remain out most of the spring term.

The tennis courts have once more resumed their alluring power, and loafing about them is again the order of the day.

The Junior German division is reading Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea"; the Sophomores, "Höher als die Kirche."

Haskell, '94, who left college early in the winter term on account of sickness, expects to return next fall and go on with his class.

Lynam, '89, who rowed last year on the Harvard 'Varsity crew, visited the campus recently. Pendleton, '90, was also in town last week.

The wayward mortals who conscientiously cut gym. work during the winter term received their due reward in the form of conditions in "hygiene."

Stacy, '93, has successfully passed his entrance examinations to West Point and enters next June. Of seven who took the examinations only two were admitted.

The Freshmen have decided to put a crew on the river and have elected B. L. Bryant manager. A committee has also been appointed to negotiate for a shell.

The early spring allowed the delta to be put in condition for practice several days earlier than usual. It has been well rolled and is already in first-class playing condition.

Having chapel a half hour earlier than last term is slowly realized by some. One of the professors appeared on the campus with a notice to be posted just as the students were issuing from chapel.

The provisional list of Commencement parts was announced as usual at the close of the winter term. Emery, Fobes, Hull, Linscott, R. Bartlett, P. Bartlett, Nichols, Kimball, Pennell, and Wood are the fortunate men.

How about that Junior who in an account of a railroad accident written for the Rhetoric class told about a conductor's being taken from the river *three days after* the catastrophe with a *red-hot* stove clasped in his arms?

One of the Freshmen was desirous of learning how long a vacation we should have Fast-Day. He evidently was looking back to the not far distant

day when his teacher in Bath used to give the scholars Friday after a holiday Thursday.

The board of editors for '94's *Bugle* is made up as follows: Andrews, ♀ T; Stevens, ♂ Δ X; Dana, ♂ K E; Libby, A Δ Φ; Simpson, Z ♀; Bryant, non-society. At their first meeting Andrews was elected managing editor, and Libby, business manager.

An invitation to the College Athletic Association to send representatives to the open field-day of the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy was received last week. Representatives of nearly all the prominent eastern colleges will participate in the contests.

It has been officially announced that henceforward more attention is to be devoted to the appearance of the campus. The annual spring cleaning is well under way, and several minor improvements have been made in the dormitories in the way of new doors, etc.

Professor Lee's elective course in Botany seems to be very popular. Over half of the Sophomore class are searching the campus for stray blossoms. It is rumored, however, that one of '94's bright and shining lights was unable when asked to name any plant which bore flowers.

It is currently reported that a '92 man, a member of last year's 'Varsity crew, discovered lately that rowing a single shell is not his forte. His involuntary bath, however, resulted in nothing worse than a loss of temper. Fortunately for Senior pride there were few witnesses to the accident.

The first Sophomore themes of the term are due April 27th. The subjects are: 1, "Bowdoin's Past"; 2, "What Kind of Support Does the College Owe its Athletic Teams?"; 3, "Aytonn's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.'" The required work in Practical Rhetoric takes the place of Junior themes this term.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament will be held in Portland, June 7th and following days. Each college will be represented by two men in singles and two teams in doubles. The college tournament will be held about two weeks previous and will determine what men will represent Bowdoin in the Intercollegiate. Nearly all the courts have been put in condition and the players are fast getting into form.

The '68 Prize Speaking came off March 31st of last term. The attendance was large and was fully justified by the orations that were presented. H. F. Linscott won the prize with the subject, "The

Common School System the Hope of the Republic." The programme was as follows: "Russia's Advance into Central Asia," C. S. Rich; "Essential Elements of Christianity," E. B. Wood; "Some Aspects of American Journalism," P. Bartlett; "The Common School System the Hope of the Republic," H. F. Linscott; "Should Young Men Go Into Politics?," H. C. Emery; "The Peusian Question," E. A. Pugsley. Bartlett and Pugsley were excused.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 4; Freeport, 0.

On Saturday, April 16th, our team opened the base-ball season at Brunswick by winning a victory from the Freeports in a well-played and interesting game. Two runs by Burns and one each by Fairbanks and French raised the score to four, while the Freeports were unable to score at all, owing to the sharp and almost errorless game of their opponents.

On the Freeport team L. Patterson pitched, doing excellent work, and A. Lezotte ably supported him behind the bat. Lezotte also lead the batting list of his side, getting the only three-base hit made on either side.

French pitched for the Bowdoins during the first four innings, striking out seven men, and then was succeeded in the box by Downes. Burns, the trainer of the Bowdoin team, caught throughout the game. Allen, Farrington, and Savage, three of the strongest men on the regular team, did not play in this game.

In the outfield and infield Bowdoin played a strong game but showed weakness at the bat. The team contains fewer sure and heavy batters than last year, but by careful and steady training much improvement can be made in this direction before the opening of the league season. The almost total absence of errors in our play in this game is a very favorable sign. The score is as follows:

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, c.,	3	2	2	2	0	11	2	1
Downes, 1b., p.,	4	0	1	1	0	3	5	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	1	1	0	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Sykes, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Hutchinson, 2d.,	3	0	1	1	0	3	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Anderson, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
French, p., 1b.,	3	1	1	1	0	2	8	0
Total,	29	4	6	6	1	21	17	1

FREEPORTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
L. Patterson, p.,	3	0	1	1	0	1	10	0
W. Fogg, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	0	8	0	2
Lezotte, c.,	3	0	2	4	0	4	2	0
E. Fogg, 2b.,	3	0	1	1	0	2	2	0
Rogers, r.f.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
E. Soule, 3b.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	1	1
Dennison, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Todd, r.f., 2b.,	3	0	1	2	0	2	1	1
W. Patterson, l.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
B. Soule, s.s.,	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Total,	25	0	6	9	0	21	16	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoins,	1	0	0	0	3	0	0—4

Earned runs—Bowdoins, 1. Two-base hit—Todd. Three-base hit—Lezotte. Stolen bases—Burns, 2; Hinkley. First base on balls—Burns. Struck out—Downes, 2; Fairbanks; Hutchinson; L. Patterson, 2; W. Fogg, 2; Lezotte; E. Fogg, 2; Dennison; Todd; W. Patterson, 2; B. Soule. Time—1h. 15m. Umpires—Dana and Coffin.

Bowdoins, 29; Presumpscots, 13.

On Fast-Day, April 21st, the second game of the season was played on the delta against the Presumpscots, and resulted in an easy victory for the Bowdoins. The game was rather a loose one and was characterized by heavy batting on both sides.

Bowdoin came first to the bat, and Allen led off with a three-base hit. Other heavy hitting followed, and before three men were out seven runs had been scored. In the last half of the inning the Presumpscots, by poor playing on the part of their opponents, got three men across the plate. Score: Bowdoins, 7; Presumpscots, 3.

In the second inning Hiukley made one run, while the Presumpscots made four, thus tying the score.

In the third Bowdoin scored two, and in the second half prevented the visiting team from making a run. Burns, the coacher, took the place of French in the box. Score: Bowdoin, 9; Presumpscots, 7.

Bodge succeeded Webb as pitcher in the fourth inning, and neither side scored.

On coming to the bat again the Bowdoin men did some good batting and, aided by the loose playing of the opposing team, made eight runs. The Presumpscots failed to get a man to first base. Score: Bowdoins, 17; Presumpscots, 7.

Bowdoin did not score in the sixth, and the Presumpscots sent in three men. In the seventh the home team made one run while the visitors

were unable to find the ball and retired without a score. Score: Bowdoins, 18; Presumpscots, 10.

In the eighth inning, with two men on bases, Fairbanks knocked the ball far out into the pines and made a home run, thus bringing in three men. These, with a run by Anderson, raised the score of the Bowdoins to 22. On the Presumpscots, Morton made a three-bagger and came in on a base hit by Clark, making their score 11.

The Presumpscots were evidently tired and in the last inning the Bowdoins easily made seven runs. In the second half Bowdoin played a listless game and allowed the Presumpscots to get in two runs. Bowdoins, 29; Presumpscots, 13. The score follows:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	8	4	4	8	8	2	1
Savage, lb.,	3	4	1	3	9	1	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	8	5	4	7	1	2	4
Hinkley, lf.,	8	2	4	6	0	0	0
Hutchinson, 2b.,	7	2	2	2	2	2	0
Sykes, s.s.,	7	2	0	0	3	1	3
Chapman, c.f.,	7	3	2	2	3	1	0
Anderson, r.f.,	7	4	3	4	1	0	0
French, p.,	1	1	1	2	0	3	0
Burns, p.,	6	2	2	3	0	9	0
Totals,	62	29	23	37	27	21	8

PRESUMPSCOTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Webb,	6	3	2	2	1	4	1
Burnell,	6	4	3	4	2	0	1
Morton,	4	4	4	7	9	0	2
Clark,	6	1	2	2	3	0	2
West,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Elkins,	4	0	1	1	7	0	2
Swan,	5	0	1	1	0	2	1
Gilman,	5	0	1	1	2	5	3
Bodge,	4	1	0	0	2	4	4
Totals,	44	13	14	18	27	15	17

Time—2 hours 45 minutes.

Umpires—Downes and Hanscomb.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Wilson of Bates, Smith of Colby, and Machan of Bowdoin, representatives of the Athletic Associations of their respective colleges, held a meeting Saturday, April 16th, to make arrangements for an Intercollegiate Field-Day. Choice was made for location and the first came to Bates, the second to Bowdoin, and the third to Colby, so the meet this year will be at Lewiston. The date decided on was June 10th. To gain first place in any event will count five, second place two, and third place

one. It was decided that in any event there must be at least five to enter and three to start. Each team is to pay its own traveling expenses, and the net proceeds or losses are to be borne by the three colleges equally. The prize will be a cup, to cost \$50, and which shall be competed for each year.

The list of contests includes 190 yards dash, 220 yards dash, 440 yards dash, two miles run, one mile run, one mile walk, running broad jump, standing broad jump, running high jump, standing high jump, pole vault, putting shot, fifteen pounds, throwing hammer 16 pounds, 120 yards hurdle race, 10 hurdles three feet six inches high, 220 yards hurdle race, 10 hurdles two feet six inches. Thus will be a possible 120 points to win.

The idea of an Intercollegiate Field-Day is one which cannot fail to recommend itself to every one who is at all interested in athletics and the reputation of his college. For the past few years all interest in field sports at Bowdoin seems to have been dormant if not dead, and our "Annual Field-Day" was a mere mockery. No training of any value was done and, therefore, our records are far below those of other colleges. Now we have got something to stimulate the athletic spirit. Therefore let every man who is able enter some of the events and do systematic training for the contest. If we go into an Intercollegiate Athletic Association we do not wish to be left behind. The captains for the various events are as follows:

Dashes,	Roy Bartlett.
Rusos,	Lazell.
High and Broad Jumps,	Cothren.
Pole-Vault,	Bucknam.
Putting Shot,	P. T. Haskell.
Throwing Hammer,	P. T. Haskell.
Mile Walk,	Linscott.
Hurdle Races,	Machan.

Every man who enters is expected to train regularly every day. All who wish to enter any event should apply to the captain of that event at once and go into training.

BOATING.

On account of the lack of material and expense the college voted at a meeting last term not to support an eight-oared crew this year but to cast its influence in favor of class crews. The Sophomores and Freshmen each have crews on the river which are rowing daily, and give promise of an exciting race in June. The crews are made up as follows:

SOPHOMORES.

Stroke,	Stevens.
No. 3,	T. C. Chapman.
No. 2,	E. Thomas.
Bow,	Buck.

FRESHMEN.

Stroke,	Dewey.
No. 3,	G. L. Kimball.
No. 2,	Dennison.
Bow,	Bryant.

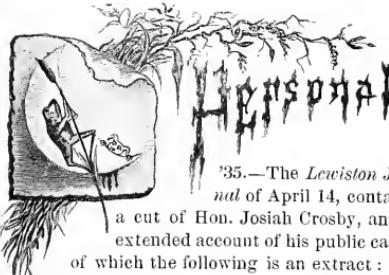


We have now entered upon the pleasantest term of the year, and the beautiful days tempt us to spend the most of our time in the open air. By so doing we are liable to neglect our work and leave undone many things that should be attended to. Perhaps the Y. M. C. A. suffers fully as much as any branch of college work during the spring term. We have come to look upon the winter months as the ones in which we can accomplish the most in our Christian work, and are inclined to let the Y. M. C. A. take care of itself during the spring.

We could learn a good lesson on this point from our athletic teams. When the playing season is over they do not lay aside all thoughts of the work until another season opens. On the contrary, they immediately begin to plan for the future and, during the winter months put themselves through a systematic course of training so as to be fitted to go on to the field and do good work as soon as the playing season opens. Undoubtedly it is many times a grind to go through the required training in the "Gym," yet they do it for the good of the team and the college, knowing that success will not come to the team by the regular and faithful work of two or three men while the others are laying idle. So in our Y. M. C. A. work we may not see much fruit brought forth during the present term; yet it is only by keeping steadily at work that we can hope to keep up an interest in our meetings, and be prepared to receive the blessing when God sees fit to bestow it upon us.

In the winter the average attendance in comparison with the number of our active members was not so large as it should have been. Now, during the present term, let us, at least, keep the attendance as high as it was in the winter, and, if possible, increase it. Let each active member consider it his duty to be present at every meeting of the Association, and to bring with him as many others as he can induce to come. If every one will do this the interest can be maintained and the Association will become a greater power for good in the college than it is at the present time.

The following are the chairmen of committees for the coming year: Membership Committee, Machan; Religious Meetings, Flood; Finance, Woodbury; Intercollegiate Relations, Lord; Missionary, Libby; Bible Study, Merrill; Neighborhood Work, Bliss; Handbook, Machan.



"35.—The *Lewiston Journal* of April 14, contained a cut of Hon. Josiah Crosby, and an extended account of his public career, of which the following is an extract :

Hon. Josiah Crosby, of Dexter, the famous Eastern Maine lawyer, has one eccentricity to which much of his surprising physical vigor is undoubtedly due. Every morning in summer and fall he arises at daybreak and dashes a pailful or so of cold water upon his body, going into the outer air for the bath. In the winter when the snow is deep he dispenses with water and leaps into a snow-drift. This shivery custom has been practiced by him all through his life.

In the court room he is a power. He has the reputation of being able to drag testimony out of witnesses in an astonishing manner, leaving the most stubborn subject in a state of complete emptiness, puzzled, mortified, enraged but helpless. In the warmth of cross-examination or in the climax of debate, his voice, high-pitched and shrill, pierces the perception of the witnesses and jurymen as effectually as do his incisive arguments.

In politics Mr. Crosby has been prominent. He was a Whig until the Republican party came into existence, and remained an earnest adherent to that party until 1881 when he joined the Democratic ranks.

In 1857, 1863, and 1865 he was a member of the House of Representatives of Maine. In 1867-68 he was a member of the Senate from Penobscot County, and was President of the Senate in 1868. During his legislative career he made many telling speeches.

He has traveled much, having visited Great Britain and France in 1887, with much delight. He has long been council for the Dexter & Newport

Railroad Company and a director of the First National Bank. Although he has always been industrious he naively says that he has not been so industrious as to endanger his life, as so many men, especially Yankees, have.

'44.—George Simeon Woodward died in Leavenworth, Kansas, April 1st. He was born in Gardner, October, 1819. On leaving school he taught in West Chester, Pa., four years, meanwhile pursuing theological study under the direction of Rev. Dr. John Crurell of the Presbyterian church. He received license to preach in 1847, from the presbytery of Philadelphia, and in 1849 ordination from the presbytery of Missouri, and was settled in the ministry in Parkville, Mo., where he remained fourteen years. From 1863 to 1868 he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Leavenworth, Kan. An affection of the throat compelled him to suspend pulpit labor and to engage in the insurance business, which he has pursued, preaching occasionally as his infirmity permitted, to the time of his death. He has published a number of sermons and addresses. He was married twice and two children survive him.

'50.—An exchange says: "Gen. O. O. Howard is not the bird to be caught with chaff. He says a decided 'No' to the third party's invitation to be its presidential candidate."

'55.—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals came in Boston, April 13th, with Justices Putnam, Colt, and Nelson on the bench. This was Judge Putnam's first appearance on the bench. The case was that of A. P. Potter vs. Receiver Beal, of the Maverick Bank.

'60.—We have had histories of Sweden, and we are all familiar with the poet Longfellow's description, published half a century ago, of the manners and customs of the Swedish peasants in a single province. What we have lacked was a minute and comprehensive account of the country and its people as they are now. This want is now made good in a quarto volume of more than seven hundred pages, entitled "Sweden and the Swedes," by William Widgery Thomas, Jr. What one wishes, of course, to learn about a book of this kind is whether the author has had adequate opportunities of observation, and whether he was qualified to avail himself of them by education, a sound judgment, and unremitting industry. It is satisfactory to find these conditions answered in the case of Mr. Thomas. It is now thirty years since he first set foot in Sweden, having been sent as Consul to Gothenburg, by President Lincoln. Subsequently he con-

ducted a colony of Swedes over the ocean and founded a settlement, known as New Sweden, in the forests of Northern Maine. His relations to this colony led him to make frequent visits to the Scandinavian peninsula, and to employ his leisure in the study of the Swedish language and literature. He was made Minister to Sweden and Norway by President Arthur, and is now holding the same office, by the appointment of President Harrison. He tells us—and this volume is full of proofs of the assertion—that during his many and long sojourns in Sweden he always carried a note-book in his pocket and jotted down on the spot whatever struck him as novel and characteristic. In the revision and correction of his manuscript he has been assisted by his father-in-law, a member of the upper house of the Swedish Riksdag, and by a number of Swedish scholars and statisticians. We may add that of the innumerable illustrations which enrich the work, many are reproductions of Scandinavian landscapes, buildings, and conspicuous persons. Taken together, the book should be welcomed as supplying much needed information concerning a country from which we are annually drawing a large and important element of our population.—*New York Sun*.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed has been making campaign speeches in Vermont and Massachusetts. Previous to that he spoke in Rhode Island, and undoubtedly contributed to the Republican success in that State.

'61.—Gen. T. W. Hyde has begun the publication of a story, entitled "A Maine Regiment," in the *Bath Independent*. This story begins with the days that preceded Sumter, traces the whole conflict, and the part that Maine soldiers took in it until peace found the nation rennited. It is a vivid narrative, graphic with personal experiences as entertaining as valuable.

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby will undoubtedly represent this district at the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis. The other candidate, Ex-Governor Robie, '41, has withdrawn.

'69.—Clarence Hale was admitted to practice at the bar of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston, April 13th.

'74.—Thomas C. Simpson recently resigned the Collectorship of the Port of Newburyport.

'79.—Heber D. Bowker, of Milford, Mass., was married April 5th to Miss Mary Grow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Grow of that town. The service was performed by Rev. E. W. Whitney. They are

at home on Tuesdays and Fridays, at No. 20 South Main Street, Milford.

'89.—George Thwing has opened a law office 805-806 Sykes Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

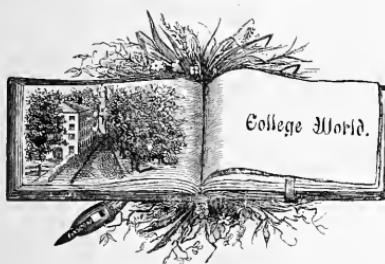
'90.—Fred J. Allen will be head clerk of the Wentworth of Newcastle, N. H., this summer.

'90.—G. B. Littlefield has been appointed principal of the Old Orchard High School.

'91.—Cilley and Goding, of the Harvard Law School contemplate a European bicycle tour this summer.

'83.—John Edward Dinsmore expects to spend the next year in the American School at Athens. Mrs. Dinsmore will accompany him. They sail July 14th, in the State Line steamer, State of Nebraska for Glasgow, stopping a month at London, and six weeks in Berlin. Mr. Dinsmore is now principal of Fryeburg Academy.

'83.—Dr. Edward W. Chase made a flying visit to Brunswick at the first of the term. He has started on a trip to Europe.



REVISED VERSION.

Beneath the tum-tum tree they sat.
He squeezed her hand, she smashed his hat,—
They scrapped—
I saw them do it.

(One stanza more completes the rhyme.)
I snapped the Kodak just in time.

I clapped—
They heard me do it.

—Williams Weekly.

"I don't mind doing away with the editorial 'we,'" said Editor Cutting, "but when a fellow comes into the office with a club and tries to abolish the editorial eye, it is a very different matter."—E.C.

The largest salary paid to any college President is that received by President Jordan of Leland Stanford. The amount paid is \$15,000.

The cost of the Brown gymnasium, which was recently opened, was \$67,500.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 11, 1892.

No. 2.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The formation of leagues is one of the modern phases of our social system. Whether they are for the advancement of some reform or for the mutual assistance rendered to individual members, they have never failed to be a power. The colleges of America, from the energy of their members and the similarity of their tastes and purposes, offer one of the most fruitful grounds for the planting of these leagues and associations; and it is needless to speak of the influence which the united energies of college students have had upon the outside world, whether in athletics, Y. M. C. A. work, or journalism. The latest project is the proposed formation of a league of College Republican Clubs. This movement of organized Republicanism in the colleges is not to be slighted. It is in fact hailed with joy by the Republican newspapers. The organs of the opposite party, however, are at first inclined to scoff at it, insinuating that it is a scheme started by the Republican bosses for their own aggrandizement, and moreover, that it is out of place as a college institution. These assertions are unfounded. The organization is the offspring of college enterprise and the legitimate result of college spirit, with possibly a slight protest against the Democratic instruction which the faculties of the American colleges are giving.

The Republican Club of the University of Michigan was the originator of the idea, and the other colleges of the country have responded with the greatest enthusiasm to the invitation sent out by this club. Bowdoin fell into line with the others, and the Bowdoin Republican Club already embraces a majority of the students of the college. Nowhere is there a more fitting place for political instruction and political enthusiasm than in the colleges of this country. It is the college man who is to be the future leader in directing the course of government, and he cannot begin too early to study the principles of the great parties between which he must make his choice. Although the Republicans have taken the initiative in this college movement, having the advantage of greater numbers on their side, it is very probable that the Democratic party will marshal its forces in opposition, and form clubs in those colleges at least where its numbers will permit. We hope that a Democratic Club may be formed at Bowdoin. The two clubs could then hold joint discussions, and all the advantages of the old Bowdoin Debating Club, with the necessary addition of some vitality, would be renewed.

THE latest returns indicate that the Inter-collegiate Field-Day is not to be. Last year the Bowdoin management attempted to institute such a meeting between the colleges of the State, but without success, as neither Colby nor Bates felt strong enough to enter at that time. During the present season Colby, Bates, and Bowdoin formed an association for the purpose of holding an Inter-collegiate Field-Day. Since then both Colby and Bates have reconsidered and withdrawn, unless Bowdoin will consent to enter her academical department alone, barring out the Medical School. As Bowdoin has emphatically decided not to do this, the prospects

of a State Intercollegiate Field-Day, for this season at least, are few.

We find nothing unnatural or unexpected in the course which Bates and Colby have pursued, for, probably, looking at the matter from their point of view, Bowdoin seems ungenerous in being unwilling to make this concession, and by so doing put herself on a nearer level numerically with the smaller colleges, as she has done from custom in the base-ball league. Considered from the stand-point of the students of Bowdoin College, there are two reasons why we should not accede to the demand for limiting our numbers. In the first place the records made on such a Field-Day would stand as the work of the college, and it does not pay to make any concession by which the work will be made less effective. The second reason is that the feeling now prevalent in college demands closer relations between the collegiate departments than have heretofore existed. The Medical School has worked with the academical department in boating, in foot-ball, and in several other enterprises during the last few years, and it will pay to keep up the friendly relations which this union of purpose has produced. To do this it is especially advisable not to establish in any new association the precedent of barring out the Medical School, which, by intercollegiate custom, is entitled to representation as a department of the college.

THE collapse of the Intercollegiate Association is likely to dampen the enthusiasm of men who were preparing to enter the Field-Day events. It should not be allowed to do so. It makes but little difference, after all, whether the sports are held together or at the several colleges. The records are absolute, so that, in most of the events at any rate, a ready comparison may be made of the work of the three colleges. Bowdoin should not be content with leading the

athletic records of the Maine colleges, but should prepare to take her position among the other colleges of the country. Field sports have been sadly neglected here, and the records which have borne away prizes at some of our local Field-Days have been simply ridiculous. This has been due not to lack of good men, but to want of interest and to unwarrantable neglect of training. We hope that an effort will be made this season to make Bowdoin's records what they should be. If greater interest is taken and more conscientious work done in practice, Bowdoin may be able to enter the New England Intercollegiate Association in a few years. Our records must be lowered first, and we have got some men who can do it if they will try.

WE HAVE often thought that one or two turf courts somewhere on the campus would be a valuable addition to our tennis real estate. Where, as in this vicinity, clay-rolled courts are so universally used, players are likely to forget the advantages of the lawn or grass court which is so common in Massachusetts and other states. Undoubtedly when one has become accustomed to the hard court he is disinclined to make the change to one of a softer and more uneven surface. Yet it seems as though a majority of tennis players would be willing to overlook a few inconveniences, rather than to be denied absolutely the privileges of the game for a month or two every year. Until the frost is out of the ground in the spring, and as soon as it appears in the fall, the clay courts are useless and tennis is practically given up on the campus. For at least two months of good tennis weather last fall and winter the courts on the campus took on the consistency of putty, and defied every kind of foot gear except a spiked shoe. In December and January the students' racquets hung idle on the walls, while their owners

disconsolately watched the Faculty playing tennis on President Hyde's lawn court. There is not a rain during the tennis season but leaves a puddle on half of the clay courts, making them unfit for use until long after the rest of the campus is dry. The soil, it is true, is not the best for the making of grass courts, but, if this difficulty can be overcome, we suggest that the Tennis Association lay out a few courts of this sort, and take care of them for a rainy day.

THE incident of April 30th, or rather of May 1st, though unfortunate in itself, has been productive of good results. The Faculty and the selectmen of the town have come to an understanding, and hereafter the same rights will be accorded to the students in celebrating their victories as are granted to political organizations, the firemen, or anybody else. It would seem as though these rights might have gone unquestioned, and this would probably have been the case had not the officers of the town been seeking an opportunity to exhibit their authority. The position of a police officer in a college town is undoubtedly a trying one. The officer must possess tact, patience, and self-control. When he is entirely lacking in these qualities, and moreover, places personal prejudices before the welfare of the community, it is unfortunate for the town whose laws he is expected to enforce. The officers in the present case made a serious mistake in singling out for vengeance the most peaceable and law-abiding students in the college. The sympathy of the reputable citizens of the town, which is with the students in any event, was made still more strongly so by this evidence of injustice. Now that the students are sure that the sentiment of the towns-people is with them, we hope that they will return the obligation by respecting the peace and order of the town. If they are considerate in this particular the officers will

undoubtedly be instructed to keep within bounds, and there will be little danger of their again "stretching india-rubber law" beyond the limits of public opinion.

WE WISH to congratulate Colby University upon the selection of Rev. Beniah L. Whitman as its President. A personal acquaintance with Rev. Mr. Whitman, as a member of his congregation during the two years of his pastorate life, enables us to testify to his character as a man and his ability as a scholar. Few preachers possess so great personal magnetism and carry such conviction with their words. All this power Mr. Whitman has, and will throw heart and soul into his new work, for a young man himself he has always shown greatest interest in colleges and the work of young men. In him the pulpit has lost one of the ablest preachers in the country, and we are sure the cause of education has gained a leader who from the first will stand in the front rank.

Some Reminiscences of Bowdoin College Life More than Sixty Years Ago.

Editor Alumni Department—Bowdoin Orient:

AS YOU wish to receive from the alumni some "items of interest" concerning past college days, it gives me pleasure to send you a brief sketch of our personal experiences, in those long-past years of dear *Alma Mater*; and I love at this remote period to read the names and friendships of teachers and college-mates, so dear to us then, so proudly cherished by us now.

During the lapse of so many years since 1826, my bodily health, thanks to a kind Providence and a sound constitution, has been ever good, and I am not a little surprised that of the robust 31 members of my class of '26, that I am the sole survivor; and

that of the class of '25 but three only remain alive, as I am so informed by my friend, Horace Bridge, of that distinguished class. Mr. Bridge is now living at Athens, Penn., in the enjoyment of fairly good health.

I sincerely liked and respected the Professors of those days, more especially Professors Packard and Newman. With the former I kept up a constant correspondence, ending only with the time of his lamented death. In my Freshman year I boarded with Prof. Newman, together with my chums, Wm. Appleton, J. T. Gilman, Alfred Mason, Fred Mellen, and Mark Newman. I remember that in those days our little party was wont to amuse itself by chopping down the tall pine trees, in rear of the house, for the sake of seeing them fall with a crash to earth; but we hastily dropped the axe when told that the owner of the woods was highly indignant, and threatened us with prosecution, though he forgivingly failed to prosecute.

I always had a liking for President Allen, yet he was not popular with the classes, but for no sufficient reason, so far as I could see. It was usual for the President to invite the graduating class to participate in an evening levee at his house; but in our case not more than half of the class accepted his invitation. It was my custom on each Saturday noon to call at his study and ask permission to visit Bath on that day, promising to return on Monday morning. He always, for four years, asked me the same question, viz.: "Have you any friends there?" My reply was ever the same: "Yes, sir, I have an uncle there, Gen. James McLellan, and I go at his request." The President's consent was ever the same: "Yes, you may go."

Professors Cleaveland, Upham, and Smyth also were well liked by the classes, and deservedly so. We were all greatly interested in Mr. Cleaveland's lectures and experiments. At one time he treated us to

some galvanic and electricity experiments, but with no successful results. He desired the whole class to join hands, so that the current should pass through the whole number, but some of our class rather disliked the probable sensation, so they would ever withdraw their hand, and the circuit was not complete, and the good professor failed to shock us all.

For some years a chosen club among us boarded together at good old Ma'am Grouses, where we were well entertained. The members consisted of Appleton, Apthorp, H. W. Longfellow, S. S. Prentiss, Williard, myself, and others. At the next house (Mr. Browning's) another *coterie* boarded, consisting of Frank Pierce, J. P. Hale, Cilley, Hawthorne, Bridge, Sawyer, and others. They were all political and social friends, and belonged chiefly to the Athenaeum Society; our own clique being Peucinians. We all, however, tramped together in friendly converse to our respective *hotels*, well satisfied with the rather plain fare. Hawthorne (old Hath) ever moved with a reserved, downcast look, saying but little.

In those days the Caluvian Society held monthly meetings, but the members were but few and but small interest taken in the subject of Natural History. The meetings were held during my Junior and Senior years, in my own room (an upper corner room occupied solely by myself). I was its custodian, having charge of the one cabinet and a few other curiosities. After several years, when I re-visited Brunswick to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, I was surprised and pleased, on entering the two rooms of that Society, to behold such a fine museum collected, the growth of such meagre beginnings.

In our Freshman year several of our class formed a small secret social club, named the "Sponteroi." It met together, without fail, on every Saturday night for four years,

and usually at my own room. It consisted of eight members, viz.: Apthorp, Prentiss, Lord, Abbot, Paine, Hilliard, and myself. We were very quiet in our meetings, never raising tutor or proctor. Each one in turn acted as President, and it was his duty to propose some subject for extemporaneous discussion, in which all members participated. After its decision one member was required to read an essay, written for the occasion. And then the members collected around the wood-fire hearth, after enjoying the modest little banquet prepared by the President. Then pipes and cigars were smoked and converse and song engaged in. The singing consisted of college melodies, such as "Auld Lang Syne," "Away With Melancholy," "Three Blind Mice," "O, Landlady, have you good wine to-night?" etc. Our minstrelsy, if not very good, was sung in our very best manner, and in a low key, so as not to disturb neighbors or summon the tutor police. I do not think that the existence of our club was at all known throughout college. At the close of our college life it was voted to have a public performance at Commencement time, with oration and poem. Apthorp was selected for the speech and myself for the ode, but the exhibition failed to take place. I have since been surprised that Sergeant Prentiss did not then distinguish himself as a debater, as he did in later life.

After graduating, I corresponded with several members of that club, but chiefly with Prentiss, Appleton, and Apthorp. The two latter died early in life, within three years after leaving college. Prentiss died in 1850. He wrote me often from Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, at which latter place he died. He gave me pressing invitations to visit him at that city, where he so distinguished himself as a leading lawyer and orator. My classmate, B. B. Thacher, distinguished himself as editor of the *Boston*

Daily Journal; but his health failed him and he died in 1840. After finishing his law studies in Maine he came to Boston in search of some employment. I then gave him my position as editor of the *Evening Gazette*, as I was at that time also sub-editor of the *Boston Daily Patriot*. Russwurm, of my class (a mulatto), was a native of Hayti, and was ever kindly treated by the class, with no prejudice of color. He edited a paper in this country, and then emigrated to Liberia, of which he became the governor, and died there in the year 1861. Two of my class (Boyd and Sawyer) in later life were appointed Chief Justices of the Supreme Courts of Mississippi and New Hampshire.

I think that the college faculty were very mild in their punishments for misdemeanors, by suspension or rustication. Two such instances occur to me, viz., the explosion of a bomb in one of the college entries, which caused great panic with but little damage; and the smashing of a tutor's windows during his absence from his room. It was a hungry custom in those days to have "roast-chicken feasts" in the rooms, and so hen-roosts and sweet-corn patches suffered much from such raids. These secret banquets were forbidden by the faculty, but I do not think that the fancy cooks ever were known or punished.

In those days we took but little interest in athletic exercises, so we had no boat, cricket, or base-ball clubs, though we were active in foot-ball struggles. At one time a military company was organized, with Frank Pierce as captain, but the soldiers were armed only with pine wood staffs instead of muskets. A rival burlesque company was also formed, whose harmless weapons were sticks from the wood pile. But very little martial spirit prevailed, and the troops were soon disbanded.

In those days I had much experience with fish-rod and gun, my associates in sport being

usually S. S. Prentiss and Stephen Longfellow. His brother, H. W. Longfellow, was devoted to his studies and the Muses, and cared nothing for field sports. The game consisted of wild pigeons, which swarmed in the pine woods, and bay-snipe that we found at Maquoit and Middle Bay. Prentiss, though quite lame, would ever walk with me to those resorts, where in a small skiff we rowed for hours in pursuit of wild fowl.

With H. W. Longfellow I was quite intimate in college, as well as in later years at Cambridge. At that place (in the old Craigie house) I used often to visit him, and in the platform of a tree by the door we passed many hours in recalling college scenes and friends. While he was still a Bowdoin professor he passed a portion of his winter vacation with me at my father's house in Boston. At that time he read to me at night the manuscripts of his "Outre-Mer," his first book. I was greatly pleased with it, and sought to find a purchaser for it among the city publishers, but without success. He subsequently disposed of it to the Harpers in New York, naming to me the sum he received for it. I so greatly admired his earlier pieces, written during college life, that I was prompted to follow his lead and try my own hand at verse; so I published several pieces in that leading journal, the *U. S. Literary Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Carter in Boston, and later by William C. Bryant, who transferred it to New York, where it finally was discontinued.

I do not think that Longfellow enjoyed good health during the latter years of his life. From one of his letters to me I make this brief extract:

"Cambridge, February 4. I am now attacked by influenza and neuralgia, which make me look and feel like Laocoön with his serpents. Your outdoor life preserves you from such uncomfortable visitors, at least I hope so; I could wish a better wish. Neuralgia deranges my correspondence and throws everything into confusion. So while I am

here busy with the making and reading of books, you are enjoying the sports of the field."

I met Hawthorne in Boston, when we were both contributing to the late S. G. Goodrich's numerous publications, such as the "Legendary," "Token," "Historical Encyclopedia," etc. Mr. Goodrich was his first publisher.

The last note I received from Longfellow, only two or three weeks before his death, was dictated by him to his elder daughter; and during the last day and evening I passed with him, we received a visit from his friend Ralph Emerson, and our conversation was greatly enlivened by the remarks of the poet's lovely and intelligent wife. I then hoped that his friend and neighbor, James R. Lowell, would drop in, but he did not make his appearance.

I published with Allen & Ticknor, of Boston, three volumes of verse, viz.: "Fall of the Indian," "The Year," and "Mount Auburn." In writing the latter volume I received some valuable help from Longfellow, who suggested many topics for the book. That great cemetery was not far distant from his home, and he seemed to be familiar with the place; and now his precious remains are laid there in rest.

While living near New York I published still another volume of verse in 1889, styled "Rod and Gun," consisting chiefly of poems published in sportsmen's journals. I sent a copy of it to the ORIENT and hope it was duly received.

I still continue to contribute occasional pieces to the sportsman's journals, but I suppose I must before long be compelled, by want of breath, to drop the pen. I still feel very great interest in Bowdoin College, my dear *Alma Mater*, and love to read of its prosperity, as semi-monthly set forth in the pages of the ORIENT. I think that all of the alumni are in duty bound to contribute to its columns and patronize its issues.

Spring, L. I.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

A Race for Life.

IN 18—, after leaving college, I went West to the little town of B— to work as assistant assayer in the office of my uncle, who was at that time the principal owner in the Little Giant Silver mine, which, although recently opened, was one of the most valuable in the State and panned out enormous quantities of silver.

Fresh as I was from college the place had all the charms of novelty. The village itself was a straggling community of perhaps twenty houses, a bank, store, and post-office, together with a number of streets rudely marked out and designated by shingle signs nailed on the trees, giving it its claim to the title of city, for such was the common way of speaking of the place. Situated as it was on the side of the mountain, there was a fine view over the surrounding country, while in the valley hundreds of feet below, the river running through the landscape like a silver ribbon, increased the beauty of the scene, all unhampered as it was by man's handiwork.

The Little Giant mine was located on the other side of the mountain about fifteen miles distant, and was reached by a road which wound over the crest and down across the other side; there was also a bridle-path which lead directly to the mine through a deep ravine,—a path that, although wide and smooth, in many places was too narrow for a team of any description, though passable as I soon learned for a bicycle.

The place had been settled about a year, and, although there was a semblance of justice, the laws were not strictly enforced either in the town or at the mine, and I was speedily made acquainted with the facts, both from report and observation, that the people as a class were hard characters, and that deeds of violence were of common occurrence.

One morning in the early autumn my uncle came into the office and calling me aside asked me if I was willing to carry the

money for paying the men over to the mine, Wilkins, the paymaster, being laid up with rheumatism. I was of course agreeable to the proposition, although as I started for the house to change my clothes and get my bicycle I felt a little nervous at the idea of carrying ten thousand dollars for fifteen miles through such a region. However I did not say anything of my fears to my uncle as he helped strap the knapsack full of money on my shoulders and handed me a revolver and belt of cartridges.

It was a perfect morning in September. Not a cloud was visible and the air was cool and refreshing as I started down the ravine. The trees which grew thickly on either side were beginning to change and were gorgeous with their autumnal colors, while the goldenrod and frost flower, scattered here and there, made up an idyllic scene to me, so lately come from pavements and city blocks. Now and then the sun would break through the overspreading branches, tinting the path and rising walls of the pass so as to give them a peculiar sleepy appearance. A drowsy silence seemed to be over everything. No sound broke the stillness, and a strange feeling of depression stole gradually over me though I tried vainly to shake it off.

I had gone about five miles when, in crossing a particularly rough place I heard a crack, and on dismounting found that one of the springs in the saddle of my bicycle had broken, and a good hour was lost in splicing it up with a piece of wood, aided by my handkerchief and the straps from the pocket on the wheel. After finishing it I went down a little path to a spring, leaving the bicycle by the road; while drinking I heard a horse gallop by and rushed out with the vain hope of seeing who it was, for none of the men from the mine had, to my knowledge, been in town, and it could not be any one from the office, for had it been possible for one of them to go I should not have

been sent with the money. Musing a little and somewhat nervous, I started on and soon had covered half the distance to the mine and was on the top of the mountain with the roughest part of the road before me, although it was a gradual descent to the mine.

Here I dismounted again for a few minutes to enjoy the view and fix the spring of the saddle which had become loosened in the ride up. As I was getting ready to mount I felt for my revolver, it was gone! probably having fallen from my pocket when I stooped to drink at the spring. I am not a coward or even of a nervous temperament, but a sort of dullness crept over me as I realized what my position was in a region that had for its inhabitants cut-throats and escaped convicts! The galloping horse came again to my mind and it was with dread that I mounted and started slowly down the mountain side. The road here was quite narrow and very rough, made so by the fallen branches and pieces of rock, and some care was necessary to find room for the wheel.

I had just reached the worst place in the road and was approaching a curve when directly in front of me by the side of the path I saw a horse, saddled and panting as if just left. Instinctively letting go of the brake and putting all my strength into the pedals I rounded the curve and saw in the middle of the way a big, burly fellow whom I instantly knew, in spite of the black mask, as "Big Pete," one of the most lawless men employed at the mine; a revolver gleamed in his hand and a bullet whizzed past my head as I shot by him, for so silently and swiftly had I come up that he seemed unaware of my presence till I passed him in a place where he could have easily stopped the bicycle by a log or his own huge frame had he been ready for me. With an oath he sprang to his horse and then began literally

a race for life, for "Pete" was not a man to shrink from an undertaking as I well knew from report.

On, on, down the mountain we went, I with a slight advantage in the curved road, which prevented the bullets from reaching me, and from the very roughness of the way, over which a horse could not go at full speed. Down, down. Would I win or "Pete?" Four miles were gone and soon we would come to a long, open stretch of rather sandy road. To my horror I felt the saddle spring begin to loosen again from the rapid jolting. My breath came in quick gasps; my legs seemed powerless. The open path was reached and I was nearly half way over it when a savage oath and a bullet singing through the air made me look ahead along the road, and there riding rapidly toward me were the overseer of the mine and another man, both well armed, and attracted out, as I afterward learned, by the shots which "Pete" had fired during our mad ride. Crying "Look out for the money," I fell in a faint for the first time in my life.

The story is soon finished. "Pete" was not taken, though a strong party started at once in pursuit, and after a week at the mine, where I found many honest hearts despite the rough exterior, I returned to B— but little the worse for my "race for life."

Rhyme and Reason.

To a Real Disturber of Public Peace.

Bygone weeks of wayward wailing
Show to us this curions thing :—
Nature's laws are not unfailing;
Chestnuts flourish in the spring.
Boomerè!

Yet this strain of marching measure,
Ripened once, but now decayed,

Rouses no such keen displeasure
As that echo of parade.
Freshman's play.

Weeks, mere weeks, of whistling, humming,
Make us weary of the first;
Years ago that nervous drumming
Made our souls for vengeance thirst.

Rub-a-dub.

Is the Freshman quite, quite senseless?
Can he never cease that thrum ?
Will he torture us, defenseless?
Has he brains where sense may come ?
There's the rub.

A Reverie at Night-Fall.

Dreaming of what might have been,
I sit silently, but in
My soul a dull voice of regret
Doth murmur still. Oh ! To forget
The day that's done and its dismay
That bears my happiness away !
Yet why should I regret? Indeed,
Mine is the common lot. No need
To moan and sorrow o'er disgrace
That some time saddens every face.
My torn in time was sure to come.
But oh ! 'Twas so hard to be dumb;
To stand with power of thought all gone;
To have no gleam, of knowledge born,
Illuminate my intellect
And this th' inevitable effect
Of momentary negligence.
'Twas just, perhaps, and yet a sense
Of some injustice lingers still
My cup of misery to fill.
'Twas just, perhaps, that I should pay
The penalty of letting stray
My mind from that one point obscure
In laziness and weak detour.
But more unjust, than just, methinks,
To be pulled up on missing links!
Especially when all except
That single point I well had kept
In memory, and could have slain
My questioner in terms so plain !
Unjust indeed! No one knows all
Or has all facts at beck and call.
Responses may be slow or brisk;
And we must ever run the risk.
The ten-strike still by luck is led;
'Tis Fate ordains the ghastly dead.

The Usual Way.

A man once came to college
Filled with sense (?) profound.
When Freshman year he entered
His ten-strokes knew no bound.

He fell in love the next year;
I'm sure it was misfit,
For cruelly was he jilted,
Jilted by Anna Lyt.

He suffered worse as Junior,
For hard as he might strive,
His once abundant ten-strokes
Soon sank to average five.

But as a careful Senior
He struggled hard and won.
His work was now rewarded,
He captured Polly Con.



Following the example of most of the leading colleges of the country the Republicans of the college held a meeting April 26th and unanimously voted to form a college Republican club, and appointed Pugsley, '92, Emery, '92, and Rich, '92, as a committee to draw up a constitution. At a later meeting this constitution was adopted. About a hundred students have been enrolled as members.

Michaels, '94, is ont teaching.

Hersey, '92, has returned to college.

F. J. Allen, '90, visited the campus recently.

E. D. Freeman, '88, paid the college a brief visit last week.

Thompson and Leighton, '94, are at home on account of sickness.

Newbert, one of last year's specials, spent a day on the campus recently.

Professor Rogers of Maine State College, Bowdoin, '77, visited town last week.

Dewey, '95, has gone out teaching, and will be greatly missed by the Freshman Crew.

The A Δ Φ and Θ Δ X tennis tournaments were started last week and are now well under way.

Professor Lee has been confined to the house nearly two weeks by a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Bowdoin Minstrels will appear in Portland the 18th of the present month at the Elks's benefit.

The Junior Mineralogy division have been enjoying several adjourns lately given as an opportunity to hunt for specimens.

The Alpha Delta Phi boarding club has followed Mrs. Kaler from Page Street to a larger and more commodious house on Pleasant Street.

Fishing trips seem to be quite popular this spring, notwithstanding the fact that the anglers usually arrive home with empty baskets.

Plaisted, '94, will return to college in a few weeks. It is hoped that he will be able to take part in the last ball games of the season.

Mitchell, '90, principal of the Freeport High School, was in town lately with a number of his graduating class, including several prospective '96 men.

Chandler, '90, ex-editor of the ORIENT, was seen about the college recently, and his new Mackintosh has been seen still more recently adorning the manly form of one of '92's athletes.

The subjects for the second Sophomore themes of the term are: (1) Bowdoin's Present, (2) Is the Chinese Exclusion Bill Justifiable? (3) What Gives Hawthorne's Stories Their Peculiar Charm?

Work on the new Art Building will begin at once and be vigorously pushed. The site chosen is near the main path of the campus nearly opposite Appleton Hall, and the plans show that the building will be a great addition to the campus.

The Living Whist at Bath, in which Lazell, '92, P. Shaw, '93, Dana, '94, Roberts and Knowlton, '95, participated, proved a great success. Quite a large number of the boys attended and all pronounced the evening well spent. Why not try it in Brunswick?

The Sophomore crew is now rowing as follows: Buck (captain), bow; Thomas, 2; T. C. Chapman, 3; Stevens, stroke. They are fast improving their stroke. The Freshmen have lost Dewey and Mitchell from their crew, which will probably pull as follows: Bryant, bow; Kimball, 2; Dennison, 3; Mead, stroke.

Bowdoin will have another minstrel show. Nearly all of last year's favorites will take part, and the rehearsals already held promise a first-class entertainment.

Unfortunately for the best interests of field athletics in the State, Bates and Colby have seen fit to object to Bowdoin's reasonable demand that the Bowdoin Medical School men be admitted to the contests among the other Bowdoin representatives. Consequently 1892, at least, will see no intercollegiate field-day, as Bowdoin can certainly not be expected to waive a right which is almost universally recognized.

Owing to the unwarranted interference of the night watchmen the reception given the victorious ball team on their return from Waterville was not as extensive and satisfactory as many wished. The town authorities, however, were clearly shown that the arrests made by the officers were uncalled for, and, thanks to the prompt action of President Hyde, an arrangement has been made by which the college can celebrate its athletic victories in a suitable manner and a due amount of noise without danger of interference.

The College Tennis Tournament will begin Monday, May 16th, and will be open to all members of the college. The committee desire a large number of entries in both singles and doubles, and specially request that those desiring to enter will hand in their names at once to R. C. Payson, '93. Prizes will be awarded to the winners of the first and second place in singles, and first place in doubles. It is proposed to play off the finals for the college championship on Memorial Day, May 30th. Nearly all the college courts are in constant use, and judging from the increased interest in the game the tournament should be very successful. It should be remembered that the winners in this tourney will represent the college at the intercollegiate tourney to be held at Portland, June 7th.

The greatest universities of the world rank, in numbers, as follows: Paris with 9,215 students, Vienna with 6,220, Berlin with 5,527, Calcutta with 5,257, London with 5,013, Naples with 4,328, Edinburgh with 3,623, Munich with 3,541, Buda-Pesth with 3,533, Athens with 3,500, Moscow with 2,473, Leipsic with 3,457, and Madrid with 3,182.

At the death of Senator Stanford, Stanford University will receive \$20,000,000.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Portland, 9; Bowdoin, 8.

On Wednesday, April 27th, Bowdoin met the Portlands for the first time this season, and was defeated after playing a plucky, up-hill game.

In the first inning the Portlands piled up six runs to their credit, while our team was unable to score. At their second chance at the bat the Portland players made only one run, while Bowdoin, as in the first, retired without a score.

Reversing the tables in the third, the home team prevented the Portlands from scoring, and at their turn sent five men across the home plate. The remainder of the game was much more closely played, our team winning three scores, and the Portlands two, which left the visiting team one run ahead.

After the first inning Bowdoin played a much stronger game than the opposing team. The best batting for our team was done by Sykes and Fairbanks and in the eighth, Fairbanks made a pretty double play. French pitched a very good game, although wild at times. The score is as follows:

PORTLANDS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Webster,	.	.	.	3	0	1	1	0
O. Burns,	.	.	5	2	1	2	0	4
Flavin,	.	.	5	1	2	4	0	3
C. Burns,	.	.	3	2	0	0	0	0
Heber,	.	.	3	2	0	0	0	1
Andrews,	.	.	3	1	2	4	0	1
Dunn,	.	.	4	0	0	0	0	0
May,	.	.	4	1	0	0	0	4
Kelley,	.	.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Totals,	.	.	33	9	7	12	0	26
							14	4

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Savage,	.	.	3	1	1	1	0	7
Fairbanks,	.	.	4	1	2	3	0	3
Hinkley,	.	.	5	1	1	1	0	1
Hutchinson,	.	.	5	2	2	2	0	10
Sykes,	.	.	5	1	1	3	0	2
Anderson,	.	.	5	0	1	2	3	0
Chapman,	.	.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Jones,	.	.	3	1	2	2	0	0
French,	.	.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	.	.	40	8	12	16	3	24
							16	8

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Portlands,	6	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	x-9
Bowdains,	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	2	1-8

Bowdoin, 20; Colby, 16.

On Saturday, April 30th, Bowdoin played her first game in the league series at Waterville and came off victorious in a closely contested struggle. The feature of the game was the heavy batting, the number of long hits being due partly to the heavy northern wind which blew down the diamond. The interest in the game never flagged, since first one side would have the lead and then by a long hit or a costly error the tables would be unexpectedly turned.

On the batting of Hutchinson, Downes, and Jones was particularly strong. Allen pitched a good game throughout. On the Colbys, Bonney and Latlip showed up best on batting. The score:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, l.f.,	6	3	2	3	0	2	0	1
Kallock, r.f.,	6	4	2	3	0	0	0	0
Bonney, l.b.,	7	3	3	4	0	8	0	1
Latlip, 3b.,	6	3	3	6	0	4	1	2
Hoxie, 2b.,	4	2	1	2	0	5	1	1
Reynolds, c.,	6	2	1	1	0	8	1	0
Jackson, s.s.,	6	0	0	0	1	1	5	0
Nash, c.f.,	6	1	2	3	1	0	0	2
Purinton, p.,	6	1	2	3	0	1	4	0
Totals,	53	19	16	25	2	*29	12	7

*Winning run made with two out.

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, p.,	7	3	4	6	1	1	2	0
Savage, 1b.,	6	2	2	2	1	9	0	2
Fairbanks, 3b.,	6	2	2	4	1	3	3	3
Hinkley, 2b.,	6	2	1	2	0	1	2	1
Hutchinson, c.,	6	4	4	8	0	9	3	1
Downes, r.f.,	4	3	3	3	0	0	0	0
Sykes, s.s.,	7	0	1	1	2	3	4	4
Jones, l.f.,	5	3	1	3	0	2	1	0
Chapman, c.f.,	7	1	2	4	0	2	0	0
Totals,	54	20	20	35	5	30	15	11

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Colbys,	1	0	0	2	6	0	1	5	4	—19
Bowdains,	0	4	0	1	4	1	2	1	2	5—20

Earned runs—Bowdains, 3; Colbys, 3. Two-base hits—Hinkley, Hutchinson (2), Chapman (2), Hall, Kallock, Bonney, Latlip, Hoxie, Nash, Purinton. Three-base hits—Allen, Fairbanks, Hutchinson, Jones, Latlip. Stolen bases—Allen (3), Fairbanks, Hinkley (3), Hutchinson, Downes (2), Jones (2), Hall (2), Kallock (2), Hoxie (2), Reynolds (3). Base on balls—Savage, Fairbanks, Hinkley, Hutchinson, Downes (3), Jones (2), Latlip, Hoxie, Jackson, Nash. Hit by pitched ball—Hall, Kallock, Hoxie, Reynolds. Struck out—Savage, Hinkley (2), Jones (3), Chapman, Hall, Kallock, Bonney, Reynolds, Jackson, Nash, Purinton. Passed balls—Hutchinson (5), Reynolds (3). Wild pitches—Purinton (3), Allen (1). Time—3 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—Pushor.

Bates, 15; Bowdoin, 10.

The first game of the season between Bates and Bowdoin was played here, Wednesday, May 4th, and resulted in an easy victory for Bates.

The Bates men made five runs in the first inning, and five more in the third, due to the poor pitching of French who forced in several runs by bases on balls. After the third, Jones took the place of French in the box and our team played a good up-hill game, but was unable to make up for the heavy gain of Bates in the first and third. On the Bates team Mildram pitched till the eighth inning when Pennell took his place. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hoffman, 2b.,	2	3	1	1	0	3	1	0
Wilson, c.f., p.,	5	1	0	0	1	4	2	0
Putnam, l.f.,	5	3	3	6	0	2	1	0
Pennell, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	0	12	0	0
Wakefield, 3b.,	3	1	1	1	0	2	2	2
Pulsifer, s.s.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	3	1
Campbell, r.f.,	3	3	2	3	0	0	0	0
Emery, c.,	2	2	2	2	0	1	3	1
Mildram, p.,	5	1	2	2	0	1	6	0
Totals,	35	15	12	16	2	*26	18	4

*Chapman hit by batted ball.

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	5	2	2	2	1	4	2	1
Savage, 1b.,	3	2	1	1	2	9	0	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	0	2	2	2
Hinkley, l.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	1	2	0
Hutchinson, 2b.,	5	1	2	5	1	2	6	3
Downes, r.f.,	5	2	3	3	0	1	0	0
Sykes, s.s.,	4	1	2	2	1	2	1	1
Chapman, c.f.,	5	0	2	3	1	3	0	0
Jones, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	3	0
French, p.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	40	10	14	18	6	24	17	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	x-15
Bates,	5	0	5	4	1	0	0	0	0	—15
Bowdains,	2	0	0	1	2	0	3	0	2	—10

Earned runs—Bates, 2; Bowdains, 2. Two-base hits—Campbell, Hutchinson, Chapman. Three-base hit—Hutchinson. Home run—Putnam. Stolen bases—Hoffman (2), Pennell, Campbell (2), Emery (3), Mildram, Allen, Savage, Fairbanks, Hinkley, Downes (2), Sykes. Base on balls—Hoffman (3), Wakefield (2), Campbell (2), Emery (3), Savage (2), Fairbanks, Hinkley, Sykes. Struck out—Putnam, Hinkley (2), Hutchinson. Passed balls—Emery (2), Allen. Wild pitches—Jones (2). Time—2h. 15m. Umpire—Scannell or Lewiston.

Bates, 25; Bowdoin, 10.

On Saturday, May 7th, Bates defeated our team at Lewiston even more severely than on Wednesday. Jones was weak in the box and in the eighth

was succeeded by Allen, while Hutchinson took Allen's place behind the bat. Downes or "Balboa" made a phenomenal catch in right field, and good catches were also made by Sykes and Chapman. On the Bates team the batting of Pulsifer was remarkable and their general play excellent.

A large number of the boys went up to Lewiston to see the game. Most of them returned before the end of the game, bearing news by no means pleasant to those who remained at home. The score is as follows :

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hoffman, 2b.,	2	4	1	1	5	0	0
Wilson, c.f.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Putnam, l.f.,	6	2	2	2	1	0	1
Pennell, 1b.,	5	4	1	1	6	1	1
Wakefield, 3b.,	4	4	1	2	3	2	1
Pulsifer, s.s.,	6	4	5	13	1	1	1
Campbell, r.f.,	6	2	2	2	0	0	0
Emery, c.,	4	1	1	1	9	6	0
Mildram, p.,	5	2	1	1	1	1	1
Totals,	42	25	14	23	27	11	5

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	6	2	0	0	0	4	1
Savage, 1b.,	2	2	0	0	8	2	2
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	4	1	1
Downes, r.f.,	4	0	3	5	1	0	1
Hutchinson, 2b., c.,	5	0	1	1	1	2	1
Hinkley, l.f., 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	1	0
Chapman, c.f.,	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
Jones, p.l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	5	3
Sykes, s.s.,	3	2	2	2	2	0	6
Totals,	33	10	7	9	24	15	15

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	1	3	0	3	5	2	5	6	x—25
Bowdoin,	1	4	0	1	0	3	0	1	0—10

Earned runs—Bates, 6; Bowdoin, 1. Two-base hits—Wakefield, Pulsifer (2). Three-base hit—Downes. Home runs—Pulsifer (2). Sacrifice hits—Emery, Mildram, Savage (2). Stolen bases—Hoffman (4), Wilson, Pennell (2), Campbell (3), Allen, Hinkley. First base on balls—by Mildram, 9; by Jones, 9; by Allen, 2. Left on bases—Bates, 3; Bowdoin, 7. First base on errors—Bates, 8; Bowdoin, 2; Struck out—Putnam, Wakefield (2), Pulsifer, Campbell (2), Fairbanks, Downes, Hutchinson (4), Jones (2). Double plays—Wakefield and Pennell; Allen, Hinkley, and Fairbanks. Passed balls—Emery, 6; Allen, 2; Hutchinson, 1. Wild pitches—Jones, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Mildram, Hinkley, Savage. Time—2h. 40m. Umpire—J. M. Scannell.

The New England tennis championship tournament will be held at the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club, June 13th.

Y. M. C. A.

Libby attended the Eastern Deputation Conference, held at Dartmouth College, April 14–17, as one of the delegates from Maine. He returned with a lot of good ideas on association work, and at the meeting on Thursday, April 21st, gave an interesting account of the principal subjects that were discussed at the conference.

One of the points on which considerable stress was laid, and which has been spoken of in our meetings, seems to be of sufficient importance to be mentioned again. It was in regard to the importance of systematic Bible study as an aid to association work. It is one of the principal sources, if not the principal one, from which we derive the spiritual power, which is so indispensable to the successful accomplishment of Christian work. While we have no Bible classes this term it is possible for each one to devote at least fifteen or twenty minutes each day to the study of God's word. Although it might seem as if very little could be accomplished in so short a time, we think that whoever will devote even so little time as fifteen minutes a day to the faithful study of the Bible, will find, at the end of the term, that he has derived much personal benefit from it; and we feel sure that our meetings will also show the effects of it, and we shall be better prepared to carry on a vigorous and aggressive "campaign" next fall.

The first of a series of deputation meetings was held with the Bates College Association, Saturday and Sunday, April 23d and 24th. Colby was represented by W. B. Tuthill, and Bowdoin by F. J. Libby. State Secretary Shelton was also present. This meeting is to be followed by similar meetings at Colby and Bowdoin, and the several fitting schools of the State. The College Associations will doubtless be strengthened by these meetings; and it is the aim of the deputations visiting the fitting schools to increase the interest in Christian work there, and to prepare the Christian men coming from these schools to the colleges to at once take hold of Christian work.

COMMUNICATION FROM INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF Y. M. C. A.

The remarkable success of the Northfield Summer School for the past six years has led to the establishment of a similar gathering which has been held for two years at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and

to the inauguration the present year of a similar school, to be held at Knoxville, Tenn.

At Northfield, which is especially accessible to students of the eastern colleges, we are assured of such speakers as Rev. Dr. Bristol, of Chicago; Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, Rev. A. F. Schaufler, and Anthony Comstock, of New York; Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, of Philadelphia; Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; President Gates, of Amherst; Major Whittle, and others. Mr. McConaughy and Mr. R. E. Speer, as instructors in Bible-classes, will need no introduction to college students. Those who recall the rise of the Student Volunteer Movement will recognize the name of Mr. John Foreman as one of the foremost of its early promoters. His presence in this country makes it possible to secure him for this gathering.

A name still more familiar is that of L. D. Wishard, the first college secretary, who has lately returned from a four-years' tour abroad, and who will be at each of the three gatherings to relate much that will be of interest concerning student movements in other countries.

It is doubtful if a stronger programme was ever presented at such a conference, and it should attract an unusually large number, not only of those who have attended in the past, but of many to whom it may be a most interesting and profitable experience. It should be seriously considered by many a student in the forming of plans for the first weeks of the vacation.



'26.—There is elsewhere in this issue an interesting

article by Isaac McLellan, the only survivor of the class of '26. This gentleman has kept up an unflagging interest in the welfare of his college, and has always been among the first to heed her calls for aid. Notwithstanding his eighty-six years of faithful service he is one of the most active among the alumni, and what is more, one who can always be depended upon to do his part.

'27.—The statue of John P. Hale, which Senator Chandler is to present to the State of New Hampshire,

is being executed by Muller, of Munich, and is expected to arrive in Concord in May. It will be located in the State House Park, and it is probable that the unveiling ceremonies will occur in June. It is a fitting tribute that a truly great man should have erected to his memory some material sign of the love and esteem of his countrymen. Although this statesman is still a living power in the hearts of those who for so many years have associated with him in the highest places of his country's trust, and saw the firmness with which he withstood opposition, standing at times almost alone for the right; yet it is a beautiful thing that those who come after should see some outward token of gratitude from those whom he has served so well.

'37, '50, '61.—Bowdoin was well represented at the Republican Convention at Bangor. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. John S. Sewell of the Bangor Theological Seminary, '50. Gen. Thomas W. Hyde of Bath, '61, was chosen presidential elector, and John L. Cutter, '37, delegate at large.

'44, M. S. of M.—Ivory Brooks, M.D., was born June 13, 1816, at Waterborough. He received his education at the common schools, and attended for a short time the academies at Alfred and Strafford, N. H., began his medical studies with Dr. C. F. Elliot of Somersworth, N. H., and attended four courses of lectures at the Medical School of Maine, where he received his degree. He immediately settled in Springvale, where he continued to reside until his death, April 24th, of Bright's disease. For nearly half a century he was an active physician and highly respected citizen of his adopted town, for over half a century of the time holding the commission of trial justice. He was married in 1861, but his wife died before him. They leave one daughter.

'48, M. S. of M.—Jabez Woodman Murray, M.D., was born at Lewiston, December 22, 1823. He received his early education at Lewiston Falls Academy, studied medicine with Dr. Alonzo Garcelon (Bowdoin, '36), attended three courses of lectures at the Maine Medical School, from which he received his degree. He settled at Madrid, where he continued in unsuccessful practice for twenty-five years, after spending several months in the hospitals of London, Paris, and other foreign cities. He resided for three years in his native city. In 1874 he removed with his family to Minneapolis, where he continued in active practice until his death, April 19th. Dr. Murray was a prominent Mason and Knight Templar, a member of the Maine

and Minnesota Medical Association, and president of the Hennepin County Medical Society. Of his standing in his profession a fellow practitioner writes as follows: "Dr. Murray was looked upon as the ablest man in all departments of medicine we ever had in Minneapolis. His judgment was far superior to that of any other man in the profession in this city. He was a student, always reading and always experimenting. He kept well up to the great progress which the profession has made in the last fifteen or twenty years. No man could have been more faithful than he to his patients, to his family, and to his friends. At the same time he was a man of kindly and charitable impulses, who was always ready to say a kind and encouraging word or do a charitable act." His wife and two children survive him.

'49.—The ORIENT extends its sympathy to Mr. Llewellyn Deane, who it seems is suffering under more than his share of misfortunes. His wife died in the latter part of March. On April 21st the residence at Kensington, near Washington, to which Mr. Deane had moved not more than a year ago, was destroyed by fire, the family narrowly escaping. Mr. Deane, who was just convalescing from a severe illness, was badly burned on the arms and bad to be carried to the Providence Hospital.

'54, and others.—Among the officers of the Fryeburg Academy Alumni Association of Residents in Boston and Vicinity, recently elected, are: Henry Hyde Smith, '54, one of the vice-presidents, and Rev. F. A. Wilson, '73, C. A. Page, '70, and W. W. Towle, '81, of the executive committee.

'54, M. S. of M.—George Montgomery, a well-known New England physician, died in New York, March 17th. He was born in Strafford, N. H., in 1834, graduated from the Medical School of Maine in his 20th year, studied medicine and began practice in his native State. During the Civil War he served as surgeon with a company of New Hampshire volunteers. In 1873 he removed to Newburyport, Mass., where he continued in practice until eight weeks ago when enfeebled by over-work he came to visit his daughter in New York.

'61.—Prof. A. S. Packard has an interesting and instructive article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May, on "Why We Should Teach Geology."

'66.—George F. Holmes, Esq., for many years one of the most prominent members of Cumberland Bar, died Sunday evening, March 6th. He was born at Oxford, Me., November 5, 1844, and was therefore in his forty-eighth year. His early life was passed at the family homestead at Oxford.

Soon after graduation he went to Portland and entered the law office of Shepley & Strout as a student. He was admitted to the bar in 1869, and entered at once into practice. He was for many years in partnership with A. A. Strout, Esq., '71, and later with F. C. Payson, '76. He was married in 1875, and his widow and one child, a daughter, survive him. Because of lack of information we have to apologize for the tardy appearance of the above.

'68.—Dr. Charles O. Whitman, Professor in the department of Biology at Clark University, has resigned to accept a position in the new university of Chicago.

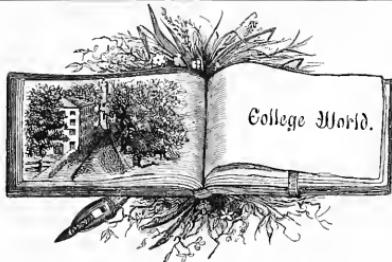
'68.—Rev. George M. Dodge has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church at East Boston to accept a call to Leominster, Mass.

'71.—From an interesting letter received from Prof. E. F. Davis we take the liberty to publish the following. And right here perhaps it would be well to say that it is desired to make this department a PERSONAL one, as its name signifies, and we should be glad to receive more personal letters. Professor Davis thus speaks of his work: "I am doing nothing extraordinary, but endeavoring to do ordinary things in the best way I can. Our institution (Penn. State College) is young and prosperous. The legislature of the State has within the last decade made large appropriations, thus enabling the college to erect needed buildings, furnish appliances, and otherwise enlarge its work. We received \$150,000 about a year ago and shall probably get as much more next winter. The number of students increases yearly. Our last Freshman class numbered about sixty at entering. The teaching force is necessarily increased each year. I have charge of the work of the English Department, teaching Rhetoric, Oratory, Old English, and English Literature. English Philology forms a very important feature. In addition to regular daily duties, I take my turn with the local preachers in supplying the college pulpit on Sundays."

'72.—Ex-Mayor Marcellus Coggan, of Malden, was one of the counsel for defense in the famous trial at East Cambridge, Mass., of Trefethen and Smith, charged with murdering Tena Davis, formerly of Bethel, Me.

'89.—John R. Clark is connected with a big publishing house in Minneapolis.

The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in 1800, and is said to have been edited by Daniel Webster.—*Bema*.



A PROBLEM.

They met at a party ;
'Twas love at first sight.
The two were made one
In just a fortnight.

Repenting at leisure
As wiser it grew,
In just half a year
The one was made two.

That two are made one
By division, 'tis true.
But how by division
Can one be made two?

—Williams Weekly.

Congregationalism has Yale, Unitarianism has Harvard, Presbyterianism has Princeton, Columbia is Episcopalian, and the Chicago University is Baptist.

W. D. Rockefeller has given another \$1,000,000 for the endowment fund of Chicago University. This increases his gifts to the university to \$2,600,000, the largest amount of money ever given by one person to an American educational movement. President Andrews, of Brown, has been called to a professorship, but will probably decline. The university will open with no less than half a million volumes in its library.

A MIS-ANTHROPE.

Of all the wonders of my life
The greatest wonder this is,
How Cupid a good shot can be,
Yet make so many Mrs.

—Ex.

The Phi Beta Kappa key may not wind any watch but there is a certain charm about it after all.—*Brunonian*.

MODERN AGNOSTICISM.

"The professors are wrong," said the student at college,
"In giving me marks that are low.
For, with Huxley, I think that the height of all knowledge
Is in the three words 'I don't know !'"

—Trinity Tablet.

Harvard's shell for the June race will be twenty pounds lighter than any previous boat built for the crew.

Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia will hold a chess tournament during Christmas week of 1892, for a \$400 cup, contributed by the alumni of the colleges.

SPECULATION VS. EMPERICISM.

Said he, " your lips look just delicious,"
And she, in sweet, blushing confusion,
Made answer both wise and capricious,
" Pray draw no such hasty conclusion."

—Williams Weekly.

The daily practice of the base-ball and athletic teams, the rehearsals of the glee, banjo, mandolin, and operatic clubs, the appearance of the college publications, and, incidentally, the holding of a few recitations, remind us that school is keeping again.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who wished his sad life were o'er;
So he joined an eleven
And went straight to heaven;
And backed through St. P. at the door.

Statistics show that, in 1850, 75 per cent. of the students in the colleges and universities of this country were farmer's sons, while in 1890 there were only 3 per cent.

A base-ball cage is to be erected at the University of Pennsylvania. The alumni have pledged two-thirds of the funds and the college one-third.

The gymnasium at Brown is open every evening to enable men to train for the coming exhibition.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 25, 1892.

No. 3.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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It is possible even in three years' time to note the progress of class and college sentiment toward civilization. The spirit of lawlessness seems to have been one of the traditions of university life, originating in times when society acquiesced in it, and retaining its hold among the students long after it was eradicated from society. Bowdoin was not one of the first colleges to modernize its social system, but the silent and steady change which has been taking place within the last few years has certainly placed it well toward the front in the race. The means by which this improvement has been brought about were gradual. The President has realized that it takes a generation to establish any reform; but as a college generation is only four years in length, the task was not so hopeless as might be thought. In the matter of hazing, perhaps the greatest results have been brought about. There is now at least one class in college which has absolutely no practical knowledge of hazing. It remains to be seen whether that class will attempt to revive any of the old conditions which it knows from report to have existed. This is unlikely, as any movement in that direction is even now considered childish. The destruction of property is another evil which is fast disappearing. A few years ago the demolition of

recitation rooms was not an uncommon occurrence. We do not wish to predict that such an event will never occur again, but it certainly could not now happen with the consent of a whole class. There are still individuals who have not outgrown their childishness and who love to smash things and to set fires, but nothing of any consequence can be done against the sentiment of the students, and that sentiment is for assisting in the improvement of the college, both in its social and in its material interests.

THE tennis players and other thirsty mortals are missing the Paradise Spring water which they had last fall. Are we not going to indulge in this luxury again? Though, as a sanitary precaution, it may not be so urgently demanded as it was in the fall, yet it is certainly better than the hydrant water, and it would be appreciated by the students. While money is being appropriated for improving the buildings, would it not be worth while to make some arrangement for a permanent supply of spring water on the campus? Although the Water Company may furnish good water most of the time, we know that it cannot be depended on in a dry season, and it is then that there is the greatest necessity for pure water. If the college had a supply of its own, a great deal of sickness in the fall and winter could be prevented.

THE whisperer is causing a good deal of unnecessary annoyance in the library. While there is no prominent notice, "Conversation Prohibited," posted on the walls, any more than there are, "Keep Off the Grass," signs about the campus, it is expected that every man will show some regard for the general welfare. We hope, however, that it is only ignorance of the common etiquette of public reading-rooms that leads some of

the students to persist in carrying on extended conversations in the library when others are trying to read.

Our Public Schools.

THE man who takes upon himself to bring to light a public defect undertakes a task as thankless as it is penniless. But as long as we shirk the duty, so long will the defect remain concealed and unremedied. If you tell the intellectual citizen of this State that our public schools are standing to-day where those of Massachusetts stood twenty years ago, you reveal to him an unpleasant fact, but a fact nevertheless.

That, in this age of steam, electricity, and modern improvement, when we are eager to seize upon every invention to aid physical labor and bring about external improvement, the children of the public schools, wherein the great majority of pupils receive their only mental training, which is to fit them to become intelligent voters and citizens of the State, that these children should be permitted to plod along under the same clumsy methods of instruction as their fathers before them, when other methods much better have been in successful use in other states, shows that the farmer or business man directs his thoughts more to the soil mellowed by the new harrow, or the fabric made more beautiful by the improved loom, than to the education of his children. In most of the smaller towns of the State the child learns his A, B, C's in precisely the same manner as his grandfather did before him, perhaps under the instruction of the elderly sister, cousin, or aunt of the school agent, as the old district system is still in vogue in one-third of the towns. Here also he may be able to work out the catch problems, and sums that never would come up in practical life, yet if you give him a sheet of paper and tell him to make out a bill of merchandise, or write

a Holmes' note, he would be entirely at loss how to proceed. Such a man goes into business. A problem comes up in his transactions; if he can remember what *rule* it comes under, all good and well, if not he turns back to the doggerel volume of his youth and seeks to place it somewhere among those principles, which, parrot-like, he learned and succeeded in remembering long enough to do the few examples which came under it, with no thought of its having any connection with practical life. In the same manner a scholar is able to parse correctly every word in a sentence, but make half a dozen grammatical errors in his own speech in so doing.

In the larger towns and cities of the State the word method of reading is coming into use and is having great success, as it is only natural for the child to read in the same way he is taught to speak, by the use of words instead of letters. But Massachusetts is now ready to take a step higher, and in some of her schools the pupil is now taught by sentences instead of words. In one of the schools of Boston I had the good fortune to listen to a class in mental arithmetic, composed of boys and girls from ten to thirteen years of age, and what was my surprise when Prof. Clapp gave out to them examples, not only in interest involving months and days, but in square and cube root of two places of figures, and almost instantaneously up would go the hands and the answer be given, almost invariably correct, before I could write down the figures on paper. Such a feat is truly wonderful to one who has set his standard by the town schools in this State, and shows only the more clearly what we have yet to accomplish to give the children of Maine an equal footing with those of our sister State.

But some one says that our systems are improving; to be sure, but with fatal slowness. That the towns are not yet ready to adopt new methods has been well illustrated by

what happened in a town of some two thousand inhabitants a short time ago. A gentleman was elected to the board of supervisors who had always lived in a city, where the instruction and modes of teaching were on a more elevated scale. He gave his time to remodeling the schools, introducing a new system of text-books, and was preparing, to a certain extent, to grade the schools as far as possible, and thus give each scholar an equal opportunity, and the teacher more time to devote to the different subjects. As it now is every scholar wishes to begin just where he left off the term before, no matter whether he knows anything or not about what he has been over; thus the teacher is confronted in a school of twenty pupils, with as many classes, and but little progress can be made. But, notwithstanding the efforts of this gentleman, he was almost entirely without the support of the citizens. At the next annual meeting, at the instigation of a man well known and holding a high position in the State, he was put out of office and his methods overthrown. This prominent man prefaced his remarks by, "What is good enough for me is good enough for my children." But every day he shows that what was good enough for his ancestors he himself could not be content with. He would make a very wry face if he was forced to fare as the hardy woodsman less than a century ago. His grace would find the saddle and coach a sorry contrast to the easy carriage and soft cushions of the palace car which he enjoys to-day. Preaching is one thing, practice quite another. Never in the great advance of civilization was the truth more clearly demonstrated, that what the fathers and mothers of twenty or thirty years ago found adequate for all their needs will not do for their child to-day. A state of progress like the State of Maine should nourish well the main root of all intellectual advancement, instead of letting it struggle along by itself.

choked by the last year's neglected weeds, if it wishes to enjoy the results of a fruitful harvest.

Another great drawback to the advancement of the schools is the lack of sufficient funds to pay experienced teachers. Most of the towns raise just money enough to barely cover the law, and consider it money wasted, and cry the great burden of taxation if a few hundred dollars is asked for to defray the expenses of a free high school. A certain town in the State, which is but a fair sample of many others, cheerfully voted to tax themselves, without a murmur, for eight thousand dollars at one time and three thousand at another towards building factories to start in a new business men with plenty of money of their own, but when eight hundred dollars were asked for the support of a free high school to educate their own children, immediately the cry of taxes was raised, which mounted up so rapidly that it was creditably reported, and believed by some in the opposition, that a man's poll tax would be raised from two to four dollars. Before any important changes can be made in the school system the people must be aroused to the fact that there is need of change. No one can realize this more fully than the student who enters college from one of these small towns and tries to compete with fellow-students who have had the advantage of the best city schools. Thus no one can be better fitted to undertake the task of waking up the citizens to the fact that, if they wish their children to hold equal positions of honor and intellectual ability with those of sister states, they must at least grant to them equal opportunities.

A Surprise.

EVERY morning as I went to school in a small but thriving city in Illinois, my eyes were sure to fall upon a large, gilt-lettered sign, "Bennett & Potter, Bankers,"

which, as it glittered in the morning sunlight, suggested something of the wealth of gold and silver deposited within.

"Bennett & Potter" had quite a different meaning to me as I became acquainted with the firm. The Bennett and Potter families were always on the most intimate terms. The partnership seemed to include the households as well as the genial gentlemen at their heads. Bennett and Potter had been in business together for twenty years, and the bond of friendship between the families had grown stronger with each succeeding year.

Mr. Bennett, the senior member of the firm, was the father of two children. The son, Harry, was about two years older than his sister May. Mr. Potter had but one child, Frank, who was nearly the same age as his friend, Harry Bennett. These three were together almost constantly from childhood. They went to the same school and were always in the same classes, and a more congenial company would have been hard to find.

At about the age of nineteen, the two sons, having graduated at the high school, decided, with the consent of their parents, to try their fortunes in the far West. They were both honest and industrious, and enjoyed the full confidence of their relatives and friends.

After much consultation and planning, the fathers considered it the best thing the boys could do. They had themselves started in business on their own account when quite young, and knew from experience that the best possible training for a young man was to let him shift for himself.

They were to go to Colorado and start a cattle ranch on their own account. The mothers reluctantly gave their consent; so with two thousand dollars each, and the good advice of their fathers and the tears and blessings of their mothers, they left their comfortable and almost luxurious homes to

brave the dangers and endure the hardships of frontier life.

The new firm of Bennett & Potter were soon located in one of the best counties in the new State of Colorado, many hundred miles from their old home. The minds of the two young men were so thoroughly taken up with the new situation, however, that they did not think of being homesick. Both inherited many of the excellent business qualities of the elder firm, among which were grit, energy, good judgment, and determination to succeed.

They selected a large tract of beautiful rolling prairie land, which they bought of the government at a dollar and a quarter an acre, and proceeded to stock it at once with yearling steers, and to build a sod-house for themselves and a stable for their ponies.

After the novelty of the situation wore off, the parents received many homesick letters from the young cowboys, as Harry's sister called them. She, too, received her share of the correspondence from her "brothers," for Frank was almost as much of a brother to her as Harry, though some of Frank's letters could hardly be construed as letters to a sister.

Three years passed before either of the boys thought seriously of returning to their old home for a visit. It was impossible for both to leave at the same time, for their herd had now increased so greatly as to require the entire attention of at least one of the owners and the two cowboys whom they had hired. Times were good and the boys were on the sure road to wealth.

At last Harry said he could stand it no longer; he must see his mother and sister. So it was arranged that he should take five carloads of cattle to the Chicago market, and return by way of his old home for a visit of one week.

Arrived in Chicago, Harry, remembering the taunt of his sister about being a cowboy,

and remembering, also, that he held a very respectable place in society at home, discarded his high boots and broad-brimmed hat for a more genteel-looking costume. His "roughing it" had not had any serious effects upon his formerly polished manners, and he would have been taken for anything but a cowboy in his new outfit.

Harry's visit home was a great surprise, as no one knew of his coming. Like most young men at his age he had changed much in appearance; so much, indeed, that few of his old friends knew him at first. His visit home seemed very short, as it was necessary for him to return to the ranch in a few days. His stories of frontier life were very interesting and many of his adventures truly exciting. It would probably be four or five years, he said, before he could come home again, as it would be Frank's turn next.

Two years passed after Harry's first visit home, and Frank's parents began to look for a visit from their son. The letters from the boys were more than satisfactory to the elder Bennett and Potter, who were highly pleased with the remarkable success of their two sons. The two old gentlemen looked forward to the time when the sons would come home to stay and take charge of the bank. Mr. Potter felt sure that Frank meant to come home unannounced in order to surprise them, and often talked about it.

About sunset one evening, as Mr. Bennett was sitting on the broad piazza in front of his house, quietly smoking a cigar and thinking over the transactions of the day, a young man, neatly dressed and with a rather handsome face, stepped up the street briskly, opened the gate, and advanced to meet Mr. Bennett. He was tall, dark, and well formed, wore a black moustache, and carried himself with much ease.

"Good evening, Mr. Bennett," said he as he drew near, while a suppressed smile played about the corners of his mouth.

Mr. Bennett arose slowly, fixing his keen eyes upon the young man inquiringly.

"I thought I should surprise you," said the young man, laughing. "Is it possible that you have forgotten Frank Potter?"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett. "You did surprise me indeed, Frank. How glad I am to see you! I didn't expect to find you quite so tall, nor, if you will allow me to say it, quite so good looking; but I think I can recognize your features now very well. That moustache has changed your looks wonderfully."

They sat down after the greetings usual on such occasions and Frank explained that he had come home the night before by way of Chicago; that he had spent the day at home; that he had cautioned his father not to tell Mr. Bennett about his return, so that he might surprise him; and that he had brought a friend with him from the West, whose home was in New Hampshire, and who was in the cattle business on a neighboring ranch.

While they were talking, Miss May Bennett came out of the house. Frank immediately sprang to his feet to greet her. She was surprised, of course, at his unexpected greeting, but thought at once of her old friend.

"Well, Frank!" she exclaimed, "Why didn't you let us know you were coming home? We feared you would not come this summer. How you have changed! I can scarcely realize that this is Frank Potter."

She was proud of her "brother," as she called him, as he stood by her side. He seemed to be equally proud of her, but winced a little when she called him brother.

The trio then passed into the house, the lamps were lighted, and they began to talk over Frank's long experience in the West, and about what had happened at home since he had gone. Then the conversation turned upon their old school-days. Frank said that

since he had gone away from the old scenes, he had recalled each event of his school-days a thousand times, and one would have thought as much from the vividness with which he related them and recalled the names of his old schoolmates.

They talked until quite late; so late, in fact, that Mr. Bennett persuaded Frank to stay all night, promising to take him home in the carriage in the morning. Before retiring, Frank made arrangements with Miss Bennett to go on a drive into the country with him and his mother the next day.

The next morning, as Mr. Bennett and Frank were driving toward Mr. Potter's residence, they met Mrs. Potter driving in a phaeton in the opposite direction. Frank tipped his hat politely as he bade his mother good morning. She bowed and smiled pleasantly as she drove by. Frank said his mother was on her way to get May for their drive into the country.

On reaching the street upon which the bank was situated, Frank said he must see his friend for a few moments on important business, as his friend was intending to leave on the next train for his Eastern home, and asked Mr. Bennett to wait for him. He stepped into an office near by where his friend met him. They talked together for several minutes; then Frank came out and, excusing himself for having delayed him so long, told Mr. Bennett that his friend insisted on the immediate settlement of an account which he had with him for twenty-five thousand dollars on a cattle deal, and that he, not expecting to be called upon to pay it at once, had ordered the draft, in payment for the cattle sold a few days before, to be sent to Harry; thereupon Mr. Bennett at once volunteered a loan of the amount until Frank could hear from his partner.

They then drove to the bank, where Mr. Bennett gave Frank the money, taking his

note for the amount. Frank thanked him heartily and asked him to wait at the bank until he should deliver the money to the man, when he would return and they would proceed to Mr. Potter's, where his mother and May were probably waiting for him.

Mr. Potter had not yet come down to the bank that morning, so Mr. Bennett had plenty to do while waiting for Frank. He waited an hour, but Frank did not appear. Two hours passed and still he did not come. Mr. Bennett thought it very strange, but supposed that Frank had met some of his old friends and could not get away. At last Mr. Potter came in, from whom Mr. Bennett learned, to his great surprise and bewilderment, that Frank had not been at home at all. Mr. Bennett telegraphed to Harry immediately, asking where Frank was, and soon received the reply that Frank was on the ranch with him. Then Mr. Bennett realized fully that he was the victim of one of the boldest confidence games ever attempted.

Detectives were at once put on the track of the young man who played the part of the banker's son so well, but no trace of him was ever discovered. It is still a great mystery how the sharper obtained such minute details of the life and history of Frank Potter, as to play the part without awakening the least suspicion in the minds of the rich banker and his daughter.

Oberlin College has received a sum of over \$90,000, which it attributes to its steadfastness in adhering to an unpopular cause in the antebellum days. The gift comes from the estate of Mr. Spooner, of Boston, now deceased, a strong abolitionist, who once wrote a vigorous anti-slavery article, which was quoted and made much of at Oberlin and the college was made his residuary legatee.

Tufts is to admit women hereafter according to the vote of the trustees recently.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Whispering Pines.

Manifold the charms of Bowdoin:—
Still old students love to tell
Of the green and shady campus
That they used to know so well;
Of their room; their dearest comrade,
Round whose heart theirs still entwines;
And the joyful, fragrant blessings
Of the dear, old, whispering Pines.
When the breeze sweeps thro' their branches
When the heat is far and wide;
When the sun shines in his glory,
And the world is scorched outside;
Then to students, toiling, puzzling
Over Greek in hard-wrought lines,
Like some sweet and soothing music,
Comes the whispering of the Pines.

May their music ne'er be silenced—
Still the breezes with them play,
Still be wafting drowsy murmurs
Thro' the long, sunshiny day.
Let the pomp of innovation
Open unto us new shrines;
May we never cease to worship
Bowdoin's dear, old, whispering Pines.

A Summer Shower.

A window open up on high;
A blue and cloudless summer sky;
A Freshman slowly strolling by;
That's all.

A dark cloud, high above him lowers;
Then, one of those most sudden showers,
Not wholly caused by natural powers,
Begins to fall.

The air around, a little blue;
A Freshman nettled, "just a few";
But nothing that at all is new,
"Quick curtain call."

Harvard has a larger Republican club than any other college in the country. The University of Michigan is second.



At last work on the new Art Building has begun in earnest. The work of excavating is going on rapidly and gives one a good idea of the real size of the building, which will cover more ground than almost any building on the campus.

Card, '88, was in town last week.

Jackson, '91, was in chapel recently.

Professor Lee's illness still continues.

Emerson Hilton, '91, was in Brunswick last Saturday.

The barges are in great demand these warm spring days.

Colby and Stone have left college for the remainder of the year.

"Bill" Godiug, '88, spent last Sunday and Monday in Brunswick.

Thompson, '94, who has been quite seriously ill, has returned to college.

The first hand-organ of the season ventured on the campus the other day.

W. O. Hersey, '92, has again been called home by the illness of his father.

Kimball, '92, who has been at home nursing a sprained ankle for a week, has returned.

Leighton, '94, who has been at home for a month on account of sickness, has returned to college.

Pendleton and Spillane, '90, have both paid brief visits to the campus within the last two weeks.

Owing to the trouble with his eyes Professor Wells was compelled to discontinue his recitations for several days.

Owen, Moore & Co., of Portland, have offered one of their best Bowdoin Racquets as one of the prizes for the college tournament.

Lombard, '94, has been out teaching the past month, and has been supplying the pulpit of the West Harpswell church for several Sundays.

Rideout and Staples, '89, were in town and took in the ball game, May 14th. Mitchell, '90, also came from home to see the contest.

A good-sized blaze in the college woods, back of the President's house, caused quite an excitement recently. But little damage was done.

The question "Who Stole the Rooster" will be argued in the Town Hall, May 24th, and a lively time is anticipated. Several of the boys take part.

The Freshman crew is taking daily practice on the river and making considerable improvement in their stroke. The absence of Dewey, however, is still felt.

The work of improving the campus still goes on. The trees are being trimmed and several unsightly clumps of shrubs and bushes have been cut down.

A game was announced between the Pioneers, of Lewiston, and the college team for May 11th, but owing to the unfavorable weather the game could not be played.

Stevens, '94, who has been stroking the Sophomore crew, has been quite ill for nearly two weeks. If he finds himself unable to row it will seriously cripple the crew.

Mr. J. A. Barelay, of Bridgeport, Ct., made a brief address in the chapel, Sunday afternoon, May 15th. Senator Poor, of Sebago, and Jackson, '91, were also present.

The College Quartet went to Farmington, May 20th, and took part in the high school entertainment at that place. They report a successful entertainment and a pleasant time.

Owing to lack of support the proposed May German was given up, and an assembly substituted last Thursday evening, which was greatly enjoyed by the few couples in attendance.

The subjects for the Sophomore themes, due May 25th, are: (1) Bowdoin's Future, (2) Do We Need New Athletic Grounds for Our Field-Day Sports? (3) Summer Reading.

It is reported that the Freshmen recently thought it their duty to block up one of the recitation rooms. As usual, however, Mr. Booker came out ahead in the race with over an hour to spare.

Brunswick rarely has such a musical treat as that afforded by Gilmore on last Thursday. The soloists were all of exceptional merit, and the band itself fully sustained its high reputation.

The second game with Bates, played at Lewiston, May 7th, was witnessed by a large delegation from the college. Several men also went to Lewiston to attend the Bates-Colby game, May 18th.

Professor Little and Miss Lane have gone to Washington on a two-weeks visit. During their absence the library will be closed between twelve and one, and between five and seven. They are attending the meetings of the American Library Association.

Almost a dozen Colby men accompanied their team to the game here, May 14th, but their enthusiasm had little chance to vent itself. Manager Little, of Bates, brought down his whole team to see the game, the result of which did not seem to be especially pleasing to them.

The Bowdoin Minstrels, under Mr. Mitchell's able training, are doing even better work than last year. Last Wednesday evening they took part with other talent in the "Elks' Benefit" in Portland, and scored a complete success. Young and Gately, '92, and Clifford, '93, were the soloists. The jokes were clever and well received by the large audience.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the annual Field-Day have made a canvass of the college, and find so little enthusiasm manifested that they have decided it impracticable to hold contests which would be any credit to the college. Consequently the chances are that this year at least a ball game with some crack team will take the place of the customary field sports.

The college tennis tournament opened Monday, May 16th, with forty entries in the doubles, and sixteen in the singles, and is rapidly drawing to a close. Dana, '94, is looked upon as the probable winner in the singles, and Payson and Dana in the doubles. Bates, Colby, and Maine State College are all holding tournaments to decide what men shall represent them at the intercollegiate meet in Portland, June 7th.

At a regular meeting of the College Republican Club, May 12th, the following officers were elected: President, R. C. Payson, '93; first Vice-President, F. S. Wight, M. S.; second Vice-President, S. O. Baldwin, '93; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Fahyan, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Peabody, '93. It was voted to send E. A. Pugsley, '92, as delegate to the National Convention of college Republican clubs, held at Ann Arbor, Mich., May 17th. The club now numbers considerably over one hundred members, and the list is still increasing.

A Portland architect was here last week examining Maine Hall with a view to making estimates of the cost of renovating it. Should the expense not be too great, this dormitory will be thoroughly modernized during the summer vacation. New wood-work, steam-heat, and water will be among the improvements introduced, and only the walls will be left as they are at present. Should the cost be too much to do all this during the present year, it will at any rate be done as soon as possible; and the same work will be undertaken in the other dormitories in due time.

President Hyde's work on ethics is completed and is now in press. It is entitled "Practical Ethics." Henry Holt is the publisher, from whose recent catalogue the following is quoted:

"This book defines ethics as the science of conduct and the art of life. Life consists of relations between an active organized being and the world outside, including other organized beings. Conduct deals with outside objects—in wresting subsistence from the furrow; weaving clothing in the loom; fighting for institutions on the field of battle; defending them in the forum, and vindicating them in the courts. Each chapter takes up one of these objects—material or immaterial, which are fundamental to life and conduct—such as food, dress, work, property, time, space, nature, art, animals, fellow-men, family, society, self, and God. The duty corresponding to each object is shown to be that relation between self and the object which realizes the fullest development of the self, and regards the proper use and worth of the object.

"Virtue is the habit or quality of mind and heart, resulting from doing duty. The reward of virtue is that complete and harmonious self-development to which duty points and which virtue maintains. The reward of each virtue is paid primarily in terms of the particular object toward which that particular virtue is exercised. The rewards of virtues which deal with things are health, wealth, and outward prosperity. Virtues which deal with ideal objects have their reward in increased capacities, elevated tastes, and intensified sensibilities. Virtues toward our fellow-men are rewarded in enlargement of social sympathy and deepened tenderness of feeling. The virtues of family, society, and the state have their reward in the sense of participation in great and glorious aims.

"Then returning in each case to the object from which the chapter starts, the downward course is traced through temptation to its corresponding vice, and from vice to its specific and inevitable penalty.

"The theory which underlies the book is nowhere abstractly stated, but is imbedded in its structure. The proof offered is not metaphysical deduction from first principles, but simply the presentation in a rational and intelligible order of the concrete facts and consequences of conduct. The aim is practical throughout. Duties and virtues are commended, not by exhortation, but by showing the place they occupy and the part they play in a coherent system of truth and a symmetrical development of character. Religion is presented as the consummation, rather than the foundation, of ethics; and the brief sketch in the

concluding chapter is confined to those broad outlines which, with more or less explicitness, are common to Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal."

Athletics.

In the game Saturday, May 14th, with the Colbys, Bowdoin showed herself to be still in the race. From the start she took the lead and easily held it throughout the game. Farrington's pitching was very effective. The features of the game were Hinkley's and Hutchinson's batting, the double play by Fairbanks, Hutchinson, Sykes, and Savage, and the work of the battery.

The score is as follows:

Bowdoin, 20; Colby, 8.

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	4	2	0	0	6	1	0
Savage, 1b.,	2	4	0	0	9	0	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	6	2	2	2	5	2	3
Downes, r.f.,	6	2	2	2	0	1	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	5	2	1	3	2	5	3
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	3	3	1	0	1
Jones, l.f.,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	5	3	1	1	1	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	5	3	1	1	2	5	0
Farrington, p.,	5	1	1	2	0	1	0
Totals,	43	20	11	14	27	15	7

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	1	1	3
Kalloch, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	2	1	1
Bonney, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	13	0	1
Latlip, l.f.,	5	1	0	0	3	0	2
Hoxie, 2b.,	4	2	1	2	4	0	1
Reynolds, c.,	5	2	2	3	0	2	1
Lombard, c.f.,	4	1	1	1	1	1	1
Jackson, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	0	7	5
Purington, p.,	2	0	1	1	0	1	0
Barnes, p.,	3	0	1	1	0	2	0
Totals,	38	8	8	10	24	15	15

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	3	3	1	6	2	3	1	1	—20
Colby,	0	2	0	0	0	2	3	1	—8

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 4. Two-base hits—Farrington, Hoxie, Reynolds. Three-base hit—Hutchinson. Sacrifice hits—Savage, Fairbanks (2), Downes, Hutchinson, Hinkley, Sykes (2), Bonney, Reynolds. Stolen bases—Allen (2), Savage (3), Downes, Hutchinson (2), Hinkley, Chapman, Farrington, Kalloch (2), Bonney, Latlip, Hoxie (2). First base on balls—Allen (2), Savage (4), Hall, Kalloch (2), Lombard, Jackson. Umpire—Stephen Kelley, of Lewiston. Time—2 hours.

TENNIS.

Under its efficient management the tennis tournament is progressing rapidly and successfully, although interrupted by several rainy days. Considerable enthusiasm is manifested by the students and some of the sets have been very interesting. It is expected that the finals will be very close and there is much speculation as to the probable winners. The scores up to date are as follows:

Winners.	SINGLES.		Score.
Fabyan.	Lee.	6-0	6-4
W. P. A. Kimball.	W. W. Thomas.	6-3	6-1
J. S. Shaw.	Wilder.	6-1	6-3
Dana.	Doherty.	6-0	6-0
Jones.	Moore.	6-1	6-2
Downes.	Durgin.	6-4	3-6 7-5
Mann.	P. Shaw.	6-3	6-3
A. J. Lord.	W. F. Haskell.	6-1	6-0
Pierce.	G. Wood.	6-3	6-2
Fohes.	Russ.	6-2	6-1
R. Bartlett.	Whitcomb.	6-3	2-6 6-3
W. E. Leighton.	Chamberlain.	For't'd to Leighton.	
Stetson.	Baxter.	Forfeited to Stetson.	
Haggatt.	F. Shaw.	Forfeited to Haggatt.	
Bucknam.	Hussey.	6-3	6-1
Hinkley.	Field.	6-3	6-3
R. Bartlett.	T. Nichols.	5-6	6-3 6-1
H. C. Emery.	E. Wood.	Forfeited to Emery.	
Littlefield.	Pickard.	6-4	6-1
Payson.	Libby.	6-2	6-5
Dana.	W. S. A. Kimball.	6-2	6-0
W. E. Leighton.	A. J. Lord.	For't'd to Leighton.	
Downes.	Jones.	6-0	6-5
Stetson.	J. Shaw.	6-4	3-6 6-2
Fabyan.	H. C. Emery.	6-0	4-6 6-4
Dana.	Stetson.	6-0	6-0

Winners.	DOUBLES.		Score.
Dana. }	E. Wood. }	6-0	6-0
Payson. }	G. Wood. }		
Mann. }	Lee. }	6-5	6-4
H. C. Emery. }	T. Nichols. }		

Yale's new gymnasium will be finished about June. Much of the interior is wainscotted with Italian marble. There are two rowing tanks 50 by 27 feet and 7 feet deep, with a swimming tank of the same dimensions, three bath-rooms, massage rooms, cooling rooms, lounging rooms, and about 1000 lockers.

Colby, through the gifts of the young people in the churches of her denomination, expects soon the establishment of a chair for the special study of the Bible.

Y. P. C. A.

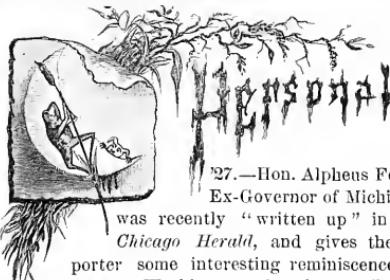
Among the different sources of spiritual power mentioned by the leader of the meeting on Thursday evening, May 12th, was that of consecration. Consecration is one of the things that we must have if we are to carry on effective Christian work. We are sometimes inclined to ask why it is necessary to reconsecrate ourselves so many times to the service of Him whom we have already pledged ourselves to love and obey? One of the reasons why it is necessary for every Christian to daily renew his allegiance to Christ, is that we walk by faith and not by sight. The things of this world have a tendency to make us forget and neglect eternal things. Especially is this true in college life. So it is very important that we should take our bearings occasionally, and see where we are and what progress we are making in the Christian life. If we do not do this we are liable to become lost and bewildered in the mists and storms of worldliness, and very likely stranded on the rocks of destruction. The vessel at sea may be driven out of her course during a storm. After the storm the first duty of the captain is to find out where he is and head his vessel in the right direction. As Christians we shall doubtless encounter severe storms while here in college. There will be times when all our energies will be called in question for the exigencies of the occasion. We may or may not hold on our way in those extremities, but whether we do or not, we certainly want to know it.

If we have remained firm, and have not been driven out of the proper course, let us thank God and press forward; but if we have in any way deviated from the right course, we ought to find out where we are and get headed in the right direction again.

By daily reconsecrating ourselves to Christ we shall each day know just where we are and shall be in the place where we can do the most to promote the Christian work that we are trying to do here.

Libby represented Bowdoin at the deputation meeting held at Colby, May 14th and 15th. He reports interesting meetings. No more deputation meetings will be held this term, but the work will be taken up again at the beginning of the fall term. The first meeting will probably be held at Bowdoin.

An exchange says that a woman has entered the Freshman class at the University of Michigan, whose two sons are members of the same class.



27.—Hon. Alpheus Felch, Ex-Governor of Michigan, was recently "written up" in the *Chicago Herald*, and gives the reporter some interesting reminiscences of days in Washington when he was United States Senator. He is now 88 years of age, a good Democrat, and a warm Cleveland man. "As for Mr. Blaine," he says, "he was killed in the late Civilian war."

40.—L. F. E. Jarvis, Esq., is now residing at Newark, Alameda County, California.

43.—Hon. William Dummer Northend received a complimentary notice in the *Boston Globe* of the 15th, which concludes: "Mr. Northend is now one of the oldest members of the Essex bar, and is revered and honored as president of the Bar Association of that county. He is still in active practice, but finds time to devote to literary labors, and is at present engaged upon a work, which, when completed, will be a valuable and interesting contribution to the early colonial history of Massachusetts. Besides presenting much new material never before published, Mr. Northend treats many matters concerning the early settlers from a legal standpoint, which throws an entirely new light upon their doings and motives."

49.—At the opening of the Supreme Court of Cumberland County, Hon. Josiah H. Drummond presented the following resolution: *Resolved*, That by the death of George E. B. Jackson the bar has lost an able, learned, and conscientious member; the church of which he was a member, a strong pillar of support; the many public institutions with which he was connected, a sagacious, energetic, and self-sacrificing friend, and the State one of its best citizens. Mr. Drummond then presented an extended biographical sketch of Mr. Jackson, tracing his life from his entrance into college when but 16 years of age to the day of his death, October 19, 1891. Regarding Mr. Jackson's character, Mr. Drummond said: Bro. Jackson was a public spirited man in the highest sense of the term. Much of his time during his whole life was given for the public good. He early became a member of the Episcopal church and always took

a deep interest in its affairs. As a warden of the local church, and as a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Maine for nearly 40 years, his business methods were of essential service; and as his daily life accorded with his professions, no layman in the State possessed the confidence of the denomination to a greater degree or was more influential in the councils of the church. Mr. Drummond reviewed with a good deal of minuteness the work of Mr. Jackson as President of the Maine Central Railroad, where his own personal experience gave him the right to speak, dwelling upon his achievement in securing the passage of a law which should be a just solution of the question of railroad taxation. Passing to the general habits and character of the man, he noted his indefatigable, continuous, and even industry. He worked diligently during the hours allotted to work and then stopped. He did not crowd the work of the two days into one, nor spread the work of one over two. He was not a rapid and fitful worker, but his steady and continuous application often produced greater results than were achieved by those of quicker mental and physical action. His standard of the character and conduct of the true lawyer was a very high one. There were no bounds to his contempt for trickery and quackery of whatever kind. He was guided in the practice of his profession by the same rules which governed him in his personal relations. It has been well said of him that "he lived as he preached"; that he had the courage of his convictions and never hesitated, when duty called, to express them fully and forcibly, but at the same time, quietly and unobtrusively; and that "his life was an ornament to his profession, and a credit to mankind."

54.—The death in London of James Ripley Osgood, the eminent publisher, was announced May 19th. "Mr. Osgood was born in Fryeburg, February 22, 1836, and was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1854. Afterward he began the study of law with Shepley & Dana of Portland, but relinquished that profession and removed to Boston, there associating with Ticknor & Co., publishers, and with their successors for some years. In 1871 he established the firm of James R. Osgood & Co., his partners being two sons of Wm. D. Ticknor. Mr. Osgood also became largely interested in the Heliotype Printing Company. On one occasion he was asked by the college historian to answer the query upon a circular 'If you have published, and what?' He promptly replied, 'Nothing but other people's books, and a great many of them.' In

1885 Mr. Osgood retired from the book trade, the sons of Wm. D. Ticknor continuing the business. He went to England in the following year to represent Harper & Brothers, and this move led to the establishment of the firm of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., which did a thriving business from the start. Mr. Osgood was of fine appearance, and his abilities were of a high order. Charles Dickens said he was the 'most lovable American he had ever met.' In its obituary notice of him the *Boston Journal* truthfully said: 'Mr. Osgood's identification with American literature is so conspicuous and so honorable that his name is literally a household word in all portions of the world where the English language is read or spoken.'

'60.—The *Lewiston Journal* published the following with a cut of Mr. Baker: "Forty-four years of age, Hon. Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, still clings to the old homestead on Winthrop Street, where he was born and which has always been his home. Few professional men in the State are as liberally educated as Mr. Baker. His earlier education was acquired in the Augusta public schools, preparing for college at the high school which was then under the tuition of Frank A. Watherhouse, now principal of the English High School in Boston. Mr. Baker graduated at 'Old Bowdoin' in the class of 1860, immediately reading a course of international and constitutional law, occupying six months in the office of his father, Hon. Joseph Baker. A trip of a year and a half to Europe for both work and recreation followed, during which the young man visited England and all the principal places on the continent, acquiring a vast amount of information, which only a tour abroad could give, besides applying himself to the study of government and the languages, for which he had an excellent opportunity. Returning home he spent a year with his law studies in his father's office, completing his legal education at Harvard Law School, mastering the two years' course in the space of one year. While at the school he was offered the position of instructor in the French and German languages by President Eliot, but declined it, as he also did the tender of a professorship in a Southern university, his love for the noble profession of the law not permitting an acceptance. His next step was to enter into practice in his father's office as a member of the firm, and although the senior member died several years ago, Mr. Baker is still found at his desk in the old rooms, his partner being Leslie C. Cornish, Esq. Mr. Baker's success as an attorney is not questioned and to-day he is the peer

of any lawyer at the bar of this State. Unlike many young men who receive the most liberal education that money can give, he improved his opportunities, toiled and dug, until he has won the prizes of the profession."

'65.—W. H. H. Andrews, although not a graduate of the college, deserves mention in this department. He was born at Pleasant Ridge, May 10, 1839. He fitted for college at Lewiston, and entered Bowdoin in 1861, where he remained one year. He then enlisted in the Army of the Rebellion and remained until the close of the war. He then studied law in the office of Charles Levi Woodbury, of Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, 1868. Entering immediately upon the practice of his profession in that city, where he remained until his death, April 19th. In addition to his law practice, he was, at one time, treasurer and business manager of the *Boston Post*.

'66.—Hon. A. A. Strout presented the following resolution to the Cumberland Bar: "That, by the death of our brother, George Freeland Holmes, this bar has lost a learned, able, industrious, and accomplished lawyer who during many years of practice at this bar commanded the respect and regard of his brethren and who did faithful, honorable, and memorable service for the profession of the law. That the members of this bar remember with affection and pride the earnestness of his purpose, the devotion of his life to his profession, his fidelity to every interest entrusted to him, his unfailing industry, sound learning, and close, accurate, and thorough mental training." Hon. Clarence Hale spoke chiefly of Mr. Holmes as he knew him at college. Mr. Holmes was a senior when Mr. Hale entered college. He was a member of the famous class of 1866, and the fact that Mr. Holmes was not disparaged by comparison with the best men of that class is, of itself, a ground of eulogy. Mr. Hale said: "When I think of him my memory always dwells on those early years of his professional life, before the long struggle began against the unrelenting progress of a fatal malady. They were the distinctive years of his life, years of close application, exacting labor, high attainment, and of full promise. It was during those years that he won his way to the respect and admiration of the bar and of the bench. Those who knew him best, saw in him many of the highest traits of the lawyer. He had none of the vanity that is easily content with a slight proficiency in law. He aimed at the highest excellence; in the earnestness of his purpose, and with his efficient industry, he did not hesitate to

give all the labor of the day and the vigils of the night to his work. He had the highest appreciation of the standard which a lawyer should place before himself. No man had a closer conception of what the ideal lawyer is and what he is for. Not only in his distinctive law work, but in his reading and study in those years to which I refer, he showed the thoughtful and philosophic mind, struggling to grasp and realize the ideals of his life. It is with the deepest sadness that we think of his long combat with that insidions and mortal disease which prostrated his body and dimmed his mental vision. As we pay our tribute of respect and affection to his memory, let us hope that this long ordeal had its uses in some way which we shall known in the great hereafter."

'69.—At a meeting of the trustees of Westbrook Seminary, Thursday, Rev. Harrison S. Whitman of Bowdoinham was unanimously elected president of the seminary, to enter upon his duties at the next commencement. Mr. Whitman is a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1869, and graduated from Tufts Divinity School in 1877. He was settled over the parish at Dexter, and afterward at Augusta, and is, at present, the secretary of the Universalist Convention.

'74.—Hon. Herbert M. Heath, of Augusta, will deliver the oration before the Zeta Psi Fraternity the coming commencement.

'75.—Col. George F. McQuillan, class of '75, was admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington, D. C., April 25th ult., on motion of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.

'89.—Born April 17th, to the wife of Lory Prentiss, a daughter.

'89.—Born April 21st, to the wife of Fred Freeman, a daughter (eight pounds).

'89.—James L. Doherty has been elected President of the Young Men's Democratic Club, recently organized in Old Town.

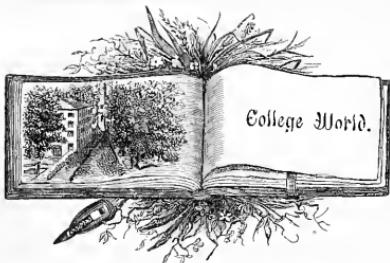
'89.—M. A. Rice is traveling in Europe. He will return in June.

'89.—Secretary Emery is making arrangements for '89's reunion in June. It will be a glorious occasion, such as '89 is famous for.

'89.—Crocker is visiting Florida.

'91.—E. G. Irving has finished his school at Mattanawock Academy in Lincoln, and is now teaching at Harpswell.

By order of the Italian government, English is to be added to the curriculum of the colleges in that country.



HER ONLY FAULT.

(From the German.)

I know of a maiden,
A lovable child.
So joyous, so cheerful,
No wind is more mild.

Her eyes are so light blue,
Her cheeks are so round,
Her brow is snow-white and
With blonde hair is crowned.

And she, such a noble
Young spirit assumes,
In her there's a flower
Of virtue that blooms.

And yet this fair maiden,
This angel divine,
A terrible fault has,—
She will not be mine.

—Brunonian.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins has made provision for the endowment and maintenance of the seaside laboratory at Pacific Grove, recently established under the auspices of the Leland Stanford Junior University. It is intended to make this a place for original investigation of the habits, life history, structure, and development of marine animals and plants, and to carry on work here similar to that which has made the aquarium at Naples known all over the world.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"Now do your best," they told him,
"To the voice of duty, hark,
If you but work you cannot help
But succeed, and make your mark."

But when he went to college,
About in life to embark,
Although 'twas he did the labor,
'Twas the Prof. who made his mark!
—Williams Weekly.

The publication of the *College Man*, a college paper published in New Haven, Conn., has been

suspended because of inadequate financial support.

The University of Pennsylvania has just received a donation of \$100,000 from General I. J. Wistar for the erection of a new biological and anatomical museum, also a yearly endowment of \$30,000 for its maintenance, the institute to be built in perpetuation of the name of Dr. Caspar Wistar, the founder of the present biological collection. The new Hygiene building at the University of Pennsylvania was dedicated on Washington's Birthday.

PERFORCE.

Bold Jack regaining a lost treasure,
And seeing no alternative,
From pressing need, and not for pleasure,
Did in the icy waters dive.

And when we begged that he confide
To us the cause of this bold entrance,
And what he lost; he then replied,
That he had merely lost,—his balance.

—Brunonian.

The ability to maintain a creditable standing in scholarship, and at the same time to manage college base-ball interests, or carry an entertainment involving hundreds of dollars through to a successful issue, is one result of a modern college course.

—Ex.

A year ago Columbia College abolished compulsory attendance at the morning religious services. A recent number of the Columbia *Spectator* says that although the attendance is considerably less, those who do attend manifest more interest in the services.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

IVY NUMBER.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 8, 1892.

No. 4.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The computation for determining the salutatorian this year has revealed a condition of things which is, perhaps, without a parallel in college history. The honor of leading the class in scholarship is divided between four men, the averages of whose marks for the four years are found to be exactly the same to the hundredth place in decimal fractions. As it has never been the custom to carry the figuring further than tenths, it was thought to be unreasonable to carry it further than hundredths in the present case, since, in all probability, the figures beyond that limit would have no significance. Accordingly all four will go into the catalogue as salutatorians, and one of their number has been chosen by lot to deliver the part.

The coincidence is the more interesting because the tastes and inclinations of the four men have led them to pursue, as far as possible, different courses of study. Mr. Emery, whose tastes are predominantly literary, has found his greatest pleasure in the English course. Mr. Fobes has been a disciple of science. Mr. Linscott has devoted himself, first and last, to the languages, and Mr. Wood's inclinations have led him into philosophy, so that each of the four salutato-

rians, aside from participating in the leadership of the class, has the honor of being first in that branch of study which is most congenial to him.

AS THIS number of *ORIENT* appears, the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament will be in progress in Portland. A great deal of interest has been taken in this at Bowdoin, and some strong players have been sent into the contest. The struggle is probably between Bates and Bowdoin in this as well as in base-ball. Colby, being used to grass courts, will probably not be in condition to make a very hard fight this year. We are not good at guessing, but we rather expect one, at least, of the first prizes.

HERE remains only one more game to be played in the Base-Ball League, unless the protest of last Saturday is decided in our favor. As the record now stands, Bates has won seven games, Bowdoin won four and lost three, Colby lost eight, with one to be played between Bates and Bowdoin. This gives Bates the championship, with a chance of winning every game played. Bates has always been strong in base-ball, and her team this year is certainly a model one. Bates has been fortunate, moreover, in sustaining during the season no injury which disabled her team. Bowdoin and Colby have both been unfortunate in this respect. Had our team been, at the first of the season, in as good condition as at present, Bates would have had a hard struggle for first place. At present the two nines are very evenly matched. We have no criticism to make against our nine. The nine is all right. It is when we look for the tenth man that the trouble comes. President Hyde very truly says we cannot win at base-ball until we become a ball playing college. We have got to have class nines, trained system-

atically through the winter, and, instead of the unscientific class games now played, there should be interest enough aroused to have contests in good earnest that will show the ability of the men, and keep them in proper condition to fill the place of any man on the Varsity nine who becomes disabled. If this could be done there would be no such state of affairs as there was at the first of this season, when our pitcher was disabled and no one was in training to fill his place.

THE next number of the *ORIENT* will be dated the Wednesday after Commencement, and will contain a report of the exercises of Commencement week. As this account will enlarge the number to three or four times its usual size, the other departments will have to be shortened considerably. Students who wish the Commencement number forwarded will please hand their address to the business manager. The price of extra copies of the Commencement number will be 25 cents apiece. All who wish for extra copies of that or of the *Ivy* number should apply, as soon as possible, to the business manager.

The Minstrel Show.

THE Bowdoin Minstrels made their second appearance, at the Town Hall, on the evening of Field-Day, June 2d, and scored another success. Clifford, Young, and Crawford manipulated the bones, while Gately, Bean, and Fobes took charge of the tambos. Pierce again served as interlocutor. The first part passed off finely, the solo parts were well taken, the chorus work was good, and the jokes, if not all new, were well received by the large audience. Gately's yodeling, as usual, brought down the house. Dyer, who was to have been one of the tambos, was obliged to be absent, but Fobes filled his position very acceptably.

In the second part the Lime Kiln Band was a novelty, and made a decided hit. Clifford was the star of the evening, and his clever acting and, above all, his topical song, "We do not know just why," completely captivated the audience. The entertainment closed with a short farce, introducing several songs and choruses. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Overture.	Orchestra.
Introduction.	The Company.
Opening Chorus—We come! We come!	
	The Company.
Put on Yer Robes.	Mr. Clifford.
Gay Huzzar.	Mr. Lazell.
Boun' ter Shine.	Mr. Young.
Creole Love Song.	Mr. Thompson.
Put on de Golden Crown.	Mr. Gately.
Annie Laurie.	Bowdoin Quartette.

PART II.

Clog.	Messrs. Bean and Fobes.
Selection.	Banjo Club.
Lime Kiln Band.	The Company.
Selection.	Orchestra.
Five Minutes with Mr. Clifford.	

PART III.

An Evening with the Chicken Stealers, introducing
Sing Glory to My Soul and Auld Lang Syne.

Meeting of the N. E. I. P. A.

HS OFFICIAL organ of the Association,
the ORIENT publishes the secretary's
report of the annual meeting:

The N. E. I. P. A. held its regular annual meeting at the Hotel Glendower, Springfield, Mass., May 25, 1892. Delegates were present from the following papers: Wellesley Prelude (2), Trinity Tablet (3), Brunonian (1), Brown Magazine (1), Wesleyan Argus (1), University Cynic, Vermont (2), BOWDOIN ORIENT (1), Dartmouth Lit. (2), Williams Lit. (1), Amherst Student (6), Mt. Holyoke (3), Amherst Lit. (1).

Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Brunonian; First Vice-President, Dartmouth Lit.; Second Vice-President, Amherst Student; Third Vice-President, Trinity Tablet; Recording Secretary, Mt. Holyoke; Corresponding Secretary

and Treasurer, W. P. I.; Executive Committee, Amherst Lit. (chairman), Wesleyan Argus, Dartmouth, Wellesley Prelude, Brown Daily.

The Association passed a vote of thanks to the Amherst Student for its hospitality. The report of the treasurer was read and accepted. A committee of three was appointed to consider the advisability of sending specimens of New England college journalism to the Chicago Fair, and to report to the executive committee who should act on their suggestions. The committee was: Brown Magazine, Trinity Tablet, and Wellesley Prelude. A committee of three was appointed to consider the advisability of an intercollegiate oratorical contest and to report to the executive committee, who should act on their suggestions. The committee was: Trinity Tablet, University Cynic, and Mt. Holyoke.

It was voted that the president make out a list of the toasts and send them to the papers selected, as soon after the meeting as convenient.

The Association suggested that the corresponding secretary inform the various papers of the meeting a good while in advance, and request that an answer be sent at least a week before the meeting. The BOWDOIN ORIENT was selected as the official organ of the Association.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE,

Recording Secretary.

The following is a list of the delegates present from the different papers. The list was made partly from memory and may contain some inaccuracies and omissions.

From Dartmouth Lit., W. C. Belknap, C. W. McKay; from Trinity Tablet, C. A. Horne, C. Johnson, W. F. Collins; from University Cynic, R. A. Stewart, Lyman Allen; Wellesley Prelude, Misses Holbrook and Davidson; Brunonian, A. E. Thomas; Brown Magazine, H. A. Richards, Jr.; Williams Lit., A. Oliver; Amherst Lit., F. D. Blodgett; Amherst Student, M. Hiscox, A. J. Goddard, G. H. Backus, L. E. Smith, J. H. Ranson, E. A. Crockett; BOWDOIN ORIENT, C. W. Peabody; The Mt. Holyoke, Misses Mott, McNulty, and Snell; Wesleyan Argus, A. H. Thorndike.

When the business meeting had adjourned seats were taken in the banquet hall and a

sumptuous repast of seven courses was served. Then Mr. Hiscox, of the Amherst Student, called on Miss Davidson, of the Wellesley Prelude, W. F. Collins, of the Trinity Tablet, Miss A. L. Snell, of the Mount Holyoke, W. C. Belknap, of the Dartmouth Lit., Arthur Oliver, of Williams Lit., and A. E. Thomas, of the Brunonian, to respond to toasts.

As is the custom, the next annual meeting of the Association will be held at Springfield, next spring, on the day of the Interecollegiate Athletic Meet.

Ivy Day.

THE Ivy-Day exercises of the Junior class occurred Friday afternoon, in Memorial Hall, with the following programme:

	MUSIC.	
Prayer.		C. H. Howard.
	MUSIC.	
Oration.		G. W. Shay.
	MUSIC.	
Poem.		C. W. Peabody.
	MUSIC.	

PRESENTATIONS.

BY PRESIDENT C. C. BUCKNAM.

Gymnast—Mattress.	W. P. Chamberlain.
Phunnyman—Book of Jokes.	J. W. Lambert.
Plugger—Lamp.	?
Class Giant—Cane.	F. M. Shaw.
Obstinate Man—Likeness.	B. F. Barker.
Popular Man—Wooden Spoon.	E. H. Carleton.

We print the oration, poem, and the presentation speeches in full.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

DANGERS OF IMMIGRATION.

BY GEORGE W. SHAY.

Nineteen hundred years ago, when Rome's star was rising in all its glory, the barbarians from the East began to find homes within her borders. The Emperor Augustus welcomed them; for in their approach he saw no danger. But when they had

surpassed the Romans in number and had usurped the high positions in the land, the vigorous character of that majestic nation weakened; and its decline, division, and ruin followed in succession.

To-day, in America, we have a parallel case. Our country, whose marvelous progress is exciting the wonder of the world, is invaded by hosts of Eastern paupers and criminals that flock to its shores to parasite upon its wealth. This foreign element is a hydra-headed monster of vice and crime, preying upon the vitals of the nation.

It is estimated that the foreign-born residents of the United States number more than ten million, or about one-sixth of the whole population. Statistics show that the total number of immigrants from 1881 to 1890, inclusive, was very nearly five and one-fourth millions, which was over fifty per cent. of the entire immigration from the close of the Revolutionary War to 1881. Is not this an alarming influx of people, who, for the most part, have no love for our country and no knowledge of its laws? At this rate, will not the pure current of our own people soon be swallowed up in the turbid flood of alien races?

From a report recently issued by the State Department, we learn that the immigration of the races who have built up the republic is declining, while that of races who differ from them widely in language and blood is rapidly increasing. The number of arrivals from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Sweden, France, and Holland is annually receding. On the other hand, the tide of immigration from Bohemia, Hungary, Russia, and Italy is continually growing stronger; and still more deplorable is the movement of low classes from the far East—Syria and Armenia. French Canadians are pouring into New England at a rate that bids fair to depopulate the Province of Quebec in a very few years.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese have been theoretically barred out, for the last ten years, by an act of Congress, sixty thousand of them during that time have entered the Golden Gate at San Francisco alone. A majority of these, doubtless, have taken a fraudulent advantage of the generous terms of the law, which, it will be remembered, admits travelers and persons who have business interests already established in this country. But these sixty thousand are not all. The hordes that throng to Canadian ports and thence stealthily make their way across our boundary it is impossible to enumerate.

It has been said of this exclusion bill that it will sever our friendly relations with China, and prevent

American missionaries from proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to that benighted empire. But there are two views of the subject. Is not the darkness which these half-civilized people are bringing into our land, far in excess of all the light that we can cause to shine upon theirs? Let those who have read of the horrors of their opium dens answer. The commerce between the United States and China is so inconsiderable that even if it should cease the loss would not be serious to the former. The Chinaman not only belongs to an inferior race, but, in consequence of his wretched manner of living, he is able to work for so small a recompense as to render it impossible for Americans to compete with him. Nor is this all. By the immoral influence of habits peculiar to his people, he is daily plumping the worst grade of our society lower in the depths of degradation. Then, let the Mongolian remain at his Oriental home, even if foreign missionaries are thereby compelled to devote their energies to the welfare of other countries.

According to the eleventh census nearly three-fifths of the paupers supported in almshouses and more than one-third of the inmates of the state-prisons and penitentiaries in the United States are of foreign birth. This is indisputable evidence as to the general character of our foreign immigrants. It is reported that many ex-convicts and paupers are assisted to leave England and Germany for the United States by benevolent societies. This, it may be presumed, is done for the joint benefit of the person receiving aid and his country. It is true that the law provides that convicts and persons incapable of self-support shall be sent back; but when the convict crosses the ocean he leaves his prison garb behind, and his indigent brother usually manages to conceal his poverty until he has safely landed. Thus it is difficult to enforce this regulation.

The whole world is familiar with the tragedy at New Orleans, at which place a mob composed of leading citizens broke open the jail and deliberately killed eleven Italians who were confined there. The chief of police had been foully murdered, and the prisoners were charged with the crime, but two of them were never brought to trial, and the jury failed to convict the others. The people of New Orleans thought that the accused men belonged to the Mafia, a murderous secret society, which they believed had either bribed or frightened the jury into rendering a verdict contrary to the evidence. It was also the prevailing belief that this lawless society was about to inaugurate a reign of terror and attempt to obtain control of the city govern-

ment. These conditions instigated an act of vindictive lawlessness which must ever be a blot on our civilization. The atrocities of the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania and the fiendish work of the Anarchists at Chicago are a part of history. Yet the spirit which has raised up these seditious organizations did not originate in this enlightened republic, but it has been fostered for centuries by the repressive governments of European monarchies.

Frequent additions of illiterate immigrants from various countries, to our population, must have a depressing effect upon public sentiment, as well as greatly increase the cost of maintaining the public schools. Prison records show that a very large proportion of criminals are uneducated. All will agree that the safety of a nation depends upon the intelligence and culture of its people. Walt Whitman says that what the States need most as roots for a distinctly American literature are patriotism, nationality, and harmony. Now, it is impossible for them to possess any of these three qualities, in a perfect degree, while they are trying to assimilate a promiscuous multitude of foreign rabble. Germany will continue to outrank America in education just so long as she is allowed to unload her ignorant masses upon our soil.

Foreign accessions to the laboring classes have caused a marked decline in wages. Why do our large cities contain so many young men who handle a yard stick at four dollars a week, and so many young lady clerks who receive a salary that is barely sufficient to provide the necessities of life? Why do they not obtain more lucrative employment in the mills and factories which abound throughout this land of industry? It is partly because a considerable number of the youth of this generation are ambitious to fit themselves for useful business lives, and in order to do this they must make a humble beginning; but it is chiefly because the outcasts of other nations have flooded the country and taken the places of its citizens in the field of remunerative labor. A glance at the past will prove the latter statement. Twenty years ago the cotton factories of this country were operated almost entirely by our own people; to-day but few native Americans are to be found within their walls. A low class of foreigners have rendered these establishments incongenial to most self-respecting people. Both mills and stores have become overcrowded and the price paid for help has in consequence been reduced.

Nearly all of these aliens do not hesitate to become naturalized as soon as possible after their

arrival, and are ill content to wait the required five years for the rights of citizenship. They eagerly accept the privilege of voting, which the inconsistent laws of many states extend to them as soon as they become residents. This would truly be a commendable spirit, if it were actuated by the right principles. But the average foreigner does not seek the franchise in order that he may be enabled to cast his ballot for the promotion of good government; he seeks this privilege as a means of obtaining office in the community, or money for his purchasable vote. The corrupt condition of politics in our large cities proves this assertion.

Unrestricted immigration does not threaten with personal hardship educated Americans, who earn a livelihood by intellectual labor; for the more numerous are the ignorant, the more clergymen and teachers will be needed to instruct them, and the more turbulent they are the more physicians will be required to mend their broken heads and the more lawyers to keep them out of jail. But unrestricted immigration does threaten the future of those institutions of society which have been established and fostered by America's most cultured citizens. It has a tendency to Europeanize the country. Only a few years have elapsed since the Germans demanded to have their children taught in their own language in the public schools of Chicago; and they have at other times shown a disposition to preserve a distinct nationality.

The assertion might be truthfully made that, if the Aborigines had kept our forefathers from their territory, we should not now be enjoying the advantages of this fair land. In that case, however, the Indian race would not have been driven to the verge of annihilation. The coming of our ancestors, though beneficial to themselves, was fatal to the red men. Some philanthropists urge that our country should be a home for the poor and an asylum for the oppressed of all nations. But the degradation of one nation for the advancement of others is not philanthropy. History teaches that the indiscriminate mingling of races, different in temperament never makes a great nation.

There is evidently a strong popular feeling that the present immigration laws are insufficient. There is, however, such a wide difference of opinion that no changes have as yet been proposed which are universally satisfactory. Many reformers agree that there should be an educational test which would require of all immigrants over fifteen years of age the ability to write their own language. This would certainly restrict the most objectional element though not entirely exclude it. Another rea-

sonable proposition is to refuse the right of suffrage to persons who are unable to read English. Other nations cannot take offense if they are forbidden to dump their rubbish in this country; for we should be establishing no precedent. The Russian Jew is met at the boundary of Austria and not permitted to cross unless he is en route to the United States; and Germany is preparing to guard against his advance in a similar manner.

It might be inferred that, if immigration menaced the prosperity of the republic, shrewd statesmen would certainly be more active in checking it. But this conclusion does not necessarily follow. The statesman of to-day seems to have adopted the principal, that no law shall be placed upon the statute book until public sentiment demands it. Congressmen may know that legislation is needed, but they will hesitate to enact it until the popular mind is ready to receive it. This matter has not yet been agitated enough. When the people demand that the dregs of humanity from all quarters of the globe shall no longer be admitted at our ports, then their representatives will, doubtless, comply with their wishes.

The benefit which the country has received from the more industrious of its foreign-born citizens is well deserving of our recognition. Many of them have rendered thousands of barren acres productive and dotted the broad prairies of the West with their happy homes. Let us not forget that Alexander Hamilton, who stood at Washington's right hand when he founded the republic, Louis Agassiz, whose name is one of the most brilliant in science, and Franz Sigel, who fought for his adopted country with distinguished bravery and skill, all were foreign-born. But these men came to this country during its more primitive days; it has developed since their times and can now produce its own statesmen, scholars, and soldiers. Our nation may be regarded as a great social body of which the morality of its people is the heart, public sentiment the mind, capital the pulse, and labor the life blood. Now, if it continues to receive into its system the degraded masses of other lands, the heart will be hardened, the mind weakened, the pulse stagnated and the vital current rendered impure.

IVY-DAY POEM.

COLUMBUS AT PALOS.

BY CLARENCE W. PEABODY.

An age of centenaries this of ours.

Each year the plodding world turns back again

A hundred or four hundred years, to pride

Itself on some event that happened then.

Not many years ago our nation donned
 Its festal dress, and joyfully and gay,
 Just as a child to whom the sense is new,
 Prepared to celebrate its natal day.
 But two years hence our college will rejoice,
 And bless that hour way back in '94,
 When old Sam Adams, patriot and sage,
 By one bold stroke of pen, accomplished more
 For peaceful arts than e'er he did for war;
 For then by him was Bowdoin's charter signed,
 Which raised a mighty beacon that should lead
 To fame and glory many a master mind.
 This year of eighteen hundred ninety-two
 We of the western world will consecrate
 To one who lived four hundred years ago,
 And by his deed stands high among the great.
 That Genoan seaman who, with purpose fixed,
 Stood staunch against the age's hate and pride,
 And daring what no man had dared to think,
 At last was victor, though the fates defied.

The world in which we dwell but that side sees
 Which shines the brightest; and 'tis better so.
 From history's variegated page it gleams
 But those events which blessed fruits can show.
 Yet, when some mighty undertaking fails,
 One man may suffer and the pain is o'er;
 The world, which loses most, may drop one tear,
 But then forgets, and thinks of it no more.
 And if success is won, it praises not
 Him who succeeds,—it praises the success;
 The hour of victory, not the months and years
 Of sleepless toil, the pain, the bitterness
 From hope deferred and purpose trodden down.
 "These may have been," we say, "but let them
 go.
 They call to mind the tears and heart-blood shed.
 The time is for rejoicing, not for woe."
 But though that bright October day when first
 The Genoan's anchor grasped this western
 shore,
 Though that day crowned with palms the victor's
 brow,
 The strife was ended, victory won before.
 There is, somewhere encircled by the year,
 An unknown anniversary, we know.
 When was that hour of supreme success?
 Perhaps to-day, four hundred years ago.

It is at Palos by the sea, and through
 The Andalusian sky so soft and blue,
 The sun that shines on Spain's most glorious year
 Spreads generous benedictions far and near.

With blessed warmth and nourishment it fills
 Luxuriant vineyards on the neighboring hills;
 But nearer, on the gables of the town,
 With fierce and unrelenting heat pours down.
 Along the sea-front is a cooler air;
 In from the west it rolls, and everywhere
 The ships that ride within the little bay
 Rise on each coming swell, and fall, and sway
 Forward and back, and every wave breaks here
 Upon the old foundations of the pier.
 Many upon the ships and on the shore
 Are toiling hard with rope and sail and oar;
 And some prepare for voyages; only one
 Is standing idle, by whom must be done
 The greatest task of all, and who must dare
 The longest voyage, yet knows not how or where.
 He stands alone, in thought, an old man—nay,
 Start not surprised, for old he is and gray.
 Not years have bent his frame, but toil and care;
 And fierce relentless scorn has bleached his hair:
 All seem to shun him,—see, when he essays
 To speak among the people, every phrase
 In hoarse and angry murmuring is drowned.
 Some jeer, some threaten, not a one is found
 To listen, or to further his commands.
 And so, without a follower he stands,
 The admirals of a visionary fleet,
 The viceroy of an unknown land;—his feet
 Wearied with fruitless wandering, his hair
 Whited by what is very near despair.—
 Weary of vainly urging his behest,
 Aside upon the shore he walks for rest.
 Beyond the long low point the ocean lies.
 He knows it, yet 'tis hidden from his eyes.
 Such is his future, unrevealed though near.
 Behind him in the city he can hear
 Hoarse, distant, murmuring,—thus does his past
 Still echo in his ear,—reproaches cast
 Upon him, laughs of scorn, and finally,
 More feared because of his authority,
 Reproach is changed to threat, and laugh to
 frown.
 All this he hears behind him in the town.
 He lives again his life. From court to court
 He wanders, whereso'er there is report
 Of enterprises great on land or sea.
 Still rankles in his heart the treachery
 Of Portugal; and then the learned fools
 Of Salamanca,—learned in convent schools,
 Who searched the Holy Fathers, and there found
 His doctrine of the Universe unsound.—
 These he remembers, and that weary train
 Which, years and years, followed the court of Spain

Among Granada's mountains. He was there,
A suitor, penniless and worn with care.
And then Granada fell,—from western shore
To eastern, the proud Moslem ruled no more.
Columbus saw Boabdil, conquered, kneel
Before the Christian sovereigns of Castile
And Aragon. This was the suitor's chance.
Again he met the sovereign's gracious glance,
Again besought, and was successful, for
The Queen rejoiced to end the tedious war;
And, high exalted with religious zeal,
The holy spirit of crusade could feel.
At last was his commission sealed and signed.
With joyful step he left the court behind,
And came to Palos, where by the command
Of Isabella, Queen, and Ferdinand,
A proclamation in the square was read,
Which to the magistrates of Palos said:
"For Christopher Columbus, Admiral,
Viceroy of lands and waters which he shall
Discover, furnish forth and man with crews
In ten days' time two caravels, to use
As he may wish,"—and so on to the end.
Such was the royal word, but who would send
His ship to sure destruction, who set sail
Upon a voyage so mad, so sure to fail?
And failure, that meant death. Not one was
found
Among the murmuring people gathered round.
The ten long days have quickly sped away.
Ah yes, indeed, the tenth was yesterday,
June 2d, and to-day he'd hoped to sail.
The greatest disappointment is to fail
When hope, long striving, seems at length to rise
And lay a finger on the fleeting prize.
And when relaxed is all the energy
Which bears a man through his adversity,
And toil seems at an end—and then to know
That all is lost,—this is the hardest blow.
So, on that day in June, Columbus felt.
He saw his hopes, his fondest wishes melt,
Vanish away, untangible as air.
Then came upon the old man standing there
The fell temptation of oblivion;
That fierce desire—it comes to every one
On whom an unrelenting fate has closed
The portal of success, to stand opposed
No longer to the world, to move aside,
And never more to struggle with the tide.
The Admiral held within his trembling hand
The Queen's commission. What availed its grand
And empty titles? They were dreams, no more.
He stood upon the solitary shore.

A moment, he could dash it in the sea,
Renounce his vain delusion, and be free;
Or, stay! Should he resist and strive again
Alone, unaided, with the hate of men,
To what result—despair and death, or—yes,
One lingering gleam of hope, perhaps success.
Fate spoke. He did resist. He did succeed,
And from the realm of fable freed
A world; and one poor Genoan seaman's name
You read emblazoned on the page of fame.

There is one motto in the world, "Succeed."
One only. All the others do but lead
To this. This watchward follow. When despair
Is conquering, high aloft this ensign bear,
As great Columbus did some time, we know,
Perhaps to-day, four hundred years ago.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, MR. CHARLES C. BUCKNAM.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Every college has certain established customs,
some special events, which are dear to the hearts of
its students and friends. Our own college has such
customs, and we meet here this afternoon to cele-
brate the happiest, best one of all—our Ivy Day.

It is with great pleasure that we see so many of
our friends gathered here, and we receive your
presence as a testimony of your friendship and good-
will toward Old Bowdoin. We extend to you all
a hearty welcome and hope that you will so enter
into the spirit of our exercises that you may take
away with you very pleasant recollections of our
college, and of the class of '93.

When we entered Bowdoin, in the fall of '89, we
numbered about forty-five. Since then various causes
have rendered necessary the departure of so many of
our classmates that we now have the honor of being
the smallest class in college. Size, however, is no
standard by which to judge us, for what we lack in
quantity we fully make up in quality. The cus-
tomary standard by which the classes in a college
are rated, is their ability in athletics. One would
hardly expect our small band to accomplish very
much in this line, yet '93 stands among the fore-
most in the different college sports. We have
entered all, and in all we have achieved success. On
the diamond we have been beaten but once in the
past three years; we have furnished our share of
men for all the Varsity teams; and upon the
river our crew has gained for us an honor never
held by any other class of Bowdoin College,—the
honor of winning both the Freshman and Sopho-

more boat races. '91 boasted of the number of men they placed on the Varsity crew, yet the most important position on that crew was filled by a '93 man. Of what avail would have been their mighty muscles had it not been for the coolness and skill of our worthy coxswain? There is also in the college library a silver cup which has borne, for the past year, the "Orange and Black," indicative of our victory at the last Field-Day.

The secret of our successes is unity. Firm and strong are the ties of friendship which have bound us together. Our class has been second only to our college, and ever has our watchword been "for Bowdoin and '93."

As we pause here at the end of our Junior year, and let our minds wander back over our college life, the memories of the days which are past crowd upon us with startling clearness. What a season of new and strange experiences was that part of our course, which may truly be called the childhood of a college life,—the Freshman year! Many and varied were the lessons learned in those days of our innocence and inexperience, and, although our vigorous teachers occasionally damped our ardor and enthusiasm, their ever watchful care and discipline brought us safely through those childhood days, and we passed into our youth able and willing to aid in the management and instruction of a new class of infants. Our youth was uneventful. The time was partly spent in the performance of our duty to our younger brother, gently restraining his impetuosity, and mildly chastising his childish follies; and partly in the continuance of our work which prepared us for the dignity and seriousness of the manhood of our course—the Junior year. This year is rapidly nearing its end. The prime of our college life is over. In a few short months another class will take our place and we will pass into the old age of our college course.

A feeling of sadness steals over us as we realize that soon this happy life will end, that the ties which have bound us so firmly together for the past three years will be sundered, and we be separated and scattered, perhaps never to meet together again. Yet whatever may be our positions in life, wherever our duties may call us, always will there remain in our hearts the love for the dear old college and the friendship for our classmates of '93.

We close our exercises to-day with the customary planting of the Ivy. Before doing so it is my duty to distribute a few appropriate gifts among my classmates, rewarding those who, as specialists, have brought renown upon themselves and the class.

The President:

Bowdoin being such an athletic college and '93 such a class of athletes, I have naturally deemed it my duty to recognize here to-day the ability of one of our most brilliant stars. True, he is but one of a constellation, yet he is a star of the first magnitude. I have called him a gymnast, but that represents only one of the many branches of athletics in which he shines. If you had seen him during the winter term, as he whiled away in the gymnasium those pleasant hours which we all so much enjoyed, gracefully performing his difficult feats upon the bar and on the mats; if you had seen him exerting his Herculean strength in his wrestling bouts with our gymnasium instructor, and handling the "mats" with ease and grace to the discomfiture of his fellow-classmates, you would surely join us in echoing his praises here to-day. Mr. Chamberlain, I feel a pleasure in presenting to you this small token of our appreciation of your merit and ability.

RESPONSE OF GYMNAST.

Mr. Chamberlain said:

Mr. President and Members of '93, Ladies and Gentlemen:
As I look upon this mattress, so emblematic of the gymnast and athlete, many thoughts connected with our three years in college, crowd through my mind. I remember especially when, after our Freshman dinner in Portland, a similar mattress was presented to our classmate, "Gerry," who was honored with the title "Class Tumbler." How little did I expect at that time to bear to-day the still more exalted appellation of "Class Gymnast."

But the fact that I have been able to attain to this high position is a proof of the advantage to be derived from steady and systematic training. In every department of life, physical, mental, and moral, training and discipline are the two factors necessary to assure success, and knowing this principle I have applied myself diligently to becoming perfect in body. To all who frequent the gymnasium the spectacle of me is familiar as I disport myself on the mats, whirl on the bar, or swing high in air on the trapeze; and even when not in sight the splashing in the direction of the bath-tubs will always betray my whereabouts. My attendance in the gymnasium has ever been such as often to call forth comment from the Faculty, and even Professor Whittier himself has frequently mentioned to me my regularity—in "cutting."

Unfortunately for this audience the gown of the Junior hides my rounded and swelling muscles, else you might see before you a form like to that of the

Grecian Hercules. Constant training has made me thus and reduced me to my present size and weight, which, by the way, all my wonderful gastronomical feats are unable to change. But, sad to relate, the band of *athletes* at Bowdoin is small and constantly decreasing. We have lost many during my connection with the college, and when last year Jackson, the perfect man of '91, left us I involuntarily exclaimed, "Another of us is gone!"

And now I hope that the listeners will pardon a slight digression which will illustrate the strength of my athletic craze.

Last summer I made a visit on an uncle of mine, who lived in a small rural village, not far from my own municipality. One day, as usual, I was boasting before the family of my gymnastic feats, how much I had lifted, how high I had jumped, and how swiftly I had run. Suddenly my uncle looked up and said that as his back was lame with the rheumatism it would be a great favor to him and good training for me if, during my visit, I would saw and split the winter's supply of wood. I waited to hear no more. Hastening to my room I packed up my belongings, left the society of my uncle's family, and, like the Arab, silently stole away.

But to return to more sober narrative. Few among you will appreciate the honor of being chosen "Gymnast" from such a distinguished class as 'Ninety-three. 'Ninety-three entered Bowdoin as a small band, and after losing many men has become the smallest class in college. Yet few classes can boast of having achieved greater or more lasting athletic renown! No class is better represented in the Annual Athletic Exhibition. Once have we gained the best record at Field-Day. Both of our ball games have been won by us, and better than that cannot be done. And finally we have held for two years the CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN, an honor of which no other class in the history of the college can boast.

Yes, 'Ninety-three has run a good race and deserves well the credit given her. In the great record of the classes read at the last Day, we shall hear rolled forth four familiar names, 'Ninety-five famed for its brashness, 'Ninety-four for its horn concert, 'Ninety-two for its reforms, and, greatest of all, 'Ninety-three, renowned for its athletic victories.

The President:

Our Phunny Man! Dear friends, you cannot imagine what painful recollections this epithet brings to us; recollections of the many, many times

we have had to suffer in silence the jokes and puns of our would-be humorist. His jokes are wonderful. Hours have been spent in the vain attempt to discover in them some hidden point. His puns are the most marvelous distortions of the English language ever invented by human brain. His ready tongue is no respecter of persons or circumstances. He has been known to make the remark, while sitting in a barber's chair, that he thought he could razor beard. I am happy to say he escaped without serious injury. Perhaps he will favor us this afternoon with a few of his intellectual gems.

Mr. Lambert, please accept from your class this book. May it replenish your stock of jokes and furnish you with an outfit sufficient to carry you through the remainder of your course.

RESPONSE OF PHUNNY MAN.

Mr. Lambert said:

Mr. President, Fellow-classmates :

It is with the most profound and sincere thanks that I receive this gift, realizing that it is a token of your appreciation of my natural as well as of my acquired ability, and, as I receive this little souvenir, my mind goes back to the time when first I set foot upon the campus, which, like myself, possessed a great amount of verdency. How little did I then think that beneath my coat of greenness there lay such mighty powers ready to spring into life and activity! How little I thought that in less than three years I should reach this point, the very pinnacle of my ambition! But so it is. And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to give to you a brief account of my mode of procedure in the attainment of this glorious preminence. When I entered upon my duties here in '89 I did so with a determination to ascertain what were my natural talents; and, after learning this, I resolved not to bury the one I possessed but to improve upon it as best I could. This I did, and, as a result of my first exercise, there was not a member of '92 that dared moisten my golden locks more than once; for, no sooner had the contents of a water-pail been allowed to pursue its solitary way toward me, than I concentrated my powers upon the principal actor and made him feel my superiority to such an extent that instead of yelling out "water freshie," in an exultant tone he would ejaculate the very same words (as it seemed from the sound) in a tone of deepest surprise and admiration.

The frosts of winter soon put a stop to the ducking business, however, and even the smallest of us could roam over the campus at will, but after the

warm days of spring came, and hill and dale had put on its summer garb of green, representatives from the upper classes, lead by a small botanical specimen of '92, resolved to quell my ardent spirit by leaving me behind in a sprinting contest; consequently, they prevailed upon me to enter the race with them. I entered, and at the end of the first heat we were *one abreast*, your humble servant taking the lead; again we tried it, the same result, yet once again we sped over the course, "freshie" was ahead; thereupon the aforesaid botanical specimen of '92, thinking it to be in keeping with the time for him to *leave*, plead with me earnestly to race once more with one of his superiors; and, at last, being much besought, I accepted. We took our places; and, at the word "go," we went; with streaming faces we went; with bulging eyes we went; and with determination we went; but I went faster than he did, and the race was mine. But this was not all, for '92 (and I say this with the utmost respect for that class of honored men), I repeat, '92, thinking this athletic demonstration too good to be hidden from the public eye, gave a hint of it in their little diary that came out soon after, and through some misjudgment the point of the joke therein contained was directed toward me. '92 can see a joke, but she can't see which end the point is on.

Well, time wore on and almost before I was aware of it my first year was gone and I had entered upon the wild, reckless life of a Soph., which (as you well know) is equaled only by that of a western cow-boy; but I did not celebrate my own good fortune by exercising my power over those whose experience in college life had just begun to germinate, until the class games came off; and then I felt it my duty to do all I could for '93, but, in the wild confusion of the foot-ball game, my work was not very effective; in fact, ladies and gentlemen, I never was very much of a "kicker." At the base-ball game, however, I was a "rattler" and, though I can hardly believe it myself, it was reported that the victory of '93 was due, in a great measure, if not wholly, to my brilliant coaching and my power of rattling the Freshman at the bat so that he could not tell a base hit from a foul; and still I did not even attempt to make him believe them to be synonymous terms.

Soon the Sophomore year was a memory of the misty past, and I entered my Junior year with the determination to show my classmates here, at least, how completely I had mastered the science of punnology; so I began with the greatest and in a

short time I had entered upon the task of convincing the least; but he soon had his Phil. and I left the two brothers together to gather what they could from my reasoning. Since that time I have been the acknowledged punster of the college and have been offered a "belt" several times, but I declined with thanks, simply because I did not have the face to accept it, although I was very much impressed with the striking attitude the would-be rewarder assumed when he informed me of his intentions. But time will not allow me to dwell longer upon my "punnological" acquirements; yet allow me in closing to say, fellow-classmates, that, although I have, with apparent ease, gained this sublime height, in reality, it has not been without work, wakefulness, and worryment, but still I feel amply rewarded for it all, inasmuch as I have reached the top of the ladder. I assure you, moreover, that the success with which I am now crowned has not been due entirely to a natural talent, but to diligent cultivation, and development of that which we all possess. You can climb this ladder of fame as successfully as I have done; but you cannot gain the top by a sudden leap; you must toil upward step by step; and the secret of the final victory lies in not failing to get a round every day.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

The President:

Owing to the nearness of the final examinations our class plugger was unable to appear before you this afternoon, so we shall have to excuse him.

It would have been exceedingly difficult to choose any *one* intellectual giant to represent us here to-day. We are all giants mentally. For proof of this fact we refer you to Professors Hutchins and Moody, who have been astonished so often at our remarkable achievements in the class-room. We have, however, a man eminently fitted, physically, to bear the honor of class giant. His gigantic form, the pride and admiration of his friends, is a well known feature of our campus. His immense size, however, is often an inconvenience to him. It is, indeed, embarrassing to have the shoe dealer say that the only thing he has that will fit is a shoe box.

While traveling, our friend is often taken for a circus giant, and it is not an uncommon sight to see him followed by a crowd of youngsters, staring at him with all their might.

Knowing that, in his old age, he will find difficulty in moving such a huge structure, I have procured for him this cane which, with careful use, will serve him long and faithfully.

Mr. Sbw, I present this to you, hoping that it will prove a strong support in your days of feebleness.

RESPONSE OF CLASS GIANT.

Mr. Shaw said :

O my long-sought-after ally ! O my rescuer, my fort, my invaluable need ! Had I but found thee in my earlier afflictions I would have long since been traversing the broad avenues to prosperity, and never would pride have been changed to humiliation and humiliation to painful submission ! Yet, I say, these and a thousand other grievances would I have gladly endured, could I have only known that in the end my labors would have been thus rewarded.

In order that you may all understand, and participate in my exuberant emotions, I will make known to you the relations which exist between myself and this massive cane.

When quite young, and then of rather diminutive stature, I foolishly sought the realms of an old prophetess, where were expounded to me the important events of my future. Among other things I was told that I should be of most uncommon size. I assure you that I was very highly elated at this good news. It needed only my boyhood fancies to supply the rest. I was, at once, the giant, the warrior, and the statesman. As I gradually began to assume the form and proportions of my ideal, I strove that my actions also might conform with his. Yet, however stately I carried myself, however like Hercules did I strive to appear, no one seemed to appreciate me. No one admired my size; no one reverenced me. For a while I sought in vain the reasons for this neglect. But 'tis rare that a diligent seeker never finds, and I was no exception to the rule; for one day, while intently studying an old portrait of a giant, and wondering what it was that made him so imposing, my eyes for an instant rested upon his massive club, and behold ! I had won. 'Twas the club which he had and the cane which I lacked.

The next thing was for me to find the cane. But hunt as I might, nothing would suit me; nothing was large enough; nothing was of fine enough quality; and I must confess that I was too modest to order one made. Therefore I was compelled to do the next best thing; I procured an enor-

mous umbrella, with which I paraded the streets for over two years; in fact, until the second week of my life in Brunswick, when, alas ! a rainy day and "per order of janitor" robbed me of my treasure. Strange as it may seem, my whole Sophomore year passed by, and still no cane.

During this present year my heart gave one great bound, for I thought I saw my chance, but again I was fooled, and, as well as the Freshmen, was forced for a while to mourn my loss, which loss, I fear, would have continued indefinitely had not my class, through their worthy president, kindly presented me with this beautiful cane.

Thus they have not only brought to a close all the doubts and confusions, which existed in regard to my lawful and dignified position above mankind, but they have also added another to their untarnished list of famous deeds. For what other class has even had the honorable duty of paying homage to such a giant ? Indeed, at the Ivy exercises of a year ago, the class which has always boasted of its superiority in stature, could find within its numbers no person worthy to receive such an honor as you have conferred upon me. And they were compelled to bestow the distinction for eminence of physical proportion, with the appropriate insignia, upon one so slighted by nature as to merit the appellation—class runt. But you all will acknowledge that he and I are hardly comparable. Indeed, as this cane is pre-eminently above all others, thus am I to the squallid pygmies of former classes.

But do not think, O classmates, that, in my happiness, I feel no deep gratitude towards you, who have, this afternoon, thus honored me. Nay, rather believe me when I say that my joy is only an ever-flowing spring of thankfulness which will continue to gush forth until the last remembrances of you all are lost in oblivion.

The President:

It is strange what curious freaks of nature we sometimes meet. We have such an anomaly in our class. I have called it an obstinate man. The more common term would be a "chronic kicker." You naturally ask what kind of a thing that is. Did you ever know a person who would refuse to eat his dinner if he thought you wished him to ? That is the kind of "kicker" we possess. His greatest delight is in being obstinate, in opposing the wishes of others. I truly believe that he would become frantic with disappointment should he think he was pleasing somebody.

Mr. Barker, there are other kickers in the world

besides yourself. I have been able to find one here in Brunswick and to-day I present to you his likeness. May it be a constant reminder that if you persist in your obstinacy you will meet in life many kindred spirits as able and willing to kick as yourself.

RESPONSE OF OBSTINATE MAN.

Mr. Barker replied :

Mr. President:

Words cannot and will not express the great pleasure that I feel in receiving from your hands this beautiful work of art. I do not know why you wish to bestow upon me this relic of the old masters, but I suppose you wish in return for it a flowery speech, replete with simile, metaphor, and allegory, one that will hold the undivided attention of the audience, and one that will reflect back upon you a bit of its glory, for having had the wisdom and foresight to bring such an illustrious classmate of yours before these people assembled.

But, Mr. President, you forget. I am obstinate. I shall do nothing of the kind. You give me this with the evident expectation that I shall put on it a little tag with these words: "Presented by the President of the Class of '93," and donate it to the new art building as a memorial to you. But no,—I shall neither do this nor, as I said before, shall I give you a discourse on obstinacy, either in its collective or distributive, relative or absolute, abstract or concrete sense. You should expect nothing of the sort if you are to hold me up before this audience as an obstinate man. Mr. President, we must live up to the standard that other people set for us.

I am very glad not to please you with a speech. It is against my nature to assist in any way the plans of others, so I shall simply withdraw, sincerely hoping that, in doing so, I am acting just contrary to your wishes.

The President:

The last presentation I make in all sincerity. The recipient has well deserved the popularity he has won. He has worked faithfully and unselfishly for his college and his class, and his devotion, combined with his always jolly disposition and his many other personal qualities, have made him a favorite with all who know him.

Many times has he sacrificed his own interests for the interest of Bowdoin; always has he been a true friend of his classmates and fellow-students. I need not praise him more. You all know whom

I mean,—the scholar, the gentleman, the athlete of Bowdoin, the popular man of '93.

Mr. Carleton, I present this spoon to you with the heartiest wishes of your class. Please accept it as a token of their esteem.

POPULAR MAN'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Carleton said :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The statement is frequently made that a man without friends has little to live for. From the conception of what we term the enjoyments that make up this life, such a statement is undoubtedly true. For what pleasure in life can there be for a man who cannot count among his acquaintances one friend.

Classmates, I thank you for this mark of affection that you have bestowed upon me. Would that it were in my power to express in words the appreciation I have of your kindness in thus conferring upon me this honor, which, if not the greatest, is at least the most agreeable and pleasing that you have in your power to grant. For certainly the knowledge that one is popular among his fellows is pleasing, not only in college life, but in life anywhere.

Evidently to consider one's self the most popular man in his class, as the presentation of this spoon signifies, one must hold a most exalted opinion of himself. I, at any rate, consider it as showing that I hold a place in the good-will and affection of the members of '93, and I am content with this, since, in itself, it is no small honor. In the past there has always been more or less rivalry between members of classes, but we can truthfully say of '93 that from its first organization it has been entirely free from this evil. Because the class is distinguished by its unanimity of opinion, by the smoothness of its elections, and by the general good feeling that has prevailed so far throughout the course, it brings out all the more clearly that there must be more than one popular man in the class. It shows plainly that each one has the good-will of his fellows.

In the face of such facts as these, to take for granted that there is only one popular man in the class, would be presumptuous. Therefore, in accordance with custom, my classmates have appointed me to act as their representative, and to receive this gift as a token of the good-fellowship that exists between us.

Again, classmates, let me express my gratitude for this spoon, the bestowal of which was due to

no effort of mine, but wholly to your kindness. This event I will ever remember as the pleasantest of my college course, and your gift, which I have been deemed worthy to keep in trust for all the others, I will ever guard and cherish.

After the presentations, the class marched out and planted the ivy by the western wall of Memorial, singing the following ode, the words of which are by Mr. Clifford:

IVY ODE.

AIR: "*Old Friends and Old Times.*"

By these gray walls, reared in memory,
We plant the Ivy of 'Ninety-three.
Thoughts hover o'er of days that are gone,
Days bright with mem'ries of friendships won.
Ever in concord our path has lain,
Ne'er darkened o'er with sadness or pain.

In harmony, ever to be,
We worship thee, dear 'Ninety-three.

These days of gladness soon ebb away;
But, back in fancy, thoughts oft will stray.
Ties that have bound us e'er will be strong,
Linked by the joys which to college belong.
Firm as the ivy clings on high,

Fondly our friendships will cling, ne'er to die.

In harmony, ever to be,
We worship thee, dear 'Ninety-three.

With this, the exercises closed. They were followed by the Seniors' Last Chapel, which was witnessed by as many people as could find room in the chapel.

In the evening the Ivy Hop occurred in Town Hall and, as usual, was a brilliant affair.

Rhyme and Reason.

Ambiguous.

I wrote a song once in my prime
To make folks laugh, I wrote it.
I wasted all my leisure time
Trying to find words that would rhyme.
I was bound I wouldn't quote it.

I boomed along on bird and gird
On lay and play and way, sir,
But I stuck on one great lovely word,

The grandest I had ever heard,
I couldn't make that fay sir.

I searched the realms of poetry,
No poet e'er had used it.
I called on Tennyson, and he,
Great Scott! if you could only see
How that good man abused it.

I was mad: I hunted one whole night
Until I struck on Uuctious.
'Twas just the thing, it fitted right.
I laughed to think I'd been so bright.
The word was "Superflumbunctious!"

Literary friends were summoned
When the song was quite completed.
They came in crowds with merry din,
Each face wore an expectant grin,
They came to hear it repeated.

The whole thing melted them to tears,
('Twas queer as I could make it)
And so to me it still appears,
Seen through the mists of many years,
And yet they didn't take it.



As usual Memorial Day was rainy and disagreeable. There were no special services held at the college, though in the town the day was observed in the usual way.

Turner, '90, paid us a visit recently. Prof. Little has returned from Washington. Hausecomb, the special, has left us for the year. The masons have begun their work at the Art Building.

This warm weather brings out the spring suits in great profusion.

Dr. Mason preached the sermon to the G. A. R., a week ago Sunday.

The Pray English Prize of fifty dollars has been awarded to H. C. Emery.

Both Colby and Bates expect to put foot-ball teams in the field this fall.

Prof. Lee has recovered from his rheumatism sufficiently to hear recitations.

Prof. Moody for the second time in two years gave the Sophomores an adjourn the other day.

It seemed odd for the annual boat race to pass off without the usual Field-Day following it.

First place in the O. A. X. Tennis Tournament was won by Pickard, '94, who defeated Bucknam in the finals.

Pendleton, '90, Minot, Packard, Hastings, and P. C. Newbegin, '91, passed a part of last week at the college.

The Young Men's Christian Association is getting up a hand-book which will be of great service to the next year's Freshmen.

Sheriff Despeaux, says Dame Rumor, paid a visit to one of the dormitories lately. As yet, however, no Sophomores are missing.

May 25th the Brunswick High School nine defeated the college second nine, 22 to 12, in a fairly well played game on the delta.

Among those present at the Ivy-Day exercises were Carroll, '88, Royal, '90, P. C. Newbegin, Simon-ton, Chas. Hastings, and Packard, '91.

Considerable interest has been taken in the college tennis tournament; at some of the sets there were fifty or more of the students present.

The Senior Chemistry Division took tea with Prof. Robinson, and the Sophomore Greek Division passed an enjoyable evening at Prof. Woodruff's recently.

The usual number of Sub-Freshman were in town Field and Ivy days. '96 will be a large class if the number of applicants for the June examinations is a criterion.

Before the next number of the ORIENT appears '93's *Bugle* will probably have made its *début*. Meanwhile the editors are packing up their belongings preparatory to flight.

The Senior Class Supper, June 1st, was a most enjoyable occasion. Supper, speeches, stories, and jokes all were good, and the whole affair was most successful. Andrews was caterer and served a fine repast. Lazell, Wood, and R. Bartlett were the committee.

During the past week a phrenologist has been interpreting the boys' bumps for them, and it has been a very amusing and favorite pastime to get a

crowd of students together and let one of the number "have his head examined" for the benefit of the rest.

The Senior ball game showed that '92 has about the usual amount of base-ball talent among those of members who do not make a practice of playing its national game. The game should be considered a decided success, as no one was seriously injured and the game was called after less than three hours' play.

The mock trial to decide "Who Stole the Rooster?" was held in the Town Hall, May 24th. Lord, '94, posed as the culprit, and Jones and P. Shaw, '93, were on the jury, as were also Professor Hutchins and Mr. Wheeler. The whole trial proved amusing, and many good hits were made by the counsel.

Dana, '94, and Payson, '93, represent Bowdoin in singles in the Intercollegiate Tennis at Portland this week, Dana and Payson, and Pierce and Pickard are the teams in doubles. Howard and Sturgis will be among Bates' representatives. Play in the tournament begins Tuesday afternoon, and the finals will probably be played on Friday.

The prizes for excellence in English Composition, open to all members of the Senior class, have been awarded as follows: Firsts, Leon M. Fobes, Henry C. Emery; seconds, Earl B. Wood, Harry F. Linscott. Emery also secured first place in the contest for the Brown Composition Prizes for Extemporaneous Composition. E. B. Wood was awarded the second prize.

The large number of men who have accompanied the ball team on its two Lewiston trips was a gratifying sign of the interest the college takes in its team. The nine have played good ball and have nothing in their record thus far to be ashamed of. The college owes them their support, and it is only right that as many men as possible should go with them to their games away from home.

Commencement Appointments of 1892 are: Orations—P. Bartlett, Fobes, Emery, Hull, Kimball, Linscott, Wood; Philosophical Disquisitions—R. F. Bartlett, Field, Gurney, Nichols, Pennell, Rich, Wathen; Literary Disquisitions—Abbott, Gummer, Kenniston, Lazell, A. M. Merriman, J. D. Merriman, Poore, Young; Disquisitions—Bean, Downes, Dargin, Mann, Smith, Stacy, Parcher, Swett, Wilson; Discussions—Cothren, Hodgdon; Commencement Speakers—Percy Bartlett, Fobes, Emery, Hull, Kimball, Linscott, Wood, and one of the following three to be determined by lot—R. F. Bartlett, Nichols,

Pennell; also on merit of written part presented, Gummer and Rich; Salutatorian—one of the following four to be determined by lot—Emery, Fobes, Linscott, Wood. The speaker, selected by lot, is Nichols. The salutatorian, selected by lot, is Wood.

Athletics.

Bowdoin, 18; Colby, 17.

A league game was played at Waterville with Colby, May 25th.

Farrington pitched an excellent game except in the fifth inning, when it looked for a few minutes as though Colby would have everything her own way. The Bowdoin recovered, however, in time to save the game.

The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	6	1	0	0	4	2	0
Savage, 1b.,	5	3	1	3	12	0	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	6	1	2	4	0	2	2
Downes, r.f.,	6	1	2	4	1	1	1
Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	3	2	2	3	3	2
Hinkley, l.f.,	4	3	1	1	2	1	0
Chapman, c.f.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	1	3	0	0	3	3	0
Farrington, p.,	5	1	2	2	1	2	2
Totals,	40	18	11	17	26*	14	7

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, c.f.,	6	2	2	1	1	0	0
Kalloch, r.f.,	4	3	0	0	3	3	1
Bonney, 1b.,	6	0	0	0	10	0	1
Latlip, l.f.,	3	3	1	1	0	0	1
Hoxie, 2b.,	3	3	1	1	2	0	2
Reynolds, c.,	3	2	1	1	6	1	3
Lombard, 3b.,	1	0	0	0	1	1	1
Barnes, p.,	1	1	1	1	0	1	1
Whitman, p.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jackson, s.s.,	3	2	1	1	1	2	2
Purinton, 3b., p.,	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Totals,	36	17	9	9t	25	9	12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	7	2	1	3	2	0	1	2-18
Colby,	4	0	0	1	11	0	0	1	0-17

*Reynolds out, running out of line.

+Winning run made with two out.

Bowdoin, 5; M. C. I., 4.

The game with the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, Thursday, May 26th, resulted in a victory for Bowdoin. Ten innings, however, were necessary

to decide the game, which was one of the most interesting and pleasing exhibitions of ball playing that we have witnessed this season. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
M. C. I.,	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0-4
Bowdoin,	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1-5

Bowdoin, 31; Pine Trees, 13.

In a rather loosely played game Bowdoin defeated the Pine Trees (Kent's Hill) at Augusta, on Saturday, May 28th. Only eight innings were played. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	9
Pine Trees,	3	2	1	1	0	4	1	1	x-13	
Bowdoin,	2	8	6	3	1	4	4	3	x-31	

Bowdoin, 9; Pioneers, 8.

On Monday, May 30th, the Pioneers of Lewiston were defeated on the Delta. The game was a hard fought one, and characterized by the general excellence of the playing of both teams. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pioneers,	1	1	2	2	0	0	2	0	0-8
Bowdoin,	0	2	1	0	4	0	2	x-9	

Bowdoin, 14; Colby, 9.

Wednesday, June 1st, Bowdoin played her last league game of the season with Colby. Bowdoin led up to the eighth inning, when Colby brought in seven runs, but at their turn at the bat the home team, too, sent seven men across the plate, thus again gaining the lead. Downs kept up the record he has won this year for heavy batting, and, together with Hutchinson, did some excellent work with the "stick." Farrington pitched an excellent game. The following is the score in detail:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	5	1	0	0	0	10	0	0
Savage, 1b.,	2	4	1	1	0	10	0	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	2	1	1	2	0	2	1
Downes, r.f.,	3	2	2	3	0	0	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	5	0	2	3	1	3	5	3
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	5	1	0	0	0	2	2	1
Farrington, p.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
Totals,	38	14	9	11	3	27	9	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, c.,	5	1	2	5	1	2	1	1
Reynolds, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	2
Bonney, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	1	10	1	0
Latlip, l.f.,	5	1	0	0	0	3	0	0
Hoxie, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	2	0
Purinton, s.s., p.,	5	2	1	0	1	0	2	1
Totman, c.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	2	2	0
Barnes, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Nichols, p., s.s.,	4	1	2	3	1	0	1	0
Totals,	39	9	7	11	3	24	12	7

	SCORE BY INNINGS.								
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	2	0	2	0	0	2	1	7	x-14
Colby,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	7	0-9
Umpire, Kelley.									

Bowdoin, 14; Boston University, 2.

Bowdoin's seventh consecutive victory was won on the Delta, last Thursday, over the Boston University team. This exhibition game took the place of the regular annual Field-Day meet, at Topsham, but was nearly as listless and uninteresting as some of the recent Field-Day exhibitions have been. The home team was more than a match for the visitors, who were outplayed from the start. Downes pitched a very effective game, and seems to be getting back his old-time speed. A brilliant double play was made by Hutchinson, Sykes, and Savage. Only seven innings were played. The score :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Boston University,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0-2
Bowdoin	2	4	1	2	2	3	x-14

Umpire, Dana.

Bates, 5; Bowdoin, 4.—Game Protested.

On Saturday, June 4th, Bowdoin played at Lewiston its third game with Bates, and was defeated by one score. The last inning was played under protest, because of a decision of Umpire Kelley. The game was the most exciting of the league series this season, and was witnessed by about one hundred Bowdoin boys who encouraged the team by their college yells, and tried with horns and shouts to drown out the no less uproarious Bates students.

In the first inning Bowdoin was unable to score, while for the Bates Putnam hit a ball which went over the canvas and brought him home. In the second Bowdoin got three runs, and in the third Bates made four. Score : Bowdoin, 3; Bates, 5.

After the third the game was played very closely, neither team making a score till the ninth, when Fairbanks got a hit and scored on a single by Downes. Then, with Hutchinson's liner near second base, came the decision of the umpire which caused the protest. The features of the game were the catches of Chapman and Hinkley, and the excellent pitching of Farrington. This game will give the championship for this year to Bates, if the protest is decided against us. The score :

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hoffman, 2b.,	3	1	0	0	2	2	0
Wilson, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	1	3	3
Putnam, 1. f.,	3	1	1	4	5	0	0
Pennell, 1b.,	4	1	1	9	0	1	
Pulsifer, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
Wakefield, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Brackett, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Emery, c.,	3	0	0	0	7	0	1
Mildram, p.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	32	5	6	9	27	8	6

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	1
Savage, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	14	0	0
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	0	4	1
Downes, r. f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	1
Hutchinson, s. s.,	4	1	0	0	0	3	0
Hinkley, l. f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	2
Chapman, c. f.,	3	1	1	1	4	0	0
Farrington, p.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	31	4	3	3	24	12	5

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	x-5
Bowdoin,	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-4

Earned runs—Bates, 1; Bowdoin, 1. Home run—Putnam. Sacrifice hits—Brackett, Savage, Farrington, Sykes. Stolen bases—Wilson, Pennell, Wakefield, Fairbanks (2), Hutchinson. First base on errors—Bates, 3; Bowdoin, 3; Left on bases—Bates, 5; Bowdoin, 2; First base on balls—Hoffman, Putnam, Allen, Downes. Struck out—Wilson, Mildram (2), Hinkley, Sykes. Double play—Hoffman and Pennell. Passed balls—Emery, 2. Wild pitch—Farrington. Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes. Umpire—S. J. Kelly.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN BOAT RACE.

The class race on the river came off last Thursday forenoon, after the usual delay in starting. The Sophomores had the advantage of a well trained and somewhat experienced crew, which, combined with the Freshmen's poor steering, easily won the race for them. At the finish there was six lengths of clear water between the crews. 'Ninety-five kept out in the middle of the river during most of the course, while 'Ninety-four, by hugging the shore, had far less current to row against. Mr. R. H. Hunt was the starter.

TENNIS.

The tennis tournament has been finished, although somewhat delayed by stormy weather. The winners are Dana, in singles, and Dana and Payson in doubles, who will represent Bowdoin in the Inter-collegiate Tennis Tournament, in Portland, June 7th, 8th, and 9th. The scores are as follows :

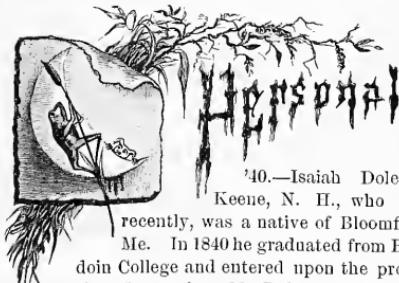
SINGLES.

Winners.	Score.
Downes.	6-1 5-6 6-3
Littlefield.	6-0 6-1
Bucknam.	0-6 6-5 7-5
Pierce.	P. Bartlett.
Mann.	R. Bartlett.
Payson.	Fobes.
	Forfeited to Payson.

THIRD ROUND.

Payson.	Fabyan.	6-5	6-2
Pierce.	Mann.	6-0	6-1
Littlefield.	Bucknam.	6-3	6-1
Dana.	Downes.	6-2	6-0

SEMI-FINALS.		Score.		
Payson.	Pierce.	6-4	6-2	
Dana.	Littlefield.	6-1	6-1	
FINALS.				
Dana.	Payson.	7-5	10-8	0-6 6-0
DOUBLES.		Score.		
<i>Winners.</i>				
R. Bartlett.	Fobes.	6-5	6-2	
P. Bartlett.	Jenks.			
Hussey.	Clifford.			
Fabyan.	Thomas.			
Bryant.	Young.	6-3	4-6	6-3
Littlefield.	Durgin.			
Pierce.	Jones.	6-1	6-1	
Pickard.	Bucknam.			
Fairbanks.	Baxter.			
Hinkley.	Lord.			
SECOND ROUND.				
Downes.	R. Bartlett.	5-6	6-0	6-4
Gurney.	P. Bartlett.			
Dana.	Hussey.			
Payson.	Fabyan.	6-1	6-4	
Mann.	Bryant.			
Emery.	Littlefield.			
Pierce.	Hinkley.			
Pickard.	Fairbanks.			
THIRD ROUND.				
Pierce.	Mann.			
Pickard.	Emery.			
Dana.	Forfeited to			
Payson.	Gurney.	6-0	6-2	
FINALS.				
Dana.	Pierce.	6-1	6-0	6-3
Payson.	Pickard.			



'40.—Isaiah Dole, of Keene, N. H., who died recently, was a native of Bloomfield, Me. In 1840 he graduated from Bowdoin College and entered upon the profession of a teacher. Mr. Dole was principal of Bluehill and St. Stephen's (N. B.) Academies, and was an instructor at the Female Seminary at Gorham. In 1879 he became connected with the Lasell Seminary at Andover, Mass., his special department being Latin and Greek.

'42.—"Editor Alumni Department—My Dear Sir: Your circular of April gave me pleasure. In 1838-9 I had the honor to be junior editor of the

Bowdoin Portfolio, with B. A. G. Fuller as senior, in which I reviewed Irving's "Astoria and the Great Northwest," to which Rev. E. and Mary (Richardson) Walker, kinsfolk of my family, had gone "over the plains" from Maine, as missionaries, that year. In my Junior year "The Hispano-American Republics" was the theme I chose for an essay. My uncle, Capt. Seth Rogers, of Boston, in the good ship *Andes*, had made three successive and successful voyages "around the Horn" to trade with California, from 1820 to 1830, and had brought home hides and tallow, and valuable peltries of the seal, otter, etc., and endless *euros* for my delectation, and had told me sitting in his lap no end of stories of the vaqueros and people of this coast. And in President Washington's days, Major Timothy Blake, paymaster in the Army of the Revolution, had been sent to Canton as United States Consul-General, and had filled our heads with the marvels of Marco Polo and Cathay. I mention these things to show my co-alumni how it is that I am here to-day and why I have since 1849 taken so deep and personal an interest in all matters on the Pacific coast, on which, for most of forty-three years, I have resided. My children and grandchildren are now living here, and the graves of my dear wife and babes are on these beautiful slopes, kissed by the sunshine and breezes of heaven. In my retirement from active service as chaplain U. S. Army, I give much of my time to medical work among the poor. Next year it is my hope to visit the East. How I wish that I could go this year to meet the survivors of my class of '42 at the commencement on this our fiftieth anniversary! We have an Association of Bowdoin Alumni here, numbering some twenty-five or more, over which my honored kinsman, the Hon. W. L. Blake, presides. The Merritt estate in Oakland, across the bay, awaits distribution, when our *Alma Mater* is, I believe, to receive a generous share. But I must close. With best wishes and cordial salutations to all of Bowdoin's sons, I shall remain ever,

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES MORRIS BLAKE.

'55.—Hon. Wm. L. Putnam delivered an address in Portland, Memorial Day.

'63, M. S. of M.—Dr. Edward Paul Roche, of Bath, died Wednesday evening, aged 55 years. He was a graduate of the Maine Medical School. He was born in Boston and was assistant-surgeon in the 35th Massachusetts regiment. He has practiced in Bath thirty years, and was inventor of the Roche chafing iron for carriages. He leaves a widow.

'86.—Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., of this city, has accepted an invitation to deliver the alumni oration at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, where he was prepared for college. He will also deliver an address before the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity of Bowdoin College some time during Commencement week.—*Portland Press*.

'87.—Mr. E. C. Plummer, editor of the *Bath Independent*, will sail from New York for Antwerp, Wednesday, June 1st, for a trip through France, Prussia, and the British kingdom. He will be accompanied to Paris by Mrs. Plummer, where she will remain to continue her work in painting.

'90.—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Fred John Allen to Miss Ida Lavitt. The ceremony is to take place in the Congregational church, Alfred, Me., Wednesday, June 8th. At home Friday evening, June 17th. The ORIENT sends congratulations to its former Business Manager.

'90.—The ORIENT is pained to announce the death of John M. W. Moody, a former member of its editorial staff. He died of consumption, June 2d. The funeral was at Auburn, Saturday.

'91.—In our last issue the name E. G. Irving should read E. G. Loring.

'91.—It is our sad duty to announce the sudden death of Prof. Charles E. Riley, who went out from us but one short year ago, a man full of the health, strength, and ambitions of early manhood. A personal friend to the greater part of the students now in college, beloved and respected by all, his death has cast a deep shade of sadness over the place he loved so well. Charles Edward Riley was born at North Conway, N. H., September, 1867. He graduated from this college with distinction, and last September was called to the chair of Mathematics and Physics in Drury College, Missouri. Of the short year's work he has been permitted to perform since he left us, no one is better able to tell us than a fellow professor with whom he labored. "He came fresh from his studies, ardent, joyous, entering into the life of our students as no professor ever had done before. In the class-room he was faithful and efficient; modest in his views of his own attainments, ambitious for the advance of his department. He will long be remembered here for his untiring efforts in putting athletic interests onto a good foundation; he had worked unsparsingly for the boys, perhaps beyond even his abundant strength. His disease was insidious and misleading; the best medical authority in the city pronounced him as entirely convalescing on Friday P.M., on Friday night

he quickly sank into weakness and unconsciousness, and probably without a moment's expectation he found himself on Saturday morning in the presence of the Saviour whom he had loyally and manfully served. He loved home, and he loved Bowdoin; only a few days ago I smiled to myself at his unconscious expression, 'Our College,' referring not to our Drury but his *Alma Mater*. In closing let me testify again to Prof. Riley's manly, Christian life; he was such a man as we could all love, and his memory will help us all." A memorial window will be placed in the new stone chapel by the students and faculty of Drury.

'91.—Henry C. Jackson, Physical Instructor at Exeter, will give a summer course at the Exeter Gymnasium.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF ETA, THETA DELTA CHI.

Whereas, It hath pleased God, in His infinite goodness and love, to call home our beloved brother Charles Edward Riley, class of '91, of Bowdoin College, and,

Whereas, By his death our fraternity has lost a most zealous brother, and Bowdoin College a most promising son, and the church a most devoted servant, be it

Resolved, That while submitting to the decree of the Almighty Father, we as a brotherhood mourn his loss, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to those who have lost in him a true son and brother;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the BOWDOIN ORIENT, the *Shield*, and to the several charges of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity.

HOWARD W. POOR, '92,

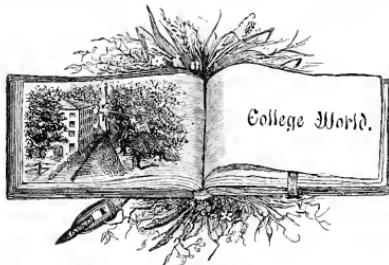
C. C. BUCKNAM, '93,

PLINY F. STEVENS, '94,

For the Charge.

American colleges have been represented in the office of President of the United States as follows: William and Mary, three; Harvard, two; Princeton, Bowdoin, Williams, Union, Dixon, Hampden, Sydney, Kenyon, University of North Carolina, West Point, and Miami, one each.

Ground has been broken at Andover for a \$1,500 athletic building.



The old-fashioned form of Commencement is gradually growing in disfavor. Johns Hopkins, Columbia, and the University of Michigan have done away with Commencement; and Harvard finds it harder every year to obtain speakers from the students, in so little esteem is the custom held. On the other hand the old custom of wearing cap and gown is becoming more popular. The Senior class of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth have adopted the mortar-board and gown, and several other universities are agitating the same. The *Unit* says: "The three greatest things in college at present are cap and gown, university extension, and foot-ball."

TOO PREVIOUS.

To-day I donned my Oxford cap and gown
But fearful lest I've put them on too soon,
My classic phiz is clouded with a frown:
Good heavens! what if I should flunk in June.
—*Williams Weekly.*

THEY BOTH DIG.

We know that when the college man
Is plugging for exams.,
He's working "like a beaver"
By the number of his "damns!" —*Cynic.*

Twenty-four Commencement appointments in Harvard's Senior class were made to college athletes. The class orator is a Japanese.

The faculty of Leland Stanford has demanded the resignation of the editors of the college monthly magazine, the *Palo Alto*, owing to certain articles published in it.

Gin a body meet a body—
Each one's throat is dry.
Gin one body mix some toddy,
T'other bring some rye.

Soon each fellow feels quite mellow,
Spirits running high;
Morning comes—those jolly brnms
Hold their heads and sigh.
—*University Cynic.*

The authorities at the new Chicago University have adopted four quarters, each consisting of two six-weeks terms, as their college year. A student may choose any two terms of the college year for his vacation.

STRICTLY PROPER.

"What were you doing last night?" I said.

"Twas naughty to do thus.

A black coat sleeve on a white background
Is quite conspicuous."

He stammered and blushed, but finally said
In a half defiant tone,

"What matters it all to you, anyway?
I was only holding my own."

—*Brunonian.*

Lord Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has appointed the Historian Froude to the chair made vacant by the death of the late Prof. Freeman.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Man wants but little here below;"

That cannot be denied,

But woman wants the earth, you know,
Then isn't satisfied.

—*Cynic.*

Princeton is to have a new dormitory. It is to cost \$80,000 and will contain 77 rooms. The site is that of the present gymnasium.

Admission examinations for Harvard will be held in 25 places this year, Milwaukee and London being assigned for the first time.

The new dormitory at the University of Pennsylvania, to cost \$125,000, will be the largest college dormitory in the United States.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 29, 1892.

No. 5.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The results of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament in Portland should certainly be satisfactory to Bowdoin men. In a contest of four colleges Bowdoin secured the first prize in doubles and the second prize in singles. Two handsome cups were brought to Brunswick as trophies of the victory. The cups were won by different men, thus proving our strength in numbers. As a matter of fact we had five or six players who would have made a creditable showing in the tournament. There is no reason why next year we may not be just as strong. The prize winners will still be in college, and the impulse which the Tennis League has given to the game, will, undoubtedly, bear fruit in the production of rivals, who, instead of playing tennis for amusement, as heretofore, will begin to play it for a purpose. We believe the Tennis League has come to stay. The great success which it met with this year has gone far towards making it one of the most popular of the Intercollegiate Associations. We wish it long life. Bowdoin, at least, will exert all its influence in making the tournament a permanent event.

THE '93 *Bugle* has appeared, and is the usual combination of seriousness and fun. Among the pictures which it contains

may be mentioned that of the Phi Beta Kappa men of last year, which makes an especially fine group. There is a good picture of the Labrador explorers at the head of the article on the expedition. The humorous portions of the volume consist chiefly of "grinds" on various harmless individuals, which must be read to be appreciated. The press-work is especially neat. The book was published by the Lakeside Press and Photograph Engraving Company of Portland.

WHEN, a little more than a year ago, the experiment of omitting the music at a prize declamation was tried there were some misgivings as to the reception which such an innovation would have. It was claimed by some that the music was all that attracted the greater part of the audience, and that without it no one could be induced to attend the speaking. The experiment, however, has been tried and proved a success. There seems to be no difficulty in filling the hall, in spite of stormy weather and a rival circus. A more appreciative audience than formerly attends the exercises, and these are shortened to a more reasonable length than in previous years, when the students insisted upon encoring the orchestra several times to get their money's worth.

WHIS number of the ORIENT will find its readers among the mountains or on the sea-shore, and will remind them of college life, which they have forgotten for a time, in the first deep plunge into vacation. To some this college life is already a dream of the past. These we hope to welcome back when the time comes round again to renew old associations and friendships. Some go but for a brief respite from their studies. To these we wish a pleasant vacation and good luck till we meet again.

JTHE price of the Commencement number of the ORIENT is twenty-five cents. This number will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price. Order of Byron Stevens, Brunswick, during the summer.

The Freshman Banquet.

ON Wednesday, the fifteenth day of June, that much-talked-of and long-anticipated day, took place the banquet which marked the end of '95's first year in Bowdoin College. After the customary amount of "yaggling" and "guying" and one or two little squabbles between the new Sophomores and those Upperclassmen who were assembled at the station to see them off, the train started and the pleasurable trip commenced.

At the Union Station in Portland, after giving the college and class yells, the party formed and marched up Congress Street to the air of Phi Chi, sung with a force and fluency which indicated considerable practice during the past year. As they proceeded the silver tips of the new and handsome class canes flashed in the sunlight. At the Longfellow monument a halt was made, and the Bowdoin and '95 yells given in honor of that illustrious graduate of the college who is there commemorated. Again the line of march was taken up to the accompaniment of Phi Chi, and, when the yells had once more been given upon the arrival at the Falmouth, the throats of all were grateful for the chance to rest.

At about 9 o'clock the banquet was served. The fare was plentiful and of excellent quality; but those only who had saved themselves from the start, or whose staying powers had been developed by long training, were able to do perfect justice to the spread and come in strong at the finish.

Next in order after the cigars, which were handled by some as if they were rattlesnakes, and to others seemed about as deadly,

came the literary exercises, the most enjoyable part of the evening's programme. Mr. Fairbanks filled the difficult post of toastmaster in an easy manner. The first toast, Bowdoin, was responded to by Mr. Hatch. His effort was very brilliant and witty, and was highly appreciated by all. The toast on athletics, by Mr. Mitchell, showed his great interest in, and thorough acquaintance with out-of-door sports. Mr. Stubbs held the interest of all in his reply to "Our Class." The reply to "Our Girls," by Mr. Stetson, gave evidence of his great knowledge and appreciation of the subject. Mr. Lord showed that originality was possible in a toast on "The Faculty." "Our Future," a question most full of interest, was ably discussed by Mr. Holmes. The extemporaneous toasts were very witty and well received, and their good points were all the more appreciated in view of the fact that they were given on the spur of the moment, and not laboriously wrought out for the occasion.

Mr. Doherty's opening address was a forcible, well written, and well delivered speech. After this address all joined in singing an ode written by Mr. Thayer. The "History," by Mr. French, although the story of but a single year, was still a very interesting chronicle of that year. Then the ringing class yell was given with emphasis, then as always when given by '95, drowning all other sounds. Mr. George L. Kimball, the orator, pleased his hearers by the eloquence of his earnest and ornate words. After an ode, followed by the class yell, Mr. Churchill rendered in a graceful manner his pleasing poem. Owing to an unforeseen absence of the prophet, it became necessary to call on Mr. Webber, for an extemporaneous prophecy. Happily he was equal to the occasion, and added very much to the general enjoyment by his words, full of wit and abounding in good hits. The evening's exercises closed with Phi Chi.

On the whole the time was passed in a very delightful manner, and with a keenness of enjoyment which is felt only on like occasions. One innovation of the class especially worthy of mention was the carrying of the class canes; another, the Bowdoin yell before Longfellow's monument.

Commencement Exercises.

Baccalaureate Sermon

BY REV. WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF
BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

Delivered before the Class of '92, at the Congregational Church, Brunswick, Me.

And as he was walking in the temple, there come to him the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders; and they said unto him, By what authority doest thou these things? Or who gave thee this authority to do these things? And Jesus said unto them, I will ask of you one question, and answer me and I will tell you by what authority I do these things.—Mark 11, 27-29.

It is a maxim of the military art, that the army which remains within its intrenchments is beaten. The Christian church has been remaining too much within the intrenchments of a feeble, and often a false Apologetics. Against these defenses the world has been hurling volley after volley of the most puzzling and perplexing questions. Physical science and historical criticism in particular have dropped some very destructive bombs into the camp: and made some fatal breaches in the ancient ramparts. The attempt to answer these questions by the kind of special pleading that was current in the evidences of Christianity fifty years ago, is as futile as the attempt to protect one's self against modern artillery by Roman shields or Mediaeval armor. The time for hiding behind such phrases as the infallibility of Scripture and the inscrutability of the supernatural has gone. Unless Christianity is prepared to draw up her forces on the open field of free inquiry and candid investigation, the day of her destruction is at hand. Unless she can prove herself as capable of asking bold and searching questions as she has been of giving timid and evasive answers, she can not expect to get a hearing from the modern mind.

The scribes of to-day are putting with great earnestness to the church the same old question which the scribes of ancient Israel put to its Founder.

"By what authority doest thou these thing? or who gave thee this authority to do these things?" It is vain to repeat the old story of an infallible pope, or an infallible Bible, or an infallible church, or an infallible creed, or an infallible tradition, or an infallible Christian consciousness. The bidding of one's head in the dust of tradition, or the clouds of mysticism, or the sands of ecclesiasticism is only a timid and temporary postponement of the fatal hour. It is high time for the church to take the aggressive and courageous attitude of its Founder, and like him ask a few questions of its own. "And Jesus said unto them, 'I will ask of you one question, and answer me.'"¹ I am well aware that there are many unsolved questions lying in your minds. Some of them I have tried to answer before now. Some of them I frankly admit are fatal to traditional ways of looking at religious things. As you know I fully believe that there is a way of stating religious truth, which either answers them, or lifts one to a plane on which it matters little whether they are answered in one way or the other. If I have not convinced you of this before now, it would be useless to attempt it here to-day. So I shall follow the example of our Lord, and put to you this single question, "What ideal do you propose to take with you as the guide of life?" If you think this question out thoughtfully, and answer it squarely, it may throw some light on the very questions you are wont to ask about the authority of Christianity.

Some ideal you must have. It is impossible for a rational person to be without some standard of attainment; some measure of well-being; some criterion by reference to which you know when you are well off. This standard, this measure, this criterion is your ideal.

The ideal must be a social one. It must have reference to the things, persons, interests, and institutions which constitute society. The idea of a greatness or a goodness apart from the concrete life of the world is as unsubstantial an air-castle as ever was reared by boyish imagination or maiden fancy. The member of the United States Senate who told us a while ago that morality in public life is an iridescent dream, and that the decalogue has no place in politics, thereby demonstrated his unfitness for public station, and as Mr. Roosevelt happily remarked, he has been "relegated to the obscurity he is so fitted to ador." If anything, however, his conception of morality was wider of the mark than his conception of public life. If he had said: That morality which is not wrought out in the

concrete relations of social and public life is an iridescent dream, and the decalogue has no application apart from the real world of men and things, he would have stated an important truth. As Goethe and Carlyle tell us, Here or nowhere is our America. Our ideal has to do with facts and forces, with men and women, with interests and institutions, or else it is not an ideal but a dream.

If, then, we must have an ideal, and that ideal must be determined with reference to our social environment, what shall it be? In the last analysis, it must be one of two opposites. Your ideal may be active devotion to objective ends; or it may be passive appropriation of subjective satisfactions. Between these two lies your only choice. Let us draw in outline the features of these opposite ideals.

The one ideal presents the world as full of beauty, truth, and worth. It adores that beauty; obeys that truth; worships that worth. The person who holds such an ideal, being himself a person, and yet recognizing a worth outside him greater than his own, tacitly assumes an infinite personality as the Author and Sustainer of the world. For in the very attitude of adoration, reverence, and worship, he implies that he is in the presence of a Being greater and higher than himself. And nothing less than a person can be greater than our own personality. Such objective idealism has no meaning if there be no God. The moment you recognize an end as higher and worthier than yourself, your feet stand on holy ground. And when you recognize an end worthy of the devotion of all men, an ideal for humanity itself, then you are admitted to the very presence of God himself.

On the other hand the man who owns no ideal save the satisfaction of his private appetites and ambitions, by this attitude practically says, There is in this world nothing higher and better than my individual self. The interests and institutions of society to such an one present themselves, not as ends to be served, but as means to be used. Things and self, these constitute his world. By his practical attitude he denies the existence of anything spiritual outside himself, and what wonder that he succeeds in bringing forward arguments to justify the faith he has practically adopted in advance. What wonder, too, that with nothing spiritual outside him and above him to feed upon, to adore and to revere, his own spiritual nature dies out within. The soul that treats the world as so much dead matter to serve his selfish ends, soon finds itself dragged down to the low dead level of the

things with which it is employed. Treat the world as merely material, and it materializes you. Try to make it serve you and it makes you its slave. Regard it as a thing to be looked down on and despised, and before you know it you have yourself become degraded and despicable.

Perhaps all this seems vague and abstract. Let me then translate these ideals into more definite and concrete terms, and arrange them in parallel columns. Name any sphere you please of this actual life of ours:—all the difference between truth and falsehood; blessedness and wretchedness; glory and shame; heaven and hell with reference to it depends on whether you approach it with the one or the other of these opposite ideals.

One studies in order to know and declare the truth; the other to get rank while in college, and reputation afterwards. One enters political life to serve his country; the other to get himself elected to some big office or other. One marries to have a wife; the other because he loves a woman. One goes into business to support himself and his family, and earn an honest living; the other because he wants to get rich. All this, however, is to you familiar ground. Having stated the case I am now ready to take your suffrage.

If I were now to ask all who prefer the ideal of devotion to objective ends to hold up your hands, I suppose every hand would be raised. I do not think, even for the sake of showing your independence, a single advocate of the lower ideal could be found.

Is our discussion then ended? and is there nothing left for me to do but to congratulate you upon the wisdom of your preference? alas! the problem is not solved so easily. Heaven is not entered by a preference. Our balloting has only just begun. On the next vote there will be a real division. As a matter of sentimental preference you all hold up your hands for the nobler ideal. This time we must vote by the Australian system, or some other which will show, not what we would like to have other people think of us; not what we would like to think of ourselves, but what we really are. I ask this time, not how many prefer the higher ideal, but how many choose it. How many have set your heart upon it? How many are ready to put that first every time, and wealth, reputation, position, friends, and every other thing that by any possibility could conflict with it second? I never yet saw a company of forty men which the putting of that question would not divide into two parts. It is not for me to say into which of these two parts

any individual falls. Let our voting be as secret as you please. I will ask of you this one question. Answer it each one unto himself, and unto God.

To those who have voted in the negative on this last question I have nothing more to say, except to urge upon you a reconsideration. If you persist in that attitude, I cannot say that I wish you well, for that would be useless. I can only hope that the inevitable penalties which such a state involves may fall as lightly as a kind Providence will permit.

To those who have voted in the affirmative, that is as I trust to the great majority, I must put my question once again, before I can feel sure that the cause of the nobler ideal may be henceforth safely intrusted to your hands. Heaven, as I said, is not entered by a preference. Neither is it entered by a single choice. It is a long journey, long as life, and much of the way lies through sloughs of despond, and over hills of difficulty. Not only must you choose the ideal: you must choose the means to its maintenance. Listen to a word of warning, not from priest or poet, but from the clear cool pages of Mill's familiar Utilitarianism: "Many who begin with a youthful enthusiasm for everything noble, as they advance in years sink into indolence and selfishness. Capacity for the nobler feelings is in most natures a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences, but by mere want of sustenance; and in the majority of young persons it speedily dies away if the occupations to which their position in life has devoted them, and the society into which it has thrown them, are not favorable to keeping that higher capacity in exercise. Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones they are any longer capable of enjoying."

If you will remain to the end faithful to this high ideal, three conditions are essential. First: You must not leave this ideal vaguely floating before your mind in the dim haze of abstraction. You must make it definite, clear-cut, positive, personal.

Second: You must not leave its influence over you to depend on chance or environment. You must have systematic times, places, and methods for its cultivation.

Third: You must not try to develop this ideal all by yourself, in the snug little corner of your private heart. You must share your enthusiasm

for it with others, and draw from their fellowship the inspiration and support you need. Only on these three conditions can you escape that fate of which Mill so clearly warns you.

Where will you find this concrete, personal ideal? Scattered fragments of it are found to be sure in every noble life. Partial reflections of it may be detected in all pure hearts. Where will you find the ideal in its completeness and totality, in its perfect purity and highest power? The world has agreed to find that ideal in its concrete, historical, and personal manifestation in Jesus the Christ. Can you do better? Can you find a record of life more completely responsive to the loftiest motives? History contains nothing more simple, more serene, more sublime, more godlike. Can you imagine a higher character? Can you conceive of possible improvements upon the character of Jesus, by the addition of which his spirit would be perfected and enriched? Speculation has failed to construct an ideal which transcends that which was realized in him.

And on the second point, can you find exercises more suited to keep this ideal alive within you than those which he recommended, the meditation upon the Word of God, and communion with his spirit in thoughtful self-surrender, day by day? Are not the Bible and prayer the very best devices you could hit upon if you were to set out simply to discover means by which to keep this ideal constantly and vividly before your minds?

And for fellowship, where will you go for that organized, world-wide fellowship in the devotion to this highest spiritual ideal, if not to that Institution which he founded, and which embraces the vast multitude of those who have strenuously resolved that this ideal shall not fade away from before their eyes, nor vanish from the world? Is not the Christian church the very institution which every man must claim as his spiritual home, who is in earnest about the divine ideal, and seeks for fellowship in its service?

You perceive my question is coming around to a point which makes it in some sense an answer to yours. You ask me what is the authority of Christianity? and instead of citing the testimony of the fathers, and giving you the arguments of the doctors, I have tried to show you that its authority lies in the fact that it is the answer to the deepest question of your own hearts and lives.

In conclusion then let me put my question in its final form. Are you willing to take now and henceforth as your ideal unselfish, fearless service of whatever there is in this world of truth and right-

eousness and love? And in order that that service may be real and effective, will you take as your Lord and Master him in whom alone that ideal is perfectly revealed; habitually receive his words into your minds, and systematically give back to him the devotion of your hearts; and unite openly and publicly with the great body of those who are striving to realize this ideal in their own lives, and in the life of humanity?

This is the parting question the college has to ask of you. In proportion to the thoroughness and fullness of your answer will be the usefulness and blessedness of your future lives.

Members of the graduating class:—For four years the college has held before you the ideal of disinterested devotion to the truth. By conscious acceptance, and perhaps still more by unconscious absorption, you have in greater or less measure made that ideal your own. That, however, is but one-half of the scholarly ideal. As Phillips Brooks said of the minister, we may say of the scholar, “It is his mission to stand between the truth and men, and by his speech and life bring truth and men together.” This human social side of the ideal it is impossible for the college to impress upon you. She can commend it to you: but its actual adoption rests with you alone. Unless you do thus add to your love of truth an equal love for men, your learning will after all remain a barren and unfruitful thing. Cardinal Manning once remarked to Henry George, “My love of Christ makes me love men,” to which Mr. George replied, “And my love of men makes me love Christ.” We all understand that there is no true love of God, that is not also love of man. The world is beginning to discover that deep love of man leads inevitably to love of God. So is it with knowledge. Set out to help men in any way you please, and you are compelled to study the laws and conditions of human well-being. Much of the best scholarship the world has seen has sprung from this eager desire to find out the truths that men have needed to make their lives complete. On the other hand, if you really love the truth, if you see its beauty and feel its joy, you cannot help desiring that others shall see and feel it too. To serve the truth by bringing men to its appreciation: and to serve men by the application of truth to human life: these are the two aspects of the scholarly ideal. And the perfect and harmonious union of these two elements is to be found only in earnest devotion to him who is at once the source of all truth and beauty, and the Father of every human soul.

As you now pass out from the immediate influence of the ideal which the college represents, may you all come under the closer and more conscious influence of the Christ, who is at once the reflection of God's glory, and the perfection of humanity's ideal. Whether you recognize it or not, this college is through and through in the deepest sense of the words a Christian college. Whatever has been best and noblest in its influence over you during these past years, came ultimately from Christ. Henceforth you shall drink no more at this particular stream. You are commended to the fountain whence this institution draws its spiritual life; to the common source whence all noble institutions and all earnest men find inexhaustible supplies of inspiration in their endeavors after the ideal life.

JUNIOR PRIZE DECLAMATION.

THIE Prize Declamation of the Junior class was held in Memorial Hall, Monday evening, June 20th, and was very successful; the equal excellency of the parts making it difficult for the judges to render their decision.

The following is the programme:

The Battle of Bunker Hill.	Cozzens.
Milton Sherburne Clifford.	
Irish Aliens.	Shiel.
Harry Clifton Fabyan.	
Carton's Self-Sacrifice.	Dickens.
Weston Percival Chamberlain.	
Character of Napoleon Bonaparte. . . .	Phillips.
Sanford Oscar Baldwin.	
Death of Charles IX.	Moore.
Alley Rea Jenks.	
The Fall of Jericho.	Osborne.
Clarence Webster Peabody.	
Character of Abraham Lincoln. . . .	Holland.
Augustus Alphonso Hussey.	
Death-bed of Arnold.	Leppard.
Charles Henry Howard.	

The judges were Hon. John B. Redman, John A. Waterman, Jr., Esq., and Mr. Henry C. Hill. The first prize was awarded to Clarence W. Peabody; the second, to Sanford O. Baldwin.

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

OFFICERS.

President,	H. R. Gurney.
Marshal,	R. W. Mann.
Committee: T. S. Lazell, R. F. Bartlett, E. B. Wood.	

The forenoon exercises were held in Memorial Hall at 10 o'clock. The class marched in to the music of the Salem Cadet Band and took seats on the platform. After prayer had been offered by W. S. Randall, the President introduced the Orator, J. C. Hull. The following is Mr. Hull's oration, an address full of earnest purpose:

ORATION.

THE TEACHER—HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AND HIS REWARDS.

BY JOHN C. HULL.

Every man owes a debt to society. The wealthier he is, the higher the position he occupies, the greater his influence, or the more liberal his education, the more he owes to the world about him. How shall this debt be paid? The answer to this question depends entirely upon the nature of the obligation incurred. If, through the aid of society, you have amassed wealth beyond your need, see that your fortune is put to such a use that humanity may be the better off for your having possessed it. If, on the other hand, you have been elevated to a position of power and influence, whether in the affairs of public or private life, you are under stringent obligations to see that your power tends to promote the best interests of those about you. As it is with wealth and power and influence, so is it with education. Society would never have given us the opportunity of acquiring an education unless she had expected to reap the fruit thereof. She demands from each according to his ability. The college graduate of the present day may, or may not, have wealth and power; but he is indebted to the world for an education vastly superior to that received by the majority of people. Why has he been given this advantage, if it is not that he may be of some assistance in raising the educational standard of our nation. *Freely he has received; freely let him give.*

To the young man who desires that his work in life shall be of service to his fellow-creatures and to

humanity in general, no profession can present such varied inducements as to pedagogy. No man in this country to-day occupies a position, so responsible, so replete with opportunities for doing good as the American teacher. Upon him, as upon no one else, rests the future welfare of our nation. He it is to whom you entrust your boys and girls at a time when the development of their character is just beginning; and to him belongs the question whether they shall grow up imbued with a desire for truth and knowledge, or shall pass through life with that superficial embellishment of learning to which an ignorant world too often attributes the name education.

Whatever may be the native tendencies of the mind, they will never be developed without the influences of education. The acorn remains an acorn still, until the rain and the warmth and light of the sun quicken it into life. What the sun and rain are to the acorn, education is to the human soul. It does not create, but it unfolds, expands, and beautifies.

To be a teacher in the highest sense of the word is to stand in the highest and best place that God has created for man. To form a human soul to virtue and to enrich it with knowledge is an office inferior only to the creating power. To befriend the friendless, to soothe the sorrows of the neglected and erring, to instill instruction into the minds of the ignorant—this is the teacher's duty; and in so doing he is imitating the example of him who was the friend of “publicans and sinners.”

In most operations the eye of the world is placed upon results. Go to a manufacturing town and you see wealth in its great factories; you hear the sound of dollars in its noisy water-wheels; and as the bales of rich goods pass by, you are astonished at the contrivances of human ingenuity and industry. Pass into these same factories and you will find men engaged in apparently dull and tedious processes, processes which to your eye bear no relation whatsoever to the results you have just seen with so much astonishment. So in education. The results and effects of the teacher's labors are never or rarely seen in connection with himself. By the time the mind he has helped to form has got into busy life and is taking an active part in the operations of the world, his share of the credit is quite forgotten; or the voice that would speak it is quite unheeded amid the “brazen-throated trumpets” and the noise of indiscriminate praise.

Yet notwithstanding the way the world regards him, the teacher is not unsupported by a sense of

the importance of his vocation. The neat, small school-house cannot compare with the large, noisy factory in size and bustle; the tender, delicate mechanism of the human soul cannot be seen so obviously as the ponderous wheels and hammers of the mill; but while the latter turns out goods and products, which at best answer but a temporary use, and finally perish and are forgotten, the little modest school-house turns out minds which move the great machinery of society, produce or quell revolutions, free or enslave a country, commit great crimes or deeds of heroic virtue. Here are formed the poets, the sage, the orator; one to charm the world with his verses, another to enlighten it with his wisdom, and the last to move multitudes as the winds bend with resistless force the stately trees of the forest.

Call not, then, the occupation of the teacher dull and uninteresting while he may look at such results. Pity him not because he is not amassing wealth or gaining the newspaper notoriety of the politician; because his name is not associated with the construction of railroads and canals, or the negotiation of public loans. He is in truth associated with all these; and may claim at least a New England consinship with those who received from him, though years ago, the impulse and discipline by which they have become so conspicuous in the service of their country.

One of the heaviest burdens which the cause of American education is to-day laboring under is to be found in the fact that so many of our teachers are engaged in their occupation merely temporarily. Under such conditions is it a thing to be wondered at that they are not very enthusiastic in their work, have no lasting interest, and do not, or, as is more often the case, care not, to recognize the extent of their influence?

But to the teacher who looks at his work with the eye of a philosopher, who observes its moral aspects, who sees how intimately connected is education with the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society, what an unbounded field for the exercise of his highest intellectual and moral powers! If he hesitates to enter the field, it should not be because he fears that his transcendent powers will be enfeebled by the employment. His fear ought to arise from a view of the greatness of the work and a sense of his own inability. He hesitates to incur so great responsibilities. He perceives that, if any occupation in life has dignity and importance attached to it, it is this one. If his profession is an important one, who heals the

diseases which flesh is heir to, much more is his who can prevent them. If his profession is important who redresses the injuries of the injured and pleads the cause of the oppressed, much more is his who shall aid in forming the character of the community, so that injury and oppression shall not exist. If his is a station of responsibility, who is placed upon the "watch towers of Zion" to preach repentance to the people and to call back the sinful and the erring to the path of rectitude, is his less whose duty it is to guard the child from the stains of earth and to prevent his feet from ever going astray?

The sculptor, after long years of patient devotion to his art, commences a work which he hopes will crown his brow with unfading laurel. In the chambers of his imagination he forms an ideal which he undertakes to present to the world. He takes the marble from the quarry. Day by day he plies the instruments of his art. Gradually the mass assumes form and beauty, until after many years of toil the ideals which existed in his mind becomes real, the statue stands forth for the admiration of the world, and the name of the sculptor is engraved forever on the rolls of fame. Is his a work of less dignity, who fashions and forms the mind, than his who chisels out the marble representative? The marble will crumble to dust, but the teacher's work will remain eternal. The impressions which he leaves upon the mind time can never efface.

If he be true to himself, to the world, and to his occupation, the teacher will receive as his reward that which is of more value than silver or gold—the satisfaction of having spent his life in the noblest work of God: and when at last his earthly task is o'er and he appears before the throne of Him who rules the world, let him be content, if he hears the words: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

After another selection from the band Mr. Kenniston delivered the following beautiful and imaginative poem:

CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY WILLIAM B. KENNISTON.

I stepped upon the campus,
The night was dark and still,
Save the river's distant rumble,
The cricket's singing shrill.

I paced each well-known pathway
Beside the quiet halls,

And thought of many pleasant hours
We've spent within their walls.

Each spot, each nook and corner,
That we four years have known,
I visited that quiet night
And said good-bye alone.

The tennis courts beyond the path,
Where many games were played,
And where, when through with playing,
We've rested 'neath the shade;

The diamond across the way,
The grand stand, bare and still,
The graceful elms beside the road,
The church upon the hill,

The Thorndike Oak's huge branches,
The sun dials, gray and old,
I left each one reluctantly,
Each one some story told.

Faint drawn against the darkness
I saw the dim outlines,
Fantastic in the distance,
Of the ancient whispering pines.

I walked beneath their branches
And breathed the fragrance rare
Which from their trembling needles
Filled all the midnight air.

A gentle wind had risen
From off the restless sea,
And the swaying branches seemed
To chant in melody.

We, standing here,
Year after year,
Upon the campus green,
Sing soft and low,
When breezes blow,
Of many a changing scene.

In winter's gales
We tell weird tales
Of Boreas's deeds of might.
How from the North
He hurries forth
And crashes through the night.

In early spring
Quaint songs we sing,
In sweet, low monotone,

While through the trees
A balmy breeze
From Southern isles is blown.

In summer time,
With mellow chime,
Beneath the pale, pale moon,
We sing sad lays
Of college days
That end, alas, too soon.

I listened quite enchanted
To hear the old pine trees
Singing in the summer night
So softly in the breeze.

But soon the light breeze lessened,
And then, in tones still lower,
Each pine in whispers said good-night,
And all was still once more.

I rested 'neath an ancient pine,
'Twas graceful, straight, and tall,
The mightiest of all the pines,
The oldest of them all.

Long time had this pine stood there,
Had seen our college here
When cradled in the wilderness,
Had watched it grow each year.

It stood there straight and silent,
Like some good sentinel,
Who watches while his comrades sleep
And does his duty well.

And soon another zephyr,
More lightly than before,
Sprang up with fairy footsteps
From off some southern shore.

The pines did not awaken,
So lightly it went by,
Save to shake their needles noiselessly,
Or murmur a low sigh.

But the tree 'neath which I rested
Alone began to tell
A mystic tale of other days
Which it remembered well:—

Long ere the woodman's ringing stroke
The silence of the forest broke,
We pine trees stood here, murmuring low
On summer eves, while to and fro

Our slender branches gently swung,
In rhythm to the songs we sung.

We are but few and yet we stand,
The relics of a mighty band
Of noble trees that long ago
Have bowed them to the woodman's blow.
Where once they stood the white man's care
Has builded towns and cities fair.

Beneath our shade the graceful deer
Once hid themselves, alert with fear
Of Indian hunter's fatal bow,
That sought to slay some timid doe,
Or cropped the grass and flowers sweet
That grew so thickly at our feet.

At night the wolf among us strayed,
While in our branches squirrels played
Throughout the day, and singing birds
Built nests and told with Nature's words
The grandeur of that forest vast
That long since vanished in the past.

Where sunbeams fell the trees between,
There forest flowers could be seen,
The mayflower and the violet blue.
Rare ferns and mosses thickly grew/
Within the shade and with their green
Made carpet fitting for a queen.

Upon the river's bank there stood,
Half-hidden in the shadowy wood,
An Indian village. Camp-fires bright
Filled all the place with mellow light,
When evening drew her curtains down
And sought to hide the little town.

Ere darkness filled the forest vast,
The Indian warriors, hurrying fast,
Through many a silent glade and dell,
Returned to camp and there would tell
Around the embers' ruddy glow,
Quaint stories of the long ago.

Ah! brave those warriors, famed afar
For deeds of strength in cruel war.
They were the best of all their race,
But now there scarcely is a trace
That such a people lived and died
Upon the Androscoggin's side.

The white man came and far and near
Was sounded through the forest here
The cries of war; and many a fight

Was fought beneath the shadowy light
Of swinging pines whose mournful strain
Was oft the death dirge of the slain.

Long raged the strife and when 'twas done
The Indian toward the setting sun.
A wanderer, sadly turned his face.
In his old haunts another rae,
Stronger than he, now made their home,
While he forever more must roam.

Then scattered through the forest wide,
On sunny slope and riverside,
The settler's quaint log-house was seen,
Low, crude, and rough, of humble mein,
But cheery with the ruddy light
Of crackling logs on winter's night.

From dawn till dark the settler's stroke
Throughout the wood the echoes woke,
And one by one the tall pine trees
Were felled and then the summer breeze
That rose each evening from the sea,
Across the plains swept mournfully.

A hundred summers came and went,
Where once there stood the Indian's tent.
Within the forest's glimmering sheen,
A quaint New England town was seen,
Old Brunswick, whose historic name
Is loved by all who know her fame.

Her quiet streets and stately air
Marked her a spot beyond compare,
In which a college should be placed,
And so old Bowdoin now has graced
The hill for many and many a year,
And prospered and grown famous here.

And while we pines stand here to guard
Misfortune from the college yard,
Still will she prosper and her name
Still grow with years, while to her fame
Her sons each year will add their part
Of deeds renowned in every art.

The old pine tree stopped singing.
I turned and saw the sun
Had tinted all the east with red.
The June day had begun.

EXERCISES UNDER THE OLD OAK.

A bright sky favored the afternoon's exercises which were held according to custom under the old Thorndike Oak. The audience

seated on the platform, which had been erected before the tree, had no difficulty in hearing all the parts, for they were all well delivered. The exercises commenced with the Opening Address by Charles S. Rich.

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY CHARLES S. RICH.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

We pause beneath this oak to-day, at the end of our college course, to muse on the dear past and forecast the unknown future, reluctant to leave behind these quiet scenes and pleasant associations, yet eager to know the world without, whose busy hum has but faintly echoed in our retreat like the sound of the sea in a shell. ✓

Would that our esteemed seer might discern on the scroll unrolled before his prophetic vision something worthy of the exertion, watchfulness, and patient devotion of friends, relatives, and instructors, who have always had our best interests at heart. It may not be the good fortune of the class of '92 to contribute to the honor roll of Bowdoin one single name that will stand out conspicuously among our numerous contemporaries. Yet our college life will not have been in vain. The genius is the exception. Rare indeed have been the Longfellow and Hawthornes and Cheevers in any college. But the brilliant lights that line the dim past are but the index of a mighty force that is ever flowing from educational centers into the world—a force none the less active and effective though silent and unseen. It is not by the amount of knowledge we may have at command to-day that the value of our college course is to be judged, but rather by those ideals and impulses we have absorbed and carry away all unaware. The most we can hope for is that the resistance we must from time to time encounter in future life will cause this silent force flowing in the undercurrents of our consciousness to flash into light for a guide to ourselves and our fellow-men.

It would be interesting and instructive on this public day to recall the brilliant history of our college and view in that pictured retrospect those noble sons of Bowdoin whose great personality still lives in the soul of our nation; poets, scholars, statesmen, soldiers, we have them all. But time prevents. Enough for me to bid you share with us the pride we feel in the honorable record of our college and our joy in its increased prosperity. The first century of its existence is drawing to a close. The

glass must soon be inverted and the crystal grains with all their treasured reflections of the past poured out again to inspire generations yet unborn.

It is gratifying, indeed, to feel that the humble, patient work of a hundred years has been approved. How else can we interpret the munificent gifts that have blessed our *Alma Mater* and crowned her in her age as with a garland of youth? With doubled resources and renewed vigor she faces the future to do better what she has done so well before. For her obligations to humanity are increased and society has a right to demand that they be fulfilled. More and more it is coming to be realized that the college is not merely the passive recipient of the privileged few, but an aggressive missionary in society, a guide and servant to the community around it. This is the principle at the base of the University Extension Movement, which promises so much for the advancement of popular education and the elevation of our national life. In this time of such abundant material prosperity the great service of our colleges and universities is too often obscured in the popular mind by an erroneous conception of scholarly life remote from practical things. But, in fact, it would be difficult to name in our history as a nation an important move of thought or life in which the college and university were not important factors. Their influence is at work in business, in politics, in family, church, and state. On this four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America we are worthy of congratulation as a nation on nothing more than the ever increasing attention paid to the development of our spiritual energies. Our institutions of the higher education may be inferior to those in some foreign countries, they may lack in system, there may be weakness in their multiplicity and sectarian zeal, but they have been the main stay of our Republic and the crowning glory of our land. While we have been prone to lose ourselves in the wantonness of prosperity the college and university have been foremost to guard us against those insidious evils, so often bringing on states and individuals a curse which no sacrifice of precious jewels to envious gods can ever avert.

The past few years have been remarkable for the large bequests made to educational and kindred institutions. Surely this ought to brighten the darkest aspect of our national life to the minds of those who apprehend nothing but evil from the amassing of such enormous fortunes. For it is, on the part of those who give, a just recognition of their debt to society for all the goods they enjoy,

and of the source whence is drawn the spiritual energy of our nation, without which all material worth is vain.

So to-day we bid you share with us our joy in the increased prosperity of Bowdoin, recognizing it not only as the reward of a noble work and life, but also as the substantial expression of a wise beneficence among our people, which augurs well for the future of our nation.

After an interlude by the Salem Cadet Band Mr. Nichols read the History.

A.D. 2000.

A HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE COURSE OF BOWDOIN'S CLASS OF '92.

By B. F NICHOLS.

The year 2000 A.D. is remarkable for the large number of productions bearing upon life in the nineteenth century; I propose to add to that number a history of the class of '92 of Bowdoin College during the year spent in the college. In writing this history so long a time after the class lived, I have a certain advantage over historians of the same period. Just as a fine picture must be viewed from a distance in order to give the best effect, in like manner the beauty and grandeur of the class of '92 was not so apparent to the contemporaries of the class as to us of this remote period.

In the ninety-fifth year from the founding of the college, in the fourth year of the reign of Guilhelmus DeWitt Hyde, in the ninth month, and on the eighteenth day of the month, Behold! there appeared at Bowdoin a wonder. Forty-five youths, brave and gentle, came and here made their abode. They came for wisdom, and, swearing their fealty to the college, they became the class of '92.

Now it chanced, as those youths were gathered in a shady nook, that the trees looked upon them and saw that they were exceeding fresh and rosy, and they saw also that their own verdure was far surpassed by the freshness of these strange lads. So, adorning themselves in most beautiful hues, they tried, if by any means they might surpass in brilliancy; but in this, as in verdancy, they were surpassed by the class of '92. When this, after many days became apparent to the monarchs of the forest, lifting up their wailing voices they lamented long and loud; then throwing aside their regal robes they bowed their heads in proud submission.

The learning of these youths was very great, and there was among them a mighty Prophet, and

he was also Young. One day upon the rostrum the Prophet lifted up his voice and spake to the youths about him: Behold, we shall learn, we shall learn at last that great mystery, the effect of percolating water on protoplasm. And they learned it. Now it chanced, as they were increasing their knowledge in this direction, that the report suddenly spread abroad o'er the land that Wood had become waterlogged. When the maidens heard *this*, with looks of consternation, they arose in haste, bled them to the nearest Jewshop, and with their shining shackels got unto themselves waterproof waist-protectors.

In those days there were mighty giants in the land, called Sophomores. These men spake and said unto the class of '92, "Hearken unto us O Freshie. Thou shalt neither feast nor swallow savory morsel, but on hash shalt thou live and from the Profs. shalt thou take thy deeds for making hash of horse." Thus they spake. But these brave lads said, one to another, "Not so." And one night they feasted long and sang aloud in the room that was called after the Faculty.

Now the second year that this class was at Bowdoin, these youths grew and waxed strong and became giants like unto those that were before them and they also were called Sophomores. Yet they did not abuse the young and ignorant boys that came to walk, this year for the first time, in the paths of learning. But whatever of violence the young ones suffered could, with justice, be charged to former Sophomores. Now this year there was one in the college who did not appreciate the attempt of these giants to teach him wisdom's ways. His name was Matzke, and he slew those most active in his improvement, and many others he maimed and crippled with ruthless hand.

For four years this band of youths dwelt in the college, and for those four years the history of the college is the history of the class of '92. Any loss that one sustained was the equal sorrow of the other, and any success of either was a cause for common rejoicing.

There are many legends of this class, and it is still told in the land how great was their learning and how wise their answers to the many hard questions asked of them. One wise man wished to know what made the ice of glaciers blue? He asked and Charles Rich told him. "It's cause they are so cold." Again, the wisest man in the college one day became lost in an intellectual fog and called out as he sat behind his desk of ash, "What is it that gives reality to this table here before me?" The answer most remarkable, was, "the

something that is back of it." Many other tales there are of these men, how, when a certain Swett wished to escape the fumes of sulphur in the Lab., the wiseman in Chemistry said to him, "You might just as well get used to it now." And then I might tell of the mighty man, Poor, how he endeavored to instruct fourscore maidens in the art of Chemistry. Or I might tell again of Swett, how, his reputation for noise gained him much rank. For Freshman year, when vociferous trousers raised tremendous din the Prof, who never looked up, thought "It must be Swett reciting, and scored other fellows ten strikes to Freddy." It is said that the hardest question asked of the class was this, "Your class didn't bury athletics did it?" Answered in the negative."

Some of you will not believe these stories and would question their authenticity, yet there has been discovered one original document which cannot be doubted. This I will read:

During the first year there left the class for various causes the following men: Cole, Hodgkins, Perkins, Palmer. At the end of the first year two more men left the class, Thompson, who went to Amherst, and Shay, who came back the next year in the class of '93. When the class became Sophomore, Abbot joined them, and at the beginning of their third year Wathen and Mace joined them. Mace came from Bates College, and only lived two short months after going to Bowdoin. Wathen was a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary. At the close of their third year McIntire left to go to Andover, and at the beginning of their last year H. T. Field, one who was a Sophomore, when the class of '92 first came, joined them, thus passing one year in good company.

The average age when they left college was 23 years 6 months, just the age of G. Downes. Oldest man, Pugsley, age 34 years 5 months; youngest, Emery, age 19 years 6 months. Average height, 5 feet 9.8 inches; nearest average height, a large number 5 feet 10 inches. Tallest man, Linscott, whose height is 6 feet 3 inches. Shortest, Parcher, height, 5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Average weight, 148.4 pounds; nearest average weight, C. Stacy, weighing 148 pounds. Heaviest man, Downes, weighing 180 pounds, and lightest, Gately, weighing 126 pounds.

There were in the class twenty-five Republicans, seven Independents, four Democrats, one undecided, and one non-citizen.

I will close with the closing remarks of Pugsley. He was speaking of the class of '92, and he closed

his remarks with the following burst of eloquence: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the class of '92 and you can just bet your boots we are a cultured crowd."

The next part was the Prophecy of Mr. T. H. Gately which was received with great applause by those whose acquaintance with the class made them appreciate the hits.

CLASS PROPHETCY.

BY T. H. GATELY.

It is needless for me to state that, in being elected to fill any position of trust or honor, a man must bring forward conclusive evidence that he is eminently qualified to fulfill its duties, or else there must be other reasons which have a determining influence on the minds of those selecting him. Now in being chosen to act in the capacity of prophet for the class of '92, I am quite positive that it was due to no marked ability on my part, but the class probably realized that I always took a lively interest in its welfare; and so great was their faith in my endeavors that they used to allow me to determine their rank after they had made certain kinds of recitations. Although, as the Commencement parts will show, the Faculty failed to sanction the figures and estimates that I had drawn up, yet the class deemed it advisable to permit me to turn the wheel of their fortunes. As a basis for my work, I have been aided only by a four years' acquaintance with my classmates, and at the outset I had a keen sensibility of the difficulties of the task set before me.

So, with your kind indulgence, I will endeavor to relate to you a few facts and anecdotes concerning our renowned class, which I gleaned from the alumni record in the year 1902.

Charles S. Rich took up the legal profession and located in the city of his nativity. But failing to achieve any remarkable success in this line, and taking as a partner his old room-mate and boon companion, Leon M. Fobes, he settled down in the business of his father, which was that of an undertaker. I say an undertaker, not entirely in the economic sense of the term, but also in the sense of one who pays everybody's debts, and gives them a tombstone as a receipt in full of all demands. They are doing a nice "quiet" business, and when not otherwise engaged, they have been seen trying to bury the "dead of the night."

Samuel B. Abbott is an instructor in elocution at Fryeburg Academy. If you are desirous of

learning what proficiency Sam has acquired in this department, I advise you to make a visit to his school and hear how he would render the selection beginning with the words: "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran." Sam, for some reason or other, has grown wonderfully corpulent, and is the father of a promising progeny.

Percy Bartlett, otherwise called P. Whisker from the silky beard he sported Freshman year in defiance of the Sophomores, took a post-graduate course in Latin at Harvard, and now fills the Winkley chair in his *Alma Mater*.

Roy Bartlett is a successful lawyer in Brunswick. He takes an active interest in college athletics, and at every home concert he joins the band of "yagers" and takes the same delight in clubbing the Sophomores as he did while in college.

Downes may be found at his paternal abode in Calais, Maine. His iconoclastic voice can be heard at frequent intervals singing that famous ballad, "There Is No Place Like Home." "Cripply," as he was familiarly called, says that he will try to keep on good terms with his father at least.

Joel Bean, known as Booth, Barrett, the great "bluffer," trickster, and dissembler, is a well-to-do lawyer in Augusta, Me. Besides this he is the instructor in plain and ornamental penmanship in the Cony High School. That he is supremely fitted for the latter position I need only refer you to the Bowdoin Faculty or any of the long list of female correspondents that he has, or, at least, says he has. He is a consummate crank on the marriage question, and were we to acquiesce in his views on the subject, I think we would all be veritable Mormons.

He hasn't given up his admiration for theatrical life, and still wears his hair in that peculiar style which you may behold on him to-day.

Harry Emery pursued the even tenor of his way and ascended the ladder of fame step by step, until he bids fair to reach the pinnacle of his ambition in the office of Chief Justice of the United States. In fact, his whole career has been connected with "bars," and he has been both before and behind them.

Bert Field is said to be in Washington, busily engaged with Sam Parcher in working up a rapid transit system. I know that you are all glad to hear that Parcher has found something that he can and is willing to do.

Fred Gummer bought a larger-sized hat when President Hyde told the Philosophy class that he would prefer a farmer to a city student, and conse-

quently Fred has stuck to his farm in Brunswick. Take a ride down about three miles toward the coast, and there you will find him strenuously at work sawing wood or performing some other of the various duties that a farm life calls forth. He has put a great many inventions on the market, and he told me recently that he was considering the advisability of shoeing geese in cold weather. Gummer is my authority for the statement that Harry Kimball was the pastor of a large congregation in Albany, N. Y.

I feel as if I owe the class an apology in speaking of the next gentleman, but nevertheless he would feel slighted if I did not bring to your notice an account of his marvelous career. I need hardly mention him, for he is none other than Howard Wellington Poore, better known as the Major, Senator, the mighty Poore, the stalwart Poore, and the illustrious son of the senator from Sebago. Major is a generous fellow, but nevertheless he is the biggest bump of conceit that ever struck Bowdoin College. While in college he used to strut around with that commanding air, and he never once thought that he was creating the impression in the minds of others that he bore a striking resemblance to the little boy who didn't know enough to ache when he was in pain. He said that he would have delivered a Commencement part, only he didn't wish to have the Faculty to appear at a disadvantage. He gave a public instruction to some young ladies in the gymnasium one day, and immediately after leaving college he applied for that position in Vassar, but his shape was against him. In 1898 he ran for the legislature in his father's district, but his name was against him. At present he is a Commissioner of Tides for Sebago Lake, and devotes his leisure hours on the invention of a machine for bleaching ice.

"Honest" John Hull and W. O. Hersey, who was seriously handicapped in his college course by the illness of his father, are both successful teachers, the one in the high school of the newly-chartered city of Deering and the other in a similar school at Springfield, Mass.

Herbert Gurney took a course in Johns Hopkins after graduating, and is now the Professor in the English Literature and Language at the University of Chicago. He is the same genial fellow that he was in college, and he is eagerly looking forward to the day when he will send a fair-haired boy to Bowdoin. Aside from his regular department in the university, he is actively interested in political science, and has delivered a number of lectures on the "sweating" system.

A. M. Merriman, or B. F. Merriman, if you please, entered the Maine Medical School and is now practicing in his native town, with his residence, by way of convenience, in close proximity to a grave-yard. He has become perfectly bald and nothing remains to identify the Merriman of old, save his peculiar gait.

J. D. Merryman, notwithstanding the roasts he used to receive at the hands of Prof. Wells, completed his course at the Andover Seminary, and after much deliberation, accepted a call to a Methodist church in Dayton, Ohio. Jim went to California, one summer, and while on the train he said that he married fifteen couples at the rate of eight "knots" an hour. This was all well enough, but afterwards I heard that he went to Washington and had the consummate "crust"—please pardon the expression — to demand a patent on a car-coupler.

Jim said that Lee originally intended to go into the "stove" business in Brunswick, but obstacles appearing in his way he, too, entered the ministry, and "Pinky" may now be found in the Baptist church in Rockland.

Charles M. Pennell says that he knows a good thing when he sees it, and consequently he married the position he secured in the Topsham High School. He is the same old Penn. and handles his "cribs" and manipulates the scroll to as good advantage as he did while in college. He has had serious trouble with rheumatism since he graduated and so much so that his physical appearance strikingly resembles a bow knot.

Roland Mann, better known as "Roly," and "The Count," alias "The Fashion Plate," entered Bowdoin young, graduated young, and married Young. He studied medicine, and in the meantime wrote a work on "The Rules of Social Etiquette." I came across a copy of the book, and from its many pages I clipped the following remark: "A young man in visiting his affiancee should take with him affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confectionery in his pockets." No doubt, the Count never deviated from this path, as his social career and success will prove, but being of a magnanimous nature he tried to inculcate these principles into the minds of Frankie Cothren, T. S. Lazell, Billy Kenniston, and Frank Durgin.

In Cothren's case Roly was quite successful, and notwithstanding the fact that Frankie made but two visits into society, on the whole he created a favorable impression, and now Cothren may be found in the "upper ten" society of Brooklyn,

where he is assisting his father in the legal profession.

As for Lazell, he was wanting in affection and failing thereby, began the practice of medicine in Rockland. When not visiting his patients Theo may be found in his study, vainly endeavoring to make a device for rounding out flat notes.

In the case of Billy Kenniston, "the boy poet," he failed as regards the Count's second injunction, namely, that of perfection in his manners, and he is still unable to see the point of the joke that caused his doom in society. Nevertheless Billy still strives to be a lady-killer, and at present is on the local staff of the *Squirrel Island Squid*.

The last of Mann's pupils is Frank Durgin, otherwise called "Tim." The fashion plate did all it could for Durg, but whether he possessed petrifaction of the heart, or putrifaction of his confectionery, I am unable to state, but suffice it to say, his social reputation sank into the illimitable depths of oblivion. After graduating, Durg was tendered the position as instructor in Mathematics in the Portland School for the Deaf and Dumb on the recommendation of Professor Moody, but he declined with thanks and now is a criminal lawyer in Topsham.

Clinton Stacy holds forth as a teacher in Lexington Academy. Clin still has that easily aroused temper, but he has never been known to harm anybody on account of it.

The countless friends of E. A. Pugsley will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that he had an eventful career after leaving Brunswick. He became Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College, and also was actively engaged in political affairs. Pug always had the happy faculty of being able to speak on any topic, and this, together with his fine command of language, made him a model man on the stump. He was nominated by the Republicans to represent his district in the National House of Representatives, but he was overwhelmingly defeated. When asked what he was going to do about it, he replied, "Can't do a thing, gentlemen."

Harry Linscott, alias "Scot," has charge of the Greek department in the university of his native home. He grew tired of his surroundings in Thomaston and went to Chicago, where he took great interest in the World's Fair. He married one of the fair ones of his own city, and although much shorter, she can proudly boast of being able to fill as much shoe leather as can her husband.

Wood and Wathen both became ministers and their views on religion are about the same. They

are strongly set against the doctrine of a future punishment, and their peculiar opinions on this subject are interesting only as an exhibition of their mental vagaries on the thought that is in them. Two more liberal divines can nowhere be found, and it is the prophet's sincere wish that they will receive sufficient torment here on earth to insure an unconditional suspension of their ease hereafter, should there be a future punishment. They are both located in Nashville, Tenn.

Osborne taught for a while after leaving college, and then went into business in New York, where, after developing a suitable front, he was elected to the board of aldermen. This sufficiently explains the rest of his career.

Harold Robinson Smith is one of the leading members of the Kennebec Bar. He has given up swearing himself, but business principles seem to dictate that he should encourage it in others. He defended a murderer once, and after talking to the jury for six hours, Hal, as cool and undaunted as ever, remarked, "Gentlemen, I have done." The jury was out fifteen minutes and brought in a verdict to hang the lawyer and discharge the prisoner, and it was only Smith's diminutive stature that saved his neck. Along with Ned Wilson, he has developed into a staunch temperance reformer. So strong are they in their convictions on this subject that they have been known to flatly refuse the offer of an umbrella on a stormy day because there was a "stick" in it.

Randall teaches Physics in Hebron Academy, and also preaches occasionally.

Fred Swett would have become a great man if talk could do it, but, unfortunately for him, it availed him little, so he hied himself to his uncle in the West, where he hopes to become the possessor of a great fortune at his uncle's death. He says that the land out there is so poor that it is impossible to raise a disturbance on it.

Ernest Young, with all the great resources he had, became a renowned physician and his home was in Washington, D. C.; but one day he awoke and forgot that he was in existence and at last accounts he hadn't come out of it. Before he went into this stupor he wrote to a friend that Tom Nichols was employed in the United States Government Survey.

The two remaining members of the class, namely, Jack Hodgdon and Jack Hersey, have the honor, like Shakespeare, of being inscrutable forces which no philosophy can explain. Hodgdon, after seeing the whole of the world, settled down

as the editor of the *Biddeford Journal*. But Hersey's whereabouts are unknown. He was traced once to Boothbay Harbor, where he tried to play his favorite game of Copenhagen. Then he was seen again, trying to catch up with his shadow, which by the way had grown considerably larger, owing to the persistent use of Murdock's Liquid Food. In closing, all I can say of the gentleman is to repeat the proverb which has it that in the presence of human stupidity even the gods stand helpless.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I fear that I have made an imposition on your time and patience, but if I have brought before you some of the peculiarities of our celebrated class, I have accomplished my purpose.

Then followed the eloquent Parting Address of Mr. Linscott.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

BY HARRY F. LINSCHOTT.

Another year in the marvelously rapid flight of time has rolled over old Bowdoin and once more a class has assembled on this spot so replete with precious memories, so rich in the full import of its history and associations, to bid farewell to these familiar scenes and to render the last sad tribute of affection to *Alma Mater* and to those indissoluble bonds which have been created and ever strengthened by four years of intimate association. Many times in the past classes have stood within the shadow of these walls for this purpose, and now we, too, are grouped together here for the last time, it may be, to give concrete association to our devotion to college and class, our zealous attachment to these well-remembered scenes. The past comes before us to-day full of pleasant recollections and suggestious of the many happy hours which we have spent together. Every reverse and disappointment, all the toil, all the bitterness which for the moment has cast a shadow over our lives, all are forgotten in the tender thoughts of this day. For four years this class has maintained the most exemplary standards, the loftiest ideals of unity and fraternal good-will, until in the fullness of time it has assembled on this its natal day to round out to full measure the period of its college life, and to complete, in the view of all men, the duties devolving upon us as an organized and constituent member of the institution. This culminating point in our active progress as a class is a time fit for congratulation, for mature deliberation, and for sincere

and heartfelt regrets. This day, to which we have looked forward with such fond anticipation, may well bring to us a profound satisfaction, together with a conception of that important fact that a portion of our life's work has been completed and that we have passed with credit to ourselves through the period of preparation for the duties and responsibilities with which we must contend in the future. We are profoundly grateful for these instrumentalities, these slow accumulations of centuries by which our scholarly character has been perfected. As students we cannot trace the influences which have been drawing out our powers and touching them to finest issues. Men of genius of other days have left their impress; great teachers of the past have instructed us; we have been growing in the shadow of illustrious names. For these contributions of great scholars to the present generation, for these secret though potent factors, which have refined and ripened our powers, we are sincerely thankful, and in that we have lived and worked in such a source of influences, we congratulate ourselves.

On the other hand, this festal day must appeal to the members of the class with a deep meaning, and cannot fail to awaken in their inmost thoughts grave and serious reflections. For four years we have been together here in the full vigor of early manhood, with complete capacity for the enjoyment of all the blessings of life while free from the cares and annoyances of active life. The future now looms before us a boundless void. To-day we stand upon the threshold; to-morrow we step out upon the broad platform of scholarly influence. On the one hand this class lays aside the pleasant duties toward the college. On the other hand we assume the obligations, the responsibilities which devolve upon us in our relations to the nation and to our fellow-men. We have made our election between the sphere of scholarly activity and the life of laymen. By so doing, however, a lasting obligation has been imposed upon us to exercise our mature powers to the improvement of political and social conditions here and now, and to give an account of our gift of reason to the unifying of the civil life and the national consciousness of the land in which we dwell. May every member of the class of '92 rise above a merely selfish view of life and devote himself unreservedly to the task of cherishing and implanting in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility.

In the midst of these thoughts, standing here between the past, sunlit and illumined by a thousand precious memories, and the future, which

stretches away before us, a vast, illimitable void, we are recalled to the full significance of this moment. We must now cease our associations as a class. Our intimate personal relations must soon be sundered, but their impress on our characters can never be destroyed. It is a well established fact that persons of different creeds, conditions, and nationalities in the same school or college form memories of good will and good fellowship, which time can never efface. We have all seen, we have many of us felt this influence. The relationship of classmate is indeed not one of the nearest, but many closer bonds are more easily broken. In the great future, in the midst of the turmoil and strife of active life, this fellowship and fraternal goodwill of the class of '92 shall be a guiding, a restraining influence on our lives.

Old Bowdoin, to-day we bid farewell to thee. We owe thee a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. For thy fostering care, thy tender memories, we have in our hearts a regard most tender and affectionate. As our life here has been pleasant, our regret at parting is most sincere, most heartfelt. But, classmates, in a higher and yet a nobler sense we cannot express by words alone our regard for the college or the sadness which comes irresistibly at thoughts of severing associations so dear to us. Throughout the years to come, the sole criterion of our love for *Alma Mater* shall be the firm and resolute spirit in which we devote ourselves to the establishment and perpetuation of the principles which have been inculcated within us here; the energy and consistency which shall characterize us in our relations to the nation and to our fellow-men. Our regard for one another can only be measured by the manner in which the smouldering fires of love and esteem are kept alive in the midst of the conflicting interests of the world. And now in parting let us go forth with a vivid conception of the fact that we have a duty to the college, the nation, and to our fellow-men; with a determination to so live and act in our capacity as citizens that we shall have and display a common interest in the country as our own, and in its institutions as our joint trust; with a resolute purpose to consecrate our superior accomplishments in the spirit of generous devotion to the welfare of society and to the perpetration of its essential principles of truth, freedom, and progress, and above all with a firm conviction that by so doing and living our regard for *Alma Mater* and our esteem for one another shall ever grow stronger and more cordial,

until in the fullness of time our life's work shall be completed.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

The class then seated themselves in a circle on the grass and Mr. Lazell lighted the class pipe, nursing it fondly until the fragrant fumes of his favorite tobacco wreathed themselves about his head. The pipe of peace was then passed around the circle and each member of the class took a whiff. Some took more, and a few inexperienced ones were half strangled after a brave endeavor to appear proficient in the art.

When this ceremony was ended the class stood in a compact group and with voices cleared by the recent inhalation, sang the beautiful ode which was written by Mr. Hersey. The following are the words:

CLASS ODE.

BY W. O. HERSEY.

AIR—"Swinging 'neath the Old Apple Tree."

Now the shades descending, with the twilight blending,

Call us here together, classmates so long;
Time is swiftly passing, thoughts within are massing,
As we join our sad parting song.

Farewell! classmates, oft we've wandered,
Sporting 'neath the pines by the thick-shaded
halls;

Farewell! classmates, let our voices
Echo round the old college walls.

College days are fleeting, saddened hearts are beating,

Soon we must be parted, elsewhere to roam;
Friendship's ties may perish, yet we'll always cherish,
Mem'ries of our dear college home.

Farewell! Bowdoin, may we ever

Honor bring to thee as thy sons brave and true;
Farewell! Bowdoin, thou hast given

Blessings to our dear Ninety-Two.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

Forming in line again and led by the band, the class marched around the campus cheering the Halls, and finally pausing in front of Memorial, the class and college yell

were heartily given, and with a hand shake all around the class dispersed.

THE DANCE ON THE GREEN

For the last few years the weather or a faint heart has driven this dance to the shelter of Memorial or the Town Hall, and we have not had the privilege of seeing the campus decorated with lanterns for an out of door dance. There could not have been a more perfect day, for such a celebration, than last Tuesday. It was warm and calm in the evening. Five hundred Japanese lanterns were hung in festoons about the dance floor and across the paths leading to it, lighting up the floor, and the decorations which had been put up for the afternoon. The campus presented a truly holiday appearance. The band concert began at 8 P.M. and the dancing at 9. A large crowd witnessed the dance. Twice the number of seats would hardly have been too many for the spectators. The floor, too, was somewhat small for the large number that participated in the dance, for the beautiful weather had brought out many more than the committee had expected.

An enjoyable order of dances was indulged in, and, at the intermission, supper was served by Robinson, in Lower Memorial Hall. The dancers then adjourned to Memorial Hall and the remainder of the programme was carried out there, everybody voting that the Dance on the Green had been a great success.

MEDICAL SCHOOL GRADUATION.

The graduation of the class of '92, Medical School of Maine, occurred Wednesday, at 9 A.M. The following is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.

Prayer.
Address.

Rev. Charles F. Allen, D.D.
Hon. Orville D. Baker.

MUSIC.

Oration—Parting Address.

Edward Joseph McDonough, A.B.

MUSIC.

Presentation of Diplomas.

President Hyde.

MUSIC.

Mr. Baker's eloquent address was a treat to the audience, as all who heard his oration of four years ago expected.

Mr. McDonough, the orator of the class, then spoke earnestly and eloquently of the best way to attain success in his profession.

ORATION.

BY EDWARD J. McDONOUGH.

During the past few months, as day by day we drew nearer to our graduation, the more our thoughts have turned towards the future which lies awaiting us, and the more seriously have we pondered on the object which must bear us on in life, and how success may be best attained. We are to pass from the lecture room of the student into the ranks of our profession, ready to undergo the trials, ready to sustain the burdens which we shall meet. Thus far the foundation has been laid by other hands and it remains for us to raise the superstructure. Build it as grandly as we may, but let each column stand as firm as the base from which it springs. Better our handiwork heaps up some pile, rough and rugged though it be, whose walls can bear the winter's storm, than that it rears a glittering palace whose shining spires and minarets topple in the summer's breeze. To fashion aright, to lift each stone in place can only be done by following out the plans drawn by our master builders here.

Though the routine work of student days is over, though note-books for the time are cast aside, the real life study but begins. True, in a measure, we are no longer students; no longer will we grasp ideas with a student's understanding, but with a mind broadened by experience and researches of our own. But in every other respect we must still remain the same, still plodding on, still following out the pursuit of science here begun. In early practice, before patients have begun to jostle each other, in their frantic efforts to reach our office, no day should go by without seeing some little added to our stock of knowledge. Then is the time to cultivate a habit; then is the time to lay away, in well arranged order, facts, from which in future we may draw; hoarding up a store of information which will stand us in the moment of emergency, when our every resource is

strained to the test. The best medical literature should be sought and carefully treasured. He who is satisfied to rest content with what he has gleaned in his three years' course, will some day awaken from his Rip Van Winkle reverie to find new forms standing where he thought the old should be. In this progressive age, as the book of yesterday is old to-day, so the work of to-day must make place for that of the morrow. No matter where chance may place a man, he should have within his reach the journals of his profession, with which he may keep apace with the theories and practices of its leaders, that he may utilize every fresh idea; not radically grasping it by way of experiment but following, proof by proof, how it displaces what at one time seemed infallible, taking as his word the advice so well expressed by Pope:

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Another opportunity, which, when presented, no one should miss, is that of gaining admission to active societies. I mean, not as presiding officer of some grange or charter member of a village debating club. These are all good in their way and afford amusement; but let them be subservient to those which have for their aim medical lore. Not only is the chance presented of interchanging views with men who know as much, or rather more than he, but the double advantage is gained of forming a closer acquaintance with his brother practitioners. A companionship most fitting is here established and in the future must lead to good results. We hear of the ethics of the profession, and how a man must act towards and in the interests of his patients: but how often is the point of conduct towards each other missed! That men are doctors, and live within ten miles of each other, should be no reason for the existence of a state of continual warfare. That by his hard work a man is overstepping us, should not arouse the desire to drag him down; rather it should be a stimulus to urge us on in our endeavors to overtake and pass him on the way. Let the rivalry be an open one, having at heart the advancement of the profession. The existence of such a state of things is not an Utopian idea, calling for a return of the Golden Age, but one that can be carried out, even in this our own bustling time. As we find in nearly every rank of life, men like conditioned, banded together for the sake of establishing and cherishing a fraternal spirit, so surely in the medical world a like union should exist between each man and his brethren.

After the consideration of what a man owes himself and his colleagues, he must carefully view those

duties which he owes his patients. He must recognize the relations existing and endeavor to fully sustain them. He is entrusted with their inmost thoughts and secrets. Morally he is bound to guard them as he would his own life. How often would a remark dropped unwittingly, add not only to the discomfit, but unhappiness of him, whose confidence has been won and thus abused. The office should be a sanctum, about which a veil is drawn to shield the sacred treasures placed within. When once the curtain has been rent and the interior thrown open to the vulgar gaze, then the guardian has failed in his trust. The intercourse with the patient should be frank and true. 'Tis only the charlatan who resorts to subterfuges to cover his ignorance and crime. The physician arrogates to himself none of the attributes of the Divinity. To create, to restore life to the dead are beyond his power. He applies his skill in helping nature. In watching the life as it trembles in its struggle to shake off some cruel foe, cheering it on and sustaining it in its encounter, and if in the strife he keeps the savage jaws from closing on some vital spot, therein he does his part and is able to bear his champion, drooping though it be, a victor from the conflict. The closer a physician puts himself in touch with his patients the sooner he disabuses their minds of the idea that he is shrouded in some occult science whose rights outstrip the mysteries of the ancient Druids, the sooner will he establish himself in that position where his efforts will receive the intelligent co-operation so necessary in the sick room.

Besides this he should carry with him to the bedside a feeling of sympathy and encouragement, not looking upon the application of his skill as a machinist would upon the repairing of a shattered engine. His coming should be viewed as the ray of sunshine which peeps in at some prison window, calling the criminal from his broodings to the contemplation of pleasanter memories. The man who will not seek to do this, and still has a desire to dip into medicine would do well to confine his efforts to weighing drings, and measuring nostrums, where his work may happily be crowned with success. Where the one will unnerve the patient, stir up unrest in the heart of the anxious mother or wife, the other will soothe the sick man and fill the troubled minds with gratitude and consolation. And where cold, calculating skill alone may fail, skill tempered with moderation may bring about an almost unhopded-for result.

And now with our duties lying before us, gathering about for the last time before we start in their fulfillment, I am reminded of the story one of our

poets sings in his Idyls of the king. He tells how in the ancient times King Arthur founded his Round Table. How about him he gathered his wisest men and counseled for the good of his nation. He sought to raise his people from their fallen state, and place them high among the kingdoms of the world. From all the land he summoned to his court the youth both high and low. He would stimulate them to deeds of chivalry and honor, and by their example teach the rest. To each was assigned some task, to show his skill, to prove his worth. No glittering array, no idle boast sufficed. It was necessary to assert by deed not word his claim to stand as champion of the Round Table.

Having passed the ordeal, having gained the coveted spurs and belt, he was sent in quest of the Golden Grail, that having seen he might return and claim a seat beside his august king. To-day we see the legend taking form. King Arthur and his table gird us round, and we are standing, waiting to don our armor and start upon the quest. Three years ago we came, entering the lists, willing to undergo the trials, with the hope of some day being enrolled as humble followers of a mighty band. Three years have you toiled with us, leading where no paths seemed to lie, lighting us when all seemed dark, sustaining us when lagging on the way. Yours was the task to train our every action for the destined end, to fit us for our future mission in the world. This you have done and now you send us forth upon our conquest, armed and instructed by your untiring zeal. Comrades, let us go forth as Arthur's knights rode on to seek the one great object of their lives. Scattered as their various courses lay, so may our different paths diverge, but as one common cause was theirs, so let ours be. From the very onset difficulties arose to stay their strange pursuit. Foe-men beset them, unknown lands threatened destruction. One by one they fell from their purpose, weary in body, doubting in mind, till of all that dazzling cavalcade one alone remained, remembering his pledge to see the Grail or never more return. So shall enemies beset us in our march. Disease and plague shall thwart our different plans. Though our encounters seem in vain, let us hope on, never hesitating, never swerving from our duty, always keeping in sight the motto of our grand calling, "Do good." Suffering will meet us on every hand, and be it in the palace or the hut, there should we go. The same care, the same watchfulness we give the one we must not grudge the other. When motives other than the love of our profession actuate, then, like the laggard knights, we will fail, one by one, in gaining the cherished end. Setting

aside the temptations which may lure us from it, let us keep onward, helping each other in his struggle for success. Not the success ringing with empty honors, but that which awaits the man who by his faithful work sees others' griefs dispelled, sees others' lives grow bright. When we behold the kindly smile which lights the face of misery at our every turn, then may we think that we have seen the Golden Grail. Then, and then only may we come to claim the prize from Arthur's hand. And instead of one Sir Galahad appearing, weary with toil, may we all, all return to seek the place in Arthur's council.

Before presenting the diplomas, President Hyde spoke of recent endowments which the Medical School was to share jointly with the Academic Department. He said that the new Scientific building, which had just been given to Bowdoin, would furnish a chemical laboratory for the Medical students as well as those of the Academic Department.

The President announced that the four highest ranks were attained by Edward Joseph McDonough, A.B., James Otis Lincoln, Frederick Henry Eames, A.B., and Charles Francis Nutter.

The following are the members of the class, which is one of the largest which the Medical School has ever graduated:

Justin Darius Ames, Brunswick, Me.; Charles Howard Bangs, Limerick, Me.; James Prentiss Blake, Harrison, Me.; Luther Grow Bunker, Trenton, Me.; John William Connellan, Portland, Me.; David Benjamin Crediford, Shapleigh, Me.; Russell Herbert Croxford, A.B., East Dixmont, Me.; Frederick Henry Eames, A.B., Manchester, N. H.; Salustiano Fanduiz, A.B., San Domingo, W. I.; Roland Sumner Gove, Limington, Me.; Charles Franklin Hamlin, Otisfield, Me.; Fremont Lincoln Hogan, Bath, Me.; Samuel Edmund Knight, Stockton, Cal.; James Otis Lincoln, Bath, Me.; Edward Joseph McDonough, A.B., Portland, Me.; Charles Francis Nutter, Rochester, N. H.; Charles Ara Palmer, Bath, Me.; Isaac Park Park, Stockton Springs, Me.; Sylvanus Cobb Pierpont, Waldoboro, Me.; Daniel Arthur Plett, A.B., D.V.S., Coaticook, Quebec, Can.; Herbert Winslow Robinson, South Windham, Me.; Owen Percy Smith, Cornish, Me.; Clarence Augustus Stetson, Groveland, Mass.;

Eugene Leslie Stevens, A.B., North Troy, Me.; James Stephen Sullivan, Portland, Me.; Albie Warren Sylvester, Etna, Me.

The class officers are:

President, Herbert Winslow Robinson; Vice-President, James Prentiss Blake; Secretary, David Benjamin Crediford; Treasurer, Roland Sumner Gove; Orator, Edward Joseph McDonough, A.B.; Marshal, Albie Warren Sylvester; Executive Committee, John William Connellan, Salustiano Fanduiz, A.B., Charles Francis Nutter, Sylvanus Cobb Pierpont, Clarence Augustus Stetson.

The Salem Cadet Band furnished the music and again gave their well-known repertoire.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa was held in Adams Hall, Wednesday, at 11 A.M. The following officers for the coming year were elected:

President, Hon. Henry Ingalls, '41; Vice-President, Prof. Henry L. Chapman, '66; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. Franklin C. Robinson, '73; Literary Committee, Prof. G. T. Little, '77, Mr. Galen C. Moses, '56, Rev. E. C. Cummings, '53, Mr. Henry S. Webster, '67, Hon. Herbert M. Heath, '72.

Members from '92:

H. C. Emery, L. M. Fobes, H. F. Linscott, E. B. Wood, H. W. Kimball, J. C. Hull, P. Bartlett, R. F. Bartlett, T. F. Nichols, C. M. Pennell, H. R. Gurney, J. M. Wathen, C. S. Rich, H. T. Field.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Maine Historical Society was held Wednesday forenoon, in Massachusetts Hall. The chief business transacted was a vote to move the collections of the society from their present room in the Baxter Building, Portland, to Baxter Hall.

ALUMNI ORATION.

The oration before the alumni, Wednesday afternoon, was by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, and was on the "Life, Character, and

Work of George B. Cheever." A large and appreciative audience listened to the eloquent oration on one of Bowdoin's greatest alumni.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

In the evening a large crowd attended the concert in Town Hall. Myron Whitney and his quartette were the chief attractions. The concert was one of the best ever given here.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

After the Commencement Concert the various society halls opened their doors to the alumni. An enjoyable evening was passed in each of the halls which brought to the memory of the graduates many an incident of their college course in connection with their Fraternities.

The Alpha Delta Phi celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Frank L. Staples, '89, delivered an oration. Hon. Levi Turner, Jr., was the orator for Theta Delta Xi.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting in Adams Hall, Thursday morning. The following committee on the nomination of overseers was elected: Llewellyn Deane, Washington, D. C.; Arthur P. Parker, Boston; Dr. George H. Cummings, Portland. The following were elected a committee to award the Pray English prize: Prof. C. C. Everett, Frank A. Hill, Isaac B. Choate of Cambridge. It was voted to hold the next meeting of the association in Memorial Hall.

MEETINGS OF THE BOARDS OF TRUSTEES AND OVERSEERS.

Tuesday afternoon a letter from Gen. Hubbard was read to the Boards, announcing the gift of a scientific building to the college by Mr. Edward F. Searles. The

building is to cost approximately \$60,000. At the meeting of the Boards, Wednesday forenoon, the following resolution was passed in regard to the donation:

Resolved, That the profound gratitude of Bowdoin College and its alumni is due to Edward S. Searles for his most generous donation of a building for the scientific departments of the college, offered in the letter of General Thomas H. Hubbard and accepted by the concurrent vote of the Boards. The building shall be designated and perpetually known as the Mary F. S. Searles Scientific Laboratory of Bowdoin College.

Hon. John L. Crosby, Oliver C. Stevens, and John H. Goodenow, are on the committee to co-operate with Mr. Searles in the erection of the building.

Ten thousand dollars was voted for the improvement of the dormitories. Two dwelling houses were authorized to be erected for professors. Prof. Henry Johnson was elected curator of the art collection. Gen. Chamberlain and Judge Putnam were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the centenary celebration. It was voted to admit candidates to college on certificates from approved schools.

Prof. Lawton's resignation from the Latin chair was accepted. John F. Thompson, M.D., was elected Lecturer on Diseases of Women. Willis B. Moulton, M.D., was elected Clinical Instructor for one year of Diseases of the Eye and Ear. Arthur R. Moulton, M.D., was elected instructor in Mental Diseases.

Thursday, Hon. Charles F. Libby was elected President of the Overseers. Hon. Henry Ingalls was elected an overseer, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George E. B. Jackson. It was voted to employ a competent sanitary engineer to lay out a proper system of sewerage for the college buildings. The finance committee was requested to take into consideration the expediency of erecting a central heating station.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

At 10.30 Thursday forenoon the procession formed in front of the chapel and, headed by the band, proceeded by the central path and down the street to the church. Here the Commencement exercises were held. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

^{} Four members of the class, Messrs. Emery, Fobes, Linscott, and Wood, were by rank, equally entitled to the Salutatory; among these it fell to Mr. Wood by lot.

The Revelation of God; with Latin Salutatory.

Earl Boynton Wood, Bangor.

Restriction of Immigration.

*Roy Fairfield Bartlett, Caribou.

Loyalty to Principle, the True Element of Reform.

John Carpenter Hull, Woodfords.

Russian Advance into Central Asia.

Charles Selwyn Rich, Portland.

MUSIC.

Should Young Men go into Politics?

Henry Crosby Emery, Ellsworth.

The Christ in History.

Harry Woods Kimball, Woodfords.

The Electric Railway.

Leon Melcher Fobes, Portland.

Some Aspects of American Journalism.

Percy Bartlett, Ellsworth.

MUSIC.

Preservation of the New England Town.

Fred Vincent Gummer, Brunswick.

Qualifications Essential to Success.

*Charles Melvin Pennell, North Harpswell.
Conservative and Radical.

Thomas Flint Nichols, Brunswick.

The Spirit of American Scholarship.

Harry Farrar Linscott, Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

* Excused.

Below are the honorary appointments for the Class of '92:

SALUTATORY ORATIONS.

Henry Crosby Emery,

Ellsworth.

Leon Melcher Fobes,

Portland.

Harry Farrar Linscott,

Chicago, Ill.

Earl Boynton Wood,

Bangor.

ENGLISH ORATIONS.

Percy Bartlett,	Ellsworth.
John Carpenter Hull,	Woodfords.
Harry Woods Kimball,	Woodfords.

PHILOSOPHICAL DISQUISITIONS.

Roy Fairfield Bartlett,	Caribou.
Herbert Toby Field,	Belfast.
Herbert Reed Gurney,	Whitman, Mass.
Thomas Flint Nichols,	Brunswick.
Charles Melvin Pennell,	North Harpswell.
Charles Selwyn Rich,	Portland.
John Moss Wathen,	Fredericton, N. B.

LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

Samuel Belcher Abbott,	Farmington.
Thomas Henry Gately, Jr.,	Portland.
Fred Vincent Gummer,	Brunswick.
Will Osmar Hersey,	Pembroke.
William Beaman Kenniston,	Boothbay Harbor.
Theodore Studley Lazell,	Rockland.
Alfred Mitchell Merriman,	North Harpswell.
James David Merriman,	Litchfield.
Howard Wellington Poore,	South Bridgton.
Everett Alberton Pugsley,	Rochester, N. H.
Winfield Scott Randall,	West Harpswell.
Ernest Boyden Young,	Brunswick.

DISQUISITIONS.

Joel Bean, Jr.,	Presque Isle.
George Downes,	Calais.
Frank Durgin,	Cornish.
Lyman Kingman Lee,	Foxcroft.
Roland William Mann,	Bangor.
Ervine Dewey Osborne,	Gorham.
Samuel Leon Parcher,	Biddeford.
Harold Robinson Smith,	North Whitefield.
Clinton Stacy,	Kezar Falls.
Frederick George Sweet,	Bangor.
Edward Haven Wilson,	Denmark.

DISCUSSIONS.

Frank Howard Cothren,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
John Fernald Hodgdon,	South Berwick.

Honors in French—Leon Melcher Fobes.

Honors in Latin—Percy Bartlett, Fred Vincent Gummer, Earl Boynton Wood.

Honors in English Literature—Harry Woods Kimball.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following:

Stephen Melville Eaton, '55; Emerson L. Adams; Lincoln J. Bodge, John R. Clark, Wallace S. Elden,

William M. Emery, George T. Files, Sanford L. Fogg, Frederick W. Freeman, Wilbur D. Gilpatrick, George W. Hayes, Charles F. Hersey, Fremont J. C. Little, Ferdinand J. Libby, Frank Lynam, Earle A. Merrill, Albert E. Neal, Daniel E. Owen, John M. Phelan, Mervyn A. Rice, Oscar L. Rideout, George L. Rogers, Fred C. Russell, Orrin R. Smith, Frank L. Staples, George Thwing, Oliver P. Watts, Verdeil O. White, '89; James W. McDonald, '67; Phillip G. Brown, Albert Somes, '77; Warren F. Bickford, '72; Herbert E. Cole, '83; Frank K. Linscott, Howard L. Shaw, Joseph Williamson, Jr., '88. Albion Dwight Gray, and Henry Eastman Cutts, '92, were given the degree of Master of Arts *pro merito*.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on John Franklin Hall, '78, and Walton Willis Poor, '91.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Worcester, Mass.

The Goodwin Commencement prize for the best written part was awarded to Charles S. Rich, of Portland.

ALUMNI DINNER.

After the Commencement exercises the procession was formed in front of the church, and lead by President McKeen of the alumni it marched to the Gymnasium, where the dinner was served by Robinson the caterer. Blessing was asked by Rev. Egbert C. Smythe. After the dinner President Hyde called upon Mr. Thomas, of the class of '41, to line off the old college hymn. When this had been sung, President Hyde spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Alumni,—It is a pleasure to welcome you back to the old college at all times, but never were we more glad to welcome you, and, I am sure never were you more glad to come, than to this Commencement. There are represented here to-day sixty-seven years. The gentleman who was sitting at my left, and who has but just left us (Ex-Senator Bradbury), only a few moments ago told me that his first acquaintance with Bowdoin College was seventy years ago this very Commencement season, when he came up the street—there was no station to come to then—and entered the church and heard Judge Appleton delivering his Commencement oration. We

have here also, I am happy to say, a large number of the younger alumni, and we shall hear from their representatives.

When the college was selecting the site of the new observatory we found a row of neat and comely grave-stones. We did not know what it might mean. We hesitated to disturb the bones that might lie under them. Each of these grave-stones bore the inscription: "Anna." It was difficult for us to comprehend who this person might be. We thought, enshrined as she was in the affections of so many successive classes, that she must have been some college widow of days gone by [Laughter], but when a knowing alumnus suggested that "Anna" was a pet name for analytical geometry, we went on without scruple and disturbed her tomb, and now you see the observatory upon the site. As you come back to the old college, many memories that are enshrined in your affections will find no counterpart upon the campus, and yet I believe that for every old custom and old institution that you miss you will find a new, if not a better, custom and institution has taken its place. We have the old, rounded, symmetrical classical education, and at the same time we try to impart it by modern methods. We have the same loyalty, and religion, and Christianity which characterized the early days of the college, and yet we endeavor to teach these things with due regard, and in fair adjustment to the conclusions of modern scientific and critical inquiry. We have the old academic freedom that you all enjoyed, and yet we strive to restrain the overflowing animal spirits that crop out in Sophomore year, within the limits of gentlemanly behavior.

We have many things to be thankful for. This, indeed, has in that respect been a leap year in the history of the college. Each term has been marked with a new benefaction. As we came back in the fall term to begin our work, we were greeted by the announcement of the Walker Art Building. [Applause.] That building, whose foundation you see already in process of erection, is a building which bids fair to be the finest in the State, and will have no superior for its purposes anywhere. That building was a prime object of Mr. Walker, and has been a cherished purpose in the plans of his nieces. They have traveled in foreign countries, have studied the architecture of such buildings there, and have selected the best architects they could secure in this country. Together they have planned a building which, as your committee were agreed, when they saw the finished plans and sketch, will be itself a work of art, and will be worthy to receive the gifts of portraits and statuary

which may come to it for generations to come. It is a noble monument by devoted nieces to a noble man. When we came back to the winter term, the first of January, our hearts were encouraged by news from California of the Garcelon bequest. The treasurer at once, after consulting with the legal members of the Boards here, went to California and informed himself accurately and minutely concerning all the legal questions, and the status of all the investments, securities, and real estate held there, and selected lawyers who carefully looked after our interests in every way. The Boards met at once and ratified the plans which were proposed there, and to-day we are able to say that the case is in just that condition in which every friend of the college wishes it to be. [Applause.]

Coming to the spring term, we felt that these large additions in the way of beautifying the campus and of making possible improvements in the course of instruction, at length warranted us in presenting to the public and to our friends a claim which we had long felt, but had not thought it wise to press until perhaps more urgent matters were attended to. We felt that the maintenance of the teaching force and the increase of the teaching fund was necessary. But as these things seemed to be not far distant, we consulted together, the heads of the scientific departments made reports, and on the tenth day of June we presented to the visiting committee of the college our feeling of the urgent need of a scientific building. That was on the tenth of this month. On the seventeenth it was given to the public, and some good friends of the college have called me to account for stating too publicly the urgent needs of the institution, feeling that students might be deterred from coming to an institution that was in such sad lack of the necessities for scientific training. However, that was given to the public on the seventeenth day of June, and on the twenty-first, the chairman of the visiting committee, to whom the statement was first made, came to us and announced that he was authorized to offer to the college from Mr. Edward F. Searles \$60,000, more or less, for the purpose in question. Of the way in which this building fits into our work and meets our needs, a member of the Faculty will speak later. I wish only to say that this gift is especially gratifying because of its evidence that the gifts we have received are not discouraging others. Some one has said that the needs of an institution of learning increase as the square of its resources. Certainly its capacity for usefulness increases with the square of its resources. Every new gift is multiplied by all the gifts that have gone before. It is a noble thing to

give money to an institution to save it from bankruptcy when it is just struggling along for mere existence. Bowdoin College has been grateful for many such gifts. But men who are looking for places to invest their money in educational work, if they are wise, as such men are apt to be, will see that the more an institution has, the more it can do with what is given to it. Bowdoin College no longer appeals for the necessities of giving some kind of an education to men. That is insured already. This college will never be closed for lack of funds. We trust that our friends will see to it that now that it is insured that we shall be a college, it shall be as good a college of its kind as can be found anywhere in the world.

The only change in the permanent corps of instruction this year is occasioned by the resignation of the Professor in Latin. That was communicated in private to us something like a month ago. From that time to this we have been busy investigating and inquiring at every centre where promising teachers of that language could be found. Many candidates have been considered, and for one reason or another rejected. One man among the number developed greater strength the more his history and record were investigated. This gentleman has so conducted himself in the past that from all our numerous sources of inquiry not one unfavorable word has come. Professor W. A. Houghton was graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in 1869, and from Yale in 1873. For two years after graduation he was principal of the preparatory department of Olivet College and instructor in Latin in the college. He was tutor in Latin at Yale for a year. At the end of that time he went to teach the English language and literature in the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan. This position, which he was called to for three years he occupied for five years, and then, returning home, spent a year in Germany in the study of Latin, at the University of Berlin. He was then called to the chair of Latin in the University of the City of New York, but for family reasons found it impracticable to accept that position. He accepted a position as Professor of the English language and literature. After the Professor of Latin became infirm, the instruction in Latin was practically handed over to him, and for the last three years he has taught all the undergraduate and graduate work in that institution. There are, as I have said, personal family reasons, which in no way reflect upon him, which render it unpleasant for him to remain in that institution. He had already resigned, and we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in securing to our Latin chair a man who has

had fifteen or more years of successful experience in teaching—in Latin more especially who has had the advantage of studying in one of the best universities in Germany, and has also taken his degree in Yale University in this subject. We feel that he will bring to us a successful experience, and a gentlemanly and courteous temperament and manner, which will make him beloved by Faculty and students here.

We feel that there is no reason now why the progress of this college should not be sure and steady. We draw our students from the farms and villages—from the towns and cities of the good old State of Maine, and no stronger, sturdier, more upright young men can be found than those who come to us from year to year. We have a Faculty, young, enthusiastic, devoted, earnestly identified with the interests of the college and with the interests of the young men who come here to study. The lack of buildings has been our great defect, but these munificent gifts which have come to us within the year, place us on an equal footing in that respect, with any institution of our size. One department remains to be strengthened and developed. Our library has a magnificent equipment of valuable books, handed down from the past. It is ably administered to-day. The maximum of usefulness and efficiency is secured there now at a minimum of cost, and it only remains for that library to be endowed with \$50,000 or \$100,000, to make it one of the most useful and efficient members of the college. And we believe that this stream of benefaction which has been turned toward us, will very soon divert itself in that direction and make good that last of our urgent and pressing needs at the present time. [Applause.] We hope, of course, before long, to increase our teaching force. There are departments which need to be specialized and developed. The scientific professors have more ground to cover than is wise to require of them. The branch of Sociology should be separated from that of History. Elocution and Rhetoric should receive more recognition, and I am happy to say that there is some provision in sight for the accomplishment of that end. But these things will come in the natural growth of the college. The Garcelon bequest, and the express wishes of the donors, will make it possible for us to enable worthy students of slender means to complete their course without being obliged to go out to teach during the winter. But you do not wish to hear from me. You wish to hear from each other, and from those who represent the governing boards of the college.

The President then called upon Gen.

Thomas H. Hubbard of '57, chairman of the Trustees, who was given a most enthusiastic reception, as he arose to speak.

General Hubbard :

Mr. President, and Brother Graduates,—The applause is quite disproportionate to the merits of the recipient. I take it, it is elicited not by the recipient, but by the pleasant and cordial remarks of our President. I am asked to speak for the Board of Trustees. When one speaks of a trustee, the mind immediately reverts to the trust behind it, as every trustee implies a trust. It is a hazardous, and somewhat odious thing for any man now to speak in favor of trusts [Laughter.] We have recently announced the new doctrine, or the old revived doctrine, that public office is public trust. I observe also that each of the leading political parties has incorporated in its platform a denunciation of trusts, and in addressing you I am not quite sure that the strictures applied in those platforms do not reach the board which I now am asked to represent. The Board of Trustees has not, however, been terrified by these denunciations, nor has it been terrified by the surveillance and supervision of that other Board of forty-five young gentlemen whose duty it is to watch the Trustees and see that they perform their duty in the proper way. In fact, it is by the cordial co-operation of those Boards and the cordial co-operation of the Faculty of instruction with both Boards, that the three together are able to carry out the purpose prescribed in the charter of the college, which says that (naming the parties) are made a corporation for the purpose of instructing youth. In the few words that I have to say, I wish to emphasize the importance of that prerogative, and of that duty.

I know it is thought that college education is not always a practical education. But what can be more practical than the question of education when viewed in the light in which we view it, and when given in the way that this college Faculty gives it? I think it should be iterated and reiterated that the important thing is education. That is a trite saying. I mean in this sense: the important thing is education, because nearly all the ills of human life would be ameliorated, if the whole race were a race of educated men. I am sure the addresses we have heard to-day from the graduating class, the subjects chosen, the method of treatment, the scope of thought which is indicated by the addresses, show that the men educated here are practical men, who are going out in life to do the work which others, perhaps, have failed to do. It is difficult, in fact impossible, to correct abuses and to remove vices by attacking the matured

vice or matured abuse. Each man is interested according to his own hobby in enlisting all the young men in some special reform, but if the attention of all the young men could be turned to the subject of education, that would be the most efficient method of administering charities, and the best way to correct abuses. Attacking matured vice is very much like cutting off the top of witch grass; cut off the top, and it only seems to encourage the root. There is no way in which to get rid of it except by rooting it out. So with matured vice and evil. Unless you begin at the bottom and send out men who are free from thoughts of vice—with high purpose, with good intelligence, with correct ideas,—there is no such thing as eradicating vice. The supply must always come from the bottom, and the way to cut off the supply is to give proper education to the young men, as this college, I am sure, is doing.

We often speak, and hear others speak, of the great prospects of this country. It is a favorite subject of American oratory. Speakers say: "Consider the great advances of the country in the last twenty, thirty, or fifty years. Consider what we shall be fifty years hence." That is a subject for thought, but it always suggests this thought: that a country amounts to just as much as the men in it amount to. I do not care for the progress in wealth, I do not care for the progress in scientific developments, provided the country that has them, is to be occupied by a set of wicked or vicious men. No matter what the advances of the country in wealth, no matter what its growth, it is just what the men in it make it, and the only way to fill it up with good men is to have men properly educated, and by that I mean educated all around, as I think the boys here are being educated. Gentlemen, I thank you. [Applause.]

President Hyde :

There is one gentleman present who has administered public office as a public trust with such eminent success that he has been promoted from the office of President of the State Senate to the Presidency of that Board which superintends and overlooks the Board of Trustees—Hon. Charles F. Libby, the newly elected President of the Board of Overseers.

Mr. Libby :

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Alumni,—I regret to say that I have returned from a recent trip to Minneapolis in such a disabled condition that I am not able adequately to voice the sentiments of joy and gladness with which every loyal son of Bowdoin must contemplate the present condition and future prospects of our *Alma Mater*. We receive

these benefactions which have poured in upon us, during the past year, with grateful hearts as a not undeserved tribute to the spirit and teaching of this college, whose history is written in the lives of its graduates. The usefulness of a college is not measured by the number of its graduates, but by the ability of its sons, and, measured by that standard, Bowdoin College has never stood, and, I believe never will, in the second ranks. Times have changed, however, since nearly a century ago this institution of learning was planted in the sparsely settled district of Maine. Education does not mean now what it meant then. The practical equipment for a busy life now takes in much that was substantially unknown twenty-five years ago. The horizon has been extended, and institutions must respond to the wants of each generation, or lose their hold and influence. I am happy to state that Bowdoin never was so well equipped for the work as to-day. Never, I believe, has the enthusiasm, earnestness, and sincerity of those who have her interests in charge, whether as Faculty or governing Boards, been so directed to one end, and that is to give to the young men, who come within her walls, the best training and the best education, that we know how to give, to fit them well and nobly to fulfill their part in life. What every college needs is the loyal support of her alumni, and that, I feel sure, Bowdoin College will have. [Applause.]

The President then read a letter of regret from Governor Burleigh.

The next speaker was James McKeen, Esq., of New York, President of the Alumni Association. He said :

Mr. President,—I observe here so many of our alumni who are better able to speak for themselves than I am to speak for them, that I am admonished to be brief. I have little more to say, sir, officially, than to tender you, upon behalf of the alumni, our gratitude and congratulations upon your successful administration of the college during the years of your presidency. [Great applause.] At that famous anniversary of the college which commemorated the fiftieth graduation of the class of '25, one somewhat cynical son of Bowdoin, tired of the entirety of praises, suggested that it was time to endow a professorship here of disfidence. In fact, he went so far as to express the opinion that if possible it would be a happy thing to have all the members of that class speedily promoted to the starry regions of the asterisks in the triennial. I can by no means subscribe to that sentiment. It gives me the greatest

joy that we can still salute living some members of that famous class. [The speaker then alluded to Senator Bradbury and Horatio Bridge, members of the class of '25, adding that he did not think we needed to endow a professorship of disfidence.] We came here to shout for Bowdoin College. I believe in it. [Applause.] Mr. President, you possibly remember the boy who on his entrance examination here was asked to render the Latin proverb: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" He presently stammered out this translation: "There is nothing left of dead men but bones." [Laughter.] I never entirely subscribed to that Latin motto, much less to the translation, but I do thoroughly believe in praise on the part of the alumni on these occasions, not only of the illustrious dead, but of the active men who are working for the college. I had the pleasure a year ago of standing on the dock at Brooklyn when that little whaling propeller carried away an Arctic explorer, accompanied by his heroic wife, [great applause] and I am happy to testify that the last words on the lips of Lieutenant Peary were his *Alma Mater's* name. [Applause.] I have great faith that just as last year the banner of Bowdoin College was carried to the almost forgotten recesses of Labrador, [applause] so in this coming fall will it float on the loftiest and most northern of "Greeland's icy mountains." [The speaker added that while it was well to boast of our achievements, we must bear in mind that those achievements were not always in times of prosperity and fair weather, and that quiet work was a most important factor in our success. In closing, he indorsed this sentiment of the lordly laureate: "To him that works, and knows he works, the golden year is always at the door."]

Rev. William L. Hyde, of the class of '42, was next called upon, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, and Brethren of the Alumni,—It is a matter of extreme gratification that I am permitted to come here, as I suppose, to celebrate the silver wedding of the class of '42; but I am here, and find myself, in the language of the old song, "Like one who treads alone" *not* "some banquet hall deserted," for this is too lively a scene altogether, but treads alone where '42 ought to be, and instead of a silver wedding, I am like an old bachelor wandering about here, knowing hardly any one. But I have never accosted one of these bright young men on the campus but to be met with a smile and a cheerful word and full information of whatever I desired to ask, and to be surrounded with so much young life quickens the feelings of an old man like myself and

makes me rejoice that while we are passing off, the college is still giving forth to the country and to the world so much of fresh knowledge and power every year.

The class of '42 was a small class, the last which entered under the administration of President Allen. My class graduated 29, all of whom but 10 have passed away, and of some of those 10 nothing is known. The college is in a prosperous condition. I was delighted with the appearance of the young men on the stage this morning, both in the themes treated and the manner of their treatment, and the manly declamation of the class. In regard to the prosperity of the college, I must attribute it very largely to the marked precocity of your President, if I have been rightly informed. I read in the June *Forum*, with great interest, the presentation the President has made there of the religious condition of the country towns in Maine as affected by our extremely sectarian Christianity. I was delighted with the article, and turned over to the back part where a little account is given of the various writers. There I found his name and place of birth, and it said, "Born 1858; graduated at Harvard 1859 [great laughter]; at Andover 1861." [Laughter.] I do not wonder that the college is prosperous. I only wonder that it has not sprung up a university at once. It reminds me of a story that they tell about Chautauqua, near which I live. A friend asked a gentleman what he thought of Chautauqua. "Oh, it is a great institution—big university, I tell you. My son Sam is ten years old, and he has been there four weeks, and has got an M.D. already. And here is little Tommy only six years old, and he has come out in four weeks with an LL.D." [Laughter.] Now, that, as you will see, is a result of that precocious university, as they call it there. As I said before, I only wonder that a university has not sprung up at once from such great precocity as is recorded of our President, and you know figures won't lie. [Applause.]

Lincoln J. Bodge, of the class of '89, was called upon and said:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Alumni,—It is with peculiar pleasure that I am permitted to represent one of the younger classes of good old Bowdoin. I think I can give you assurance that the later classes of Bowdoin College have fully sustained the standards that have been set by former classes. Only two or three weeks ago, in that great convention hall in Minneapolis, a name was heralded in that vast concourse, the name of a son of Bowdoin. It was the name of Thomas B. Reed. [Ap-

plause.] He was so popular with the delegates there that his name was mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency of the United States. We are to be congratulated upon the financial condition of the college. [Mr. Bodge spoke highly of President Hyde's administration and thought that the publication of various articles from his able pen in the leading magazines, was a good thing for the college. It gives the name of Bowdoin to the world. He spoke in praise of the graduating class, with whose members he has some acquaintance.]

Professor Franklin C. Robinson was the next speaker who, as President Hyde said in his introductory remarks, "has served the college for twenty years." Professor Robinson was obliged to wait several moments before the spontaneous and hearty burst of applause subsided. And then Mr. Cobb of '77 was heard to cry: "He's a good man, boys. Give him another!" and a further storm of applause followed. Professor Robinson said:

Gentlemen,—I wish you had kept on a little longer, for I was only intending to occupy a very few minutes, and you would have helped me out by using up some of the time. I know very well what you are pleased at, and you certainly are no more pleased than I am that the outlook for the scientific department is as good as it is. This is an easy topic to speak upon, a topic that I have been wanting to speak upon for a good many years. [Applause.] The experience that I have been through during these last days has been one so unique in my history that it has almost deprived me of what little intellect that I ever had. I can hardly realize it now, this bequest. It seemed as though it were a huge joke, and the reality of it did not impress itself upon my mind at the time, but I am gradually coming into it now. I think I must have presented a curious spectacle as I piloted Mr. Seares around the grounds and showed him what we had, and, gently as I could, told him what we wanted. I did not know then that he was really committed to help us, but I was simply told to show him round and see that he was well attended to [laughter] and I tried to do it. I think I must have presented quite a spectacle as I followed him around, a little in the rear, because it seemed to me as though I must keep my eye on him, for fear he would get away. [Laughter.] Friends thought that it must be some classmate or intimate friend whom I was showing round so carefully to the

neglect of everything else, but I assured them that it was really a man whom I never had seen before. I could not tell them then who he was. I felt, I have no doubt, a good deal as a colored man felt who was seen to rush violently into the water to rescue a drowning boy. After he had recovered him, a stranger upon the bank said, "A son of yours, I suppose?" "Oh, no." "A son of some relative?" "No; no relation of mine." "What on earth were you so excited about?" "Why, we were going fishing, and he has got all the bait in his breeches pocket." [Laughter.] But of course, gentlemen, apart from the feeling of pleasure and buoyancy which we all have, there is associated with this gift the feeling of great responsibility as to how we shall deal with it, how make it minister to the growth of this college which we all are so interested in.

I know something more about the hard times that this college has seen, and which have been referred to to-day, than simply having heard of them here at Commencement dinner. I have been "in it," so to speak. I have seen the difficulty of getting things that were absolutely needed, and I have rejoiced more than I can tell you at our growing prosperity and increased resources. This scientific work, that is and ever has been associated with the college, we wish to see progress. Perhaps some of the older graduates wonder why it is that more facilities are needed in scientific instruction than used to be needed. The courses could be given years ago with very different facilities from what we seem to need now. But there is a great difference between the demand for scientific instruction now from what there used to be. Science used to be a sort of plaything as connected with an educational course. It was not so vitally connected with the course of instruction as it is now. Those things have changed not only in college, but in the world. There is no department of learning which an alumnus of the college enters but what is closely connected not simply with a theoretical science, but an actual science, and science must be handled; it must be worked out in the laboratory; and we have been wanting the opportunity to give just that kind of instruction. As to what will be done with the building, and the courses, I shall not speak here. I should rather wait and see what we can do. By the fruits we shall be judged. I recognize clearly that mere facilities and laboratories will not do the business. We must teach men not simply to handle things, but to think in relation to them. [Applause.]

Rev. Edward A. Rand of the class of '57:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Alumni,—I

have the pleasure and the honor of representing the class of '57, the then largest class that had graduated, numbering 50. Coming back to-day it is very gratifying indeed to find that we are much younger men than we are taken to be when off the college grounds. At home, perhaps some of us may hear, "There goes an old man." But here we are only thirty-five years old. When I came to college, a Senior seemed to be a wonderful being. It was a case of the prairies looking up to the mountains. But when we came to be Seniors, the mountains came down to the prairies. Since our graduation, however, we feel that the prairies have been going up to the mountain tops. [The speaker referred in stirring language to some of Bowdoin's illustrious graduates: General Chamberlain, identified with the victory at Appomattox; General Hubbard; Rev. Egbert C. Smythe, identified with that brave and successful struggle for a larger outlook for New England theology.] I congratulate you on the success of the exercises of this day, for you, I know, have pushed forward the boys and helped them to make the good record that they have this day. The exercises were marked by naturalness of manner, ease of composition, and force of thought. Reference has been made to the young man going into politics. Let him go, even if it upsets the old town government. There is enthusiasm in the young blood. I need not say, turn it in the right channels. It is to be taken for granted it is there—only keep it there. A drummer boy was brought to Napoleon, and the great general told him to drum this and that signal and finally ordered him to beat the signal for retreat. Not a drumstick was lifted. He did not know how to beat the signal for retreat. When you have once taken a good position never turn from it, never retreat. [Applause.]

M. S. Holway, Esq., responded for the class of '82, referring to the cordial interest and sympathy of his class in the welfare of Bowdoin, and dwelling somewhat upon the relations of the younger to the older alumni.

Rev. John T. McGrath was called upon to respond for '62. He indulged in reminiscences of members of the Faculty in the past, and said that he rejoiced in the bequests of the last year. He added this word of admonition, however:

Some institutions cannot stand prosperity. Bowdoin may do as well in her days of prosperity as she has done in her days of adversity, and I believe it will be so. Bowdoin College has always been characterized by a certain modesty, indicative, not of

weakness, but of strength and power. I see and feel it to-day. God will be with us, and we may well believe that Bowdoin College will do her best work in the years that are to come.

Hon. Stanley Plummer, postmaster of the United States Senate, responded for '67. His days of college life were spent during the stirring times of the Civil War. In reference to his class he said :

We present no exceptionally brilliant and distinguished career to shed lustre upon the college. But without exception their lives have been honorable and useful : useful in the affairs of municipalities and states ; useful in the administration of the law against crimes, and the distribution of estates ; useful in the wise control and management of the trust funds of savings banks, and the capital and deposits of banks of discount ; useful in civil engineering, in building railroads, in enlightened farming, and especially useful in that noble profession to which more of the class have devoted themselves than to any other, the profession of teaching. No life has been a failure.

In closing, Mr. Plummer said :

That Bowdoin may go on in the future, as in the past, improving, progressing, broadening, and fully meeting the reasonable wants and requirements of the young men of Maine who are seeking a higher education, so that not one of them can have a decent excuse to go beyond the confines of the State for the purpose, is the earnest hope of the class of '67.
[Applause.]

The President introduced Hon. Herbert M. Heath, of '72, as one who for twenty years has been identified with the practical political life of his State. Mr. Heath made a graceful speech, saying among other things :

We believe in the brilliant President of this college. [Applause.] We believe, too, in his new methods, and his new ideas, only asking him not to take away too many of the old landmarks and old customs, because reform is not necessarily destruction.

Rev. E. M. Cousins, of '77, was the last speaker. In the course of his remarks he said :

As we have watched the course of our President, one thought has suggested itself to me, and that is, our President has a happy faculty of asking

for things, and getting them. First was the need of a gymnasium. We see the results to-day. Next was the need of a larger endowment, and somehow that immense endowment has come to us from the Pacific coast. Then it was an art building where our collections might be suitably displayed, and it is now in process of erection. The next thought, put before us only last week in the President's report, was for a scientific building, and almost while he was speaking the answer came, and we rejoice in the funds for it to-day.

The speaker then adverted to the needs of our preparatory schools, and of the college library, paying a well-deserved tribute to the work of Prof. Little in the latter department, the allusion calling forth a hearty round of applause.

I would give a word of advice in closing, and that is, that our President is to keep on asking, and ask for large things still for our beloved *Alma Mater*.

Late in the afternoon the alumni left the Gymnasium, to meet again in Memorial Hall, that evening, at President Hyde's reception. This reception was an enjoyable affair, at least as much so as was possible in this time of leave takings.

LINES FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF SIXTY-SEVEN.

BY HENRY SEWALL WEBSTER.

If I could read my title clear
To poet's name and fame and art,
Could captivate the critic's ear,
Or, better, win a people's heart,

What glad melodic strains I'd raise
To speed the happy hours along,
And give to each his meed of praise,
And unto all a feast of song.

But o'er my cradle bent no Muse
My plastic spirit to inspire,
Or in my nascent powers infuse
A spark of her celestial fire.

So though my oyster-fancy ope,
I find therein no rhythmic pearl ;
I can not vie with placid Pope,
Or Swinburne's swift and sweepy swirl,

And Byron's rage and Bryant's calm,
And Arnold's fair and flawless gem,
And Herbert's music sweet as balm—
I rise not to the heights of them,

Or him who soars above the reach
Of common mortals, vague and dim,
The mystagogue of shadowy speech,
Prince-Regent of the Nephilim.

A humble constant toiler I
Amid the marts of busy men,
Content if through my care-wrapped sky
Some sunlight filter now and then.

But who so poor he not enjoys
Some boons from Fortune's lavish store,
Who to maintain an equipoise
Oft gives where she withheld before.

For she not all her gifts imparts
To titled heads and jeweled hands;
Some blessings fell to lowly hearts,
And desert soil has golden sands.

'Tis thus, denied the poet's thought,
Some prosy truths I chance to know,—
That wealth and fame and power are nought
Beside the warmth of friendship's glow;

That prouder far than those who wear
The conqueror's crown, the poet's bays,
Are they who with old comrades share
The memories of departed days;

That more in worth than coin untold,
Sweeter than draughts of costliest wine,
Is the true chink of friendship's gold,
The fruitage of love's nectar-vine.

From type to type the figure runs,
Yet leaves how much still unexpressed;
As candle's light portrays the sun's,
So words, the thoughts that thrill the breast.

Yet, brothers, for my offering take
This shadow of affection's worth,
And from your heart's glad fullness make
A fitting affluence of its dearth.

And this, our mother, whom this day
We hallow with these memories dear,
Shall we depart before we say
How much we honor and revere?

Of all the varied scenes which yet
Our travel or our toil confines,
What brightness like her coronet,
What music like her murmuring pines?

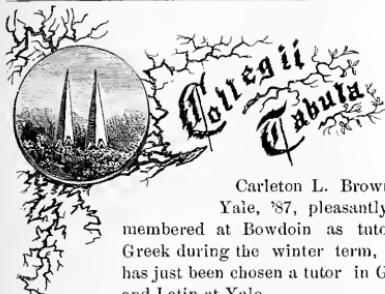
Her signet may we ever wear
And ever bow before her throne,
While our true hearts allegiance bear
To learning's sovereign and our own.

Portland, June 22, 1892.

THE WALKER ART COLLECTION.—LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the Walker Art Building was laid Monday, June 27th. The ceremony took place on the college campus at 4 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Professor Chapman, the corner-stone was put in place by Miss Walker, and President Hyde and Professor Lawton made brief remarks.

In the box placed in the corner-stone the Misses Walker enclosed copies of letters with reference to the Sophia Walker Gallery and the Walker Art Building, a photograph of Peabody Square, Salem, Mass., in 1828, and a silver plate, bearing the appropriate inscription: "The Walker Art Building, designed by Messrs. McKim, Meade, and White, the corner-stone of which was laid June 27, 1892, was erected and presented to Bowdoin College by Mary Sophia and Harriet Sarah Walker in memory of their uncle, Theophilus Wheeler Walker, of Waltham, Mass." Along with these the college placed a copy of the *Boston Advertiser* of June 27, 1892, a copy of the *Lewiston Journal* of June 28, 1892, the college catalogue, the '93 *Bugle*, the president's report, the Commencement programme, addresses at the inauguration of President Hyde, the BOWDOIN ORIENT, "The Bowdoin Collection of Paintings and Drawings," a catalogue of the drawings, and a catalogue of the paintings.



Carleton L. Brownson,
Yale, '87, pleasantly re-
membered at Bowdoin as tutor in
Greek during the winter term, 1889,
has just been chosen a tutor in Greek
and Latin at Yale.

The classes of '62, '63, '67, and '82 had reunions last week.

Perkins, '80, has not missed a Commencement since his graduation.

The class of '89 had a reunion banquet in Sargent Gymnasium, Wednesday evening.

The alumni receptions at the various fraternity halls Wednesday evening were well attended and greatly enjoyed.

Numerous expressions of regret that the "eight" had been given up were heard from the alumni Commencement week.

Baxter, '94, will spend the summer in the Indian Territory, where he has accepted a position on the Ethnological staff of the World's Fair.

Prof. Wells missed the stories of Commencement, but on his return from Rangeley will probably have some even larger ones to inflict on his friends.

The failure of the Tontine Hotel proprietor made it very difficult and troublesome to find board last week. It proved a bonanza for the restaurants, however.

The Smyth Mathematical Prize was awarded to Simpson, '94, Libby receiving honorable mention. The Latin Prize was also awarded to Simpson and the Greek to Fannington, '94.

The electives for next year have been changed in one respect, Junior Rhetoric for spring term having been made an elective, and American History substituted for it among required studies.

About fifty men have passed the entrance examinations this spring and '96 bids fair to enter about the same number of men as '95. An unusually large proportion of the applicants passed without conditions.

There was the usual rush for seats at the Commencement dinner among undergraduates this year, and many an ingenious plea for admission was invented for the occasion. Only a few of the patient waiters were rewarded.

'92 were fortunate in having pleasant weather for their class-day exercises. Three evenings out of the four there was rain, but '92's lucky star did not desert them, and the one pleasant evening was that of the "Dance on the Green."

The resignation of Prof. Lawton from the Latin chair was officially announced last week. During his short stay with us he showed that he was an earnest worker and able scholar. He will be missed in many ways. His successor comes highly recommended and will be heartily welcomed next fall.

An account of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament at Portland is given in another column. The championship cup in doubles, won by Pierce and Pickard, and the second prize cup in singles, won by Dana, are in the engraver's hands and will be placed in the library before college opens in the fall.

The timely announcement that Mr. Searles, of New York had made the college an offer of a \$60,000 scientific building gave an added enthusiasm to the exercises of Commencement week and made a fitting close to a year memorable in the history of the college for its munificent benefactions.

The occupants of Maine Hall are hunting for storage room for their goods, since they have to remove everything from their rooms on account of the coming renovation of that Hall. They will probably room outside during the first three weeks of next term, as the summer vacation is rather short for the extensive repairs and improvements which will be made.

The base-ball season of 1892 showed more conclusively than ever how much the college needs a good "yell." With two months of leisure before us there is no reason why a dozen different yells should not be ready to select from when college opens in the fall. Next fall we are going to have the best foot-ball team that ever represented old Bowdoin, and those of us who cannot play want to be able to cheer on the boys in good shape, at least. Think of it, every one!

Athletics.

Bowdoin, 13; Bates, 8.

At Brunswick, on Saturday, June 11th, Bowdoin met Bates for the fourth time and was victorious. The game was the most spirited one of the season and exhibited good playing by both teams. The features of the game were the batting by Downes, Allen's throws to bases, and Fairbanks' unassisted double play.

If the protest for the game of June 4th is decided against Bowdoin, Bates will get the pennant. Yet, whatever the decision, Bowdoin can have the satisfaction of knowing that she has had a good team in the field this year, that it has been well managed, and that, but for the accidents attending the players at the beginning of the season, she would certainly have come out at the head of the League. The score:

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, c.,	6	1	1	1	2	3	2
Savage, 1b.,	4	3	1	1	8	0	1
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	4	3	3	5	4	2
Downes, r.f.,	4	2	3	4	1	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	5	2	2	2	5	2	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	0	1	2	2	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	5	0	2	2	3	3	1
Chapman, c.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Farrington, p.,	5	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals,	41	13	13	15	27	14	7

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hoffman, 2b.,	3	1	0	0	3	6	1
Wilson, 3b., p.,	5	1	1	1	0	4	1
Putnam, l.f., 1b.,	5	1	2	5	5	1	1
Pennell, 1b.,	4	2	3	6	7	0	0
Pulsifer, s.s.,	4	1	3	5	5	3	3
Wakefield, c.f., 2b.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Brackett, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	1	2
Emery, c.,	4	1	2	2	2	2	1
Mildram, p., c.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Little, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	39	8	12	20	24	17	10

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoins,	3	4	0	3	0	3	0	0	—13
Bates,	0	0	0	1	3	2	1	1	0—8

Earned runs—Bowdoins, 4. Two-base hits—Downes, Hinkley, Pennell (3). Three-base hit—Pulsifer. Home run—Putnam. Sacrifice hits—Farrington, Hoffman, Putnam. Stolen bases—Savage, Fairbanks (3), Hutchinson, Hinkley, Chapman, Pennell, Pulsifer, Emery (3). First base on balls—Savage (2), Fairbanks (2), Chapman, Hoffman (2), Pulsifer, Wakefield, Emery. First base on errors—Bowdoins, 5; Bates, 2. Left on bases—Bowdoins, 10; Bates, 7. Struck out—Hinkley, Downes, Pennell, Wakefield. Double play—Fairbanks. Wild pitches—Mildram, 1; Farrington, 1; Hit by pitched ball—Downes, Chapman. Time—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—Kelly of Lewiston.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

The first tournament of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association, formed last winter, was held in Portland, on the grounds of the Portland Tennis Club, June 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. The colleges were represented as follows: Bates—Singles, Howard, '92, Sturges, '93. Doubles, Howard and Sturges, Pettigrew,

'95, and Pulsifer, '95. Bowdoin—Singles, Dana, '94, Payson, '93. Doubles, Dana and Payson, Pierce, '93, and Pickard, 94. Colby—Singles, Perkins, '93, Connors, '93. Doubles, Perkins and Fall, '92, Connors and Andrews, '92. Maine State College—Singles, Randlette, '92, Clark, '92. Doubles, Randlette and Gibbs, '92, Fernald, '92, and Holden, '92. The drawings in singles were: Dana vs. Clark, Randlette vs. Connors, Payson vs. Howard, Sturges vs. Perkins. Dana defeated Clark easily and Connors was outclassed by his opponent. Sturges and Perkins were more evenly matched, but the Colby man won. The only good tennis of the round was seen in the match between Payson and Howard. Howard took the first set 6-1, but in the second set Payson played in much better form and won the set, the only one which Howard lost in singles during the tournament. The third set went to Howard.

The semi-final matches were played Wednesday morning, between Dana and Perkins, and Howard and Randlette. Dana again proved too fast for his opponent and won, although his play was not as steady as usual. Randlette made a plucky fight against his man, but could not take a set. The finals between Dana and Howard showed by far the best tennis of the week's play. Both men were in good form, but there was a noticeable difference in their styles of play. Howard employed a peculiar body-stroke which he used with great accuracy and effect. Dana did not use as much pace in his game, but depended more on placing from the net. Howard won the match and championship in three straight sets, but throughout the match the play was much evener than the result would indicate. Howard's placing on the side lines was remarkably fine, but at the net Dana outplayed him. As a whole the match was one of the best ever played in the State. Score, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.

The doubles opened Thursday morning, as follows: Dana and Payson vs. Perkins and Fall; Howard and Sturges vs. Fernald and Holden; Pierce and Pickard vs. Pettigrew and Pulsifer; Andrews and Connors vs. Randlette and Gibbs.

The matches in doubles were as a whole marked by more even playing than the singles. Perkins and Fall made a good fight against Payson and Dana, but were finally beaten. Howard and Sturges defeated their Maine State College opponents rather easily, and Pierce and Pickard had but little difficulty in winning from Pettigrew and Pulsifer. The match between Andrews and Connors, and Randlette and Gibbs, was the most interesting of the series, and three sets were required to decide it. The M. S. C.

men finally pulled out winners. The semi-final matches proved close and exciting.

The first was the match between Randlette and Gibbs, and Pierce and Pickard, which as far as score was concerned was the closest of the tournament. The Bowdoin team took the first set easily, but lost the second. The decisive set was long and close and every point was closely contested. Pierce and Pickard at last succeeded in capturing the decisive game and the set, 9-7. The other semi-final match, that between Dana and Payson, and Howard and Sturges, furnished the great surprise of the tournament as the Bowdoin team were looked upon as almost sure winners. Howard and Sturges started in with a rush and by hard driving and sharp work at the net won the first set. Dana and Payson showed much better form in the second set and won handily. In the third set the Bates men secured a lead of three games, but Dana and Payson by a fine rally tied the score only to lose the two succeeding games and match. Throughout the match Howard and his partner played a strong steady game, while their opponents did not play up to their usual form. Brilliant plays abounded, but the Bowdoin boys could not put speed enough in their strokes to win.

The finals between Pierce and Pickard, and Howard and Sturges, were played Friday afternoon. The Bowdoin men started in by playing a careful, steady game, and by good headwork took the first set, 6-4, without much difficulty. The second set, although won by Bowdoin by a larger score, was harder fought and in every way an improvement over the first set. In the third set the Bates pair were apparently discouraged and lost, 6-3.

Throughout the tournament there was a good attendance, and every good stroke was greeted with liberal applause. The Portland Club generously placed their grounds at the disposal of the association, free from all expense. The tournament was under the management of Payson, '93, President of the association, to whom much of the credit of its success is due.

Taken as a whole the tournament was a great success, not merely from the fact that Bowdoin won one championship, and took second place in the other, but chiefly from the smoothness with which it passed off, the good feeling displayed by the contestants, and the amount of interest and enthusiasm awakened in those colleges which hitherto have paid comparatively little attention to the game.

As has been already noted in these columns, the association purchased two cups to be competed for annually until won by the same college three years. A generous Boston graduate of Maine State College

presented another cup for the second prize in singles, to be awarded on the same terms as the others. It is hoped that his example will be followed by others.



'44.—The Bowdoin class of 1844 had their annual dinner, Friday, at the Falmouth Hotel.

There were present: General S. J. Anderson, Portland; Winthrop Tappan, Washington, D. C.; H. G. Herrick, Lawrence; Dr. George M. Adams, Boston; Dr. Joseph Garland, Gloucester. The class originally numbered forty-nine. There are sixteen now living, three having died the past year.

'56.—At a recent meeting of the Maine Medical Association in Portland, Dr. Alfred Mitchell, of Brunswick, was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year.

'58.—Brig.-Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland, Me., keeps alive the interest of the veterans of the famous 1st Maine Cavalry by the quarterly issue of the *Bugle*, containing matters of historic value to the regiment and items of personal interest to all of its members.

'62.—The 30th anniversary of this class was celebrated at the Falmouth, in Portland, Wednesday evening, June 22d. Of the forty who graduated thirty-four survive. Those present Wednesday, were: William E. Donnell, New York; Frank A. Hill, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Henry O. Thayer, Limington; General Isaac W. Starbird, M.D., Boston; Henry H. Hunt, M.D., Portland; Rev. John E. Pierce, Monmouth; Manasseh Smith, Deering; Rev. Charles H. Pope, Kennebunkport; Marcus Wight, Lowell; Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, Portland.

'67.—This class held a reunion at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Wednesday evening, thus celebrating its 25th anniversary. There were seven members of the class present, as follows: I. S. Curtis, Brunswick; George P. Davenport, Bath; Winfield S. Hutchinson, Boston; J. W. Macdonald, Stoneham, Mass.; Stanley Plummer, Washington, D. C.; George T. Sewall, Oldtown; Henry S. Webster, Gardiner. The class graduated twenty-four, of whom seventeen survive. Hon. Henry S. Webster

read a poem before the class. This will be found in another column.

'72.—Fourteen members of this class met at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Wednesday evening, to celebrate its 20th anniversary. Hon. George M. Seiders was elected president, Dr. Cummings, re-elected secretary, and Dr. Mitchell was elected toast-master. The following were present: A. V. Aekley, Peaks Island; Rev. W. F. Bickford, Islington, Mass.; Hon. Marcellus Coggan, Malden, Mass.; G. H. Cummings, M.D., Portland; S. L. Gross, Esq., New York City; H. Harris, Machias; Hon. H. M. Heath, Augusta; Weston Lewis, Esq., Gardiner; F. A. Mitchell, M.D., Bridgton; Rev. I. Richards, Deer Isle; Hon. George M. Seiders, Portland; F. W. Spaulding, M.D., Epping, N. H.; Rev. C. C. Sampson, Tilton, N. H.; George M. Whitaker, Boston.

'87.—Mr. Francis Loring Talbot was married to Miss Mary Edna Pettegrew at East Machias on June 15th.

'87.—Oliver D. Sewall graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, June 16th, and was one of the speakers, his subject being "The Ethical in Religion." He will engage in missionary work in Maine.

'88.—Harry C. Hill has accepted a very fine position in the publishing house of Ginn & Company, New York.

'88.—Dennis M. Cole has resigned his position as instructor at Farmington Normal School, to accept the professorship in the Scientific Department at the Westfield (Mass.) High School.

'89.—The class of '89 held their triennial reunion in the Sargent Gymnasium, Wednesday evening. Of the original class of forty, twenty-two members were present, thus making a very creditable showing. The following were present: E. L. Adams, Lewiston; L. J. Dodge, Minneapolis; B. C. Carroll, Lewiston; J. R. Clark, New Portland; W. S. Elden, Waterville; W. M. Emery, New Bedford, Mass.; C. H. Fogg, Houlton; S. L. Fogg, South Paris; F. J. Libby, Boston; F. J. C. Little, Augusta; A. E. Neal, Portland; D. E. Owen, Saco; J. N. Phelan, New York City; L. Prentiss, Newark, N. J.; O. L. Ridout, Portland; W. P. F. Robbie, Gorham; G. L. Rogers, Farmington; F. C. Russell, Rockland; O. R. Smith, Middleboro, Mass.; F. L. Staples, Bath; E. R. Stearns, New Vineyard; O. P. Watts, Thomaston. Mr. G. L. Rogers, the president, acted as toast-master, and the programme of the evening was very pleasing to all present. Letters of regret were read from absent members. The class cup was awarded to Ralph Jordan Hill, infant son of F. H. Hill, of

Cape Elizabeth. Committees were appointed to send resolutions of condolence to Prof. Chapman with regard to his recent bereavement, and congratulations to H. C. Jackson, of Exeter, N. H., on his marriage, which occurred Thursday. The class voted to meet again in 1894, at its fifth anniversary.

CLASS OF '89.

Triennial address report of class secretary:

E. L. Adams, agent Provident Life and Trust Co., Lewiston.

L. J. Dodge, lawyer, Minneapolis.

B. C. Carroll, studying law, Lewiston.

J. R. Clark, in business. Home address, New Portland.

T. S. Crocker, lawyer. Home address, Paris, Me. Is married.

J. L. Doherty, lawyer, Oldtown.

W. S. Elden, student Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

W. M. Emery, city editor *Evening Journal*, New Bedford, Mass.

G. T. Files, tutor Bowdoin College. Studying at Leipzig, Germany.

C. H. Fogg, in hardware business, Houlton.

S. L. Fogg, studying law, South Paris.

F. W. Freeman, principal high school, Alfred. Is married.

W. D. Gilpatric, teacher, Kennebunkport.

C. H. Harriman, teacher. Home address, Fryeburg.

G. W. Hayes, deputy county clerk, probate department, San Jose, Cal.

C. F. Hersey, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, June 16th, and will preach at Burlington, Mass., at present.

F. H. Hill, studying law, Cape Elizabeth. Is married and father of class baby.

F. J. Libby, teacher. Present residence, Boston.

F. J. C. Little, lawyer, Augusta.

F. Lynain, medical student, Harvard University, member of 'Varsity crew.

E. A. Merrill, electrician with Edison Co., headquarters at Chicago. Has been studying at Cornell the past winter.

C. L. Mitchell, teacher. Home address, Freeport.

A. E. Neal, lawyer, Portland.

D. E. Owen, sub-master, Thornton Academy, Saco.

J. M. Phelan, actuarial department, Mutual Life Insurance Co., New York City.

L. Prentiss, physical director, Newark Academy, Newark, N. J. Is married.

M. A. Rice, lawyer, Rockland. Traveling in Europe.

O. L. Rideout, member of firm of Chase & Co., mechanical and hydraulical engineers, Portland.

W. P. F. Robie, farmer, Gorham. Is married.

G. L. Rogers, lawyer, Farmington, Maine.

F. C. Russell, superintendent of schools, Rockland. Is married.

F. M. Russell, bank teller, Boston.

E. B. Smith, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Portland.

O. R. Smith, gents' furnishing business, Middleboro, Mass. Is married.

S. G. Staey, student Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

F. L. Staples, lawyer, Bath.

E. R. Stearns, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, June 16th, and will engage in missionary work at New Vineyard, Maine.

G. Thwing, lawyer, Minneapolis.

O. P. Watts, teacher, Thomaston, Me.

V. O. White, medical student, Harvard University. Graduated the past week.

EX-MEMBERS OF '89.

F. W. Adams, banker, Bangor. Is married.

H. C. Jackson, graduated at Bowdoin, '91, instructor in physiology and gymnastics, Phillips Exeter Academy. Will conduct a summer school there. Was married to Miss Ellen Mower Bates, of Oakland, June 23d.

E. V. Manson, agent, Somerset Railway, Madison, Me.

A. W. Preston, graduated at Amherst, '89. Has been teaching at Sharon, Conn., but will teach next year at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn.

E. N. Shirley, graduated at Dartmouth, '90.

F. A. Wilson, graduated at Williams, '89.

'92 Special.—The engagement of Mr. Paul I. Andrews to Miss Susie Thompson, of Kennebunk, is announced.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALPHA DELTA PHI HALL, BRUNSWICK, June 3d.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved brother, John M. W. Moody, class of 1890, be it hereby

Resolved, That we, the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, express our deep sympathy to his bereaved family in their great affliction, and be it further

Resolved, That we, in appreciation of his noble

character and loyal devotion to the Fraternity, send copies of these resolutions to the chapters of the Fraternity and that they be inserted in the ORIENT.

J. D. MERRIMAN,

For the Bowdoin Chapter.

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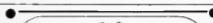
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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1892.

No. 6.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGiate YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 997, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The opening of the fall term finds Bowdoin suddenly launched into a new era of prosperity. During the summer the work has been pushed on the two new buildings. The massive beauty of the Walker Art Building is already apparent under the hands of the skillful builders, and the thoroughness of the work from foundation to dome is the admiration of every one. It is without doubt the finest building in the State. The renovation of Maine Hall is making it to all purposes a new building. Nothing but the outside walls remain to indicate that it existed previous to the year 1892. The recitation rooms, reading-room, and the ORIENT office have been removed, thus making seven additional rooms for students. The hall has been piped for steam in all the rooms, water has been brought into the building, and sinks and closets placed on every floor, and a perfect system of sewage instituted. The hall is wired throughout for electricity. Add hard wood finish, large, square windows, and spacious bed-rooms, and nothing is wanting to make Maine Hall equal to the best college dormitory in the country. The other dormitories will be renovated in the same manner, one each summer. During the summer vacation the science Professors have visited all of the eastern colleges and made careful examinations of the various scientific

buildings preparatory to "beating them," as Mr. Searles has ordered. The plans for the new Searles Scientific Building are now being drawn by Henry Vaughan, of Boston, in accordance with the suggestions of these Professors. The intention is, if possible, to begin this fall on the foundations and go to work "for business" next spring, in order that the building may be ready for '94 some time during their Senior year. The building will be situated on the opposite side of the center path from the Walker Building. It will be three stories in height, and will probably consist of a main building and two wings. One-half of the first and second floors will be occupied by the department of Chemistry and the other half by the department of Physics, while Professor Lee will preside over the entire third floor. These spacious quarters will afford ample room for laboratories, lecture rooms, museums, store-houses, a greenhouse, and in fact everything which could be needed in the most thorough courses in Chemistry, Physics, and Biology. The building will be of brick, fire-proof, and expense will not be spared to make it the best building of its kind in the country.

THE new impulse of the college has been followed even thus early by increased classes. The Freshmen enter with one of the largest classes in the history of the college and each of the other classes have received additions this term. In the Junior class especially there is a large addition. Five or six graduates of the Bangor Theological Seminary enter this class as regular students. The ORIENT voices the sentiment of the college in extending a hearty welcome to these new comers, of whatever class, joined with the hope that they will immediately identify themselves with all the interests of the college and let our people be their people, and our college their college.

FOR the benefit of those who were not here last spring we re-print the offer which appeared in the first number of the present volume:

In order to stimulate an interest in writing, the ORIENT offers the following prizes:

For the best story published in this volume of the ORIENT, Five Dollars.

For the second best story, Three Dollars.

For the greatest number of poems published, Five Dollars.

For the best short poem published, Two Dollars.

These prizes are open to all students of Bowdoin College except the present ORIENT editors.

The editors reserve the right to decline any contribution which they deem unsuitable for publication. They cannot insure the publication of any story more than 1,500 words long nor of any poem of more than 50 lines.

The name of the author of every contribution must be known by the editor, but will not be printed with the article.

The judges will see the competitive articles only in print and will not know their authorship.

ACCORDING to custom, this number of the ORIENT will be sent to every man who enters Bowdoin this fall. The paper will continue to be sent unless otherwise ordered. We hope that this arrangement will be satisfactory. It is taken for granted that every man will do his share toward supporting the college institutions. Foot-ball and base-ball, and the other enterprises which the students of the college from time to time undertake, each come in for their part of the general support, without which they cannot exist. Of all these none is more worthy of your aid than the college paper; none gives greater returns for the money invested in it; none is of so universal interest both to

student and to alumnus. We ask not only that the ORIENT be supported financially by every man in college, but that every man do what he can toward making it the mirror of the sentiments of the student-body, and the true representative of the literary ability of the college. Just as the foot-ball team can attain to its highest perfection only when every man who can play foot-ball is willing to do what he can, so the ORIENT is dependent on the united energies of all those whose tastes and ability lie in the direction of literary work. Let every man who can write, of whatever class he may be, take hold and help to make the ORIENT readable and interesting. If any one has an opinion to express in regard to college matters, any criticism of methods, or suggestion of improvement, the ORIENT is the best medium through which to make it known. We hope that many will avail themselves of this opportunity and give the students the benefit of their ideas.

A LITTLE book known as the "Students' Hand-Book" has been published by the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. It contains, in addition to some good advice to the Freshmen, a general directory, encyclopedia, and history of the college. It will be found a very valuable book of reference, especially to those entering Bowdoin this fall. It is free to all.

THE business manager of the '93 *Bugle* claims to have a few copies of that masterpiece of bookmaking still in his possession. It is true that a copy of this work will be found under the corner-stone of the Art Building, but we strongly advise all lovers of wisdom, especially the members of the Freshman class not to wait until that copy is made accessible to the public, but to secure one for themselves at the earliest opportunity, and drink deep from the fount-

ain of knowledge. Machan & Bagley sell them at \$1.00 a copy.

DURING the summer two changes have occurred on the Faculty. Prof. W. A. Houghton has accepted the Winkley Professorship of Latin to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Prof. Lawton. Prof. Houghton is a graduate of Yale in '73. He has been a tutor of Latin at Olivet College and at Yale. He has occupied the chair of the English language and literature at the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, and later the same chair at the University of New York. He has also conducted the Latin instruction of the latter university for several years during the disability of the Latin Professor. He received his Latin preparation at Berlin, Germany.

The other change in the Faculty is the temporary filling of the German chair by Prof. Farnsworth, in place of Mr. Wheeler, who was here last year. Prof. Farnsworth, it is presumed, will remain until Mr. Files returns from Europe to fill the German chair permanently. We are glad to observe that both Prof. Houghton and Prof. Farnsworth enjoy the full confidence of their classes, and have made themselves popular with the students by their straightforward and honorable dealings with them. We wish them the best of success.

THE Arctic explorer, Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., has returned safely from his long sojourn in northern Greenland. Lieut. Peary was a graduate of this college in the class of 1877. In our next issue we shall give to our readers an account of the work which this son of Bowdoin accomplished in the region of eternal snow.

Charles E. Courtney has been engaged to coach the Cornell crew from September, 1892, to July, 1893.

A Visitor from Century Hence.

HE evening was fast slipping away. Weary with hard study, I had pushed my books back on the desk and had begun in a dreamy, listless fashion, to look over the news in the *Daily Fabricator*, which my room-mate had placed near me when he had left the room an hour before. All was quiet throughout the building. I was seated comfortably in an easy chair drawn up before the open fire, when I heard a light knock at the door.

"Come in!" I called out. Then, seeming to forget that a visitor had come, I remained sitting without even turning around, and allowed my thoughts to run on as before the interruption. In a moment, however, I became aware that some one was looking over my shoulder at the paper in my hands. Then a low chuckle aroused me, and I glanced up to see a hand pointing past me to the columns of the *Fabricator*. I turned quickly to see who the possessor of the hand might be. What met my eyes was a droll combination of youth and age, done up in a well-shaped bundle to be sure, but with each element showing its outlines through the wrappings.

Yet, though the age and intellectual capacity of the person near me were doubtful, his physical being was most admirable. Every limb and muscle seemed of perfect proportion and development. One swift glance was enough to see that Nature had bestowed upon at least one individual a perfect figure, unless, indeed, a cynical tendency in the observer led him to attribute the perfection to the tailor's art instead. The face, however, with which the tailor certainly had nothing to do, was far less tolerant of a hasty judgment.

Starting up, I greeted my visitor as well as I could in my surprise. Though my tongue could frame no question, my eyes

must have been full of inquiry, for his first words were:

"No, we have never met before. In fact, very few of my countrymen ever visit your people."

"You are from abroad, then?" I managed to say.

"Oh, I am not exactly a foreigner," he answered, "only I do not belong to your time. I am from Century Hence, and when away from my own time, I am called by that name."

Then he picked up the newspaper which had fallen to the floor and looked at it attentively.

"I knew what that was, the moment I saw it," he remarked gravely.

"Do you not have newspapers when at home?" I asked.

"O, yes, but not of this kind. I have never seen but one like this and I keep that in my office as a relic of past ages."

"Perhaps you are an editor yourself," I suggested.

He began to laugh much like a boy caught in some roguish act, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and, whistling softly, walked away across the room. When he returned, he wore the sedate, dignified air of a man of great responsibilities.

"Yes, I am what you would call an editor," he said. "My paper, however, is not at all like the one you have here. Let us see: this sheet has eight pages or fifty-six columns. Over half of this space is filled with advertisements; next, in the space they fill, are the paragraphs of political advice or criticism, of scandal and crime, and of sport, all placed under prominent head-lines. The remaining columns are taken up by encyclopedia and other scissored knowledge, stray items and puffs for people around town, accidents, and brief notes of biography, history, or science. Well, that is not bad after all. Those editors must have shown won-

derful enterprise in getting together so much and putting it into form for printing, with the slow methods they had to follow. But as for advertisements, my regular editions never contain any. Just notice this paper."

Here he drew from his pocket a large sheet, everywhere punctured with characters that might be Hebrew, Chinese, or plain English, according to where one began to read and the direction he took in reading. Then he went on to say with true editorial pride:

"This paper has an enormous circulation in every country. You never imagined anything like it, I am sure. Still I employ no compositors, for every piece of type is set by telephone. We always represent a sound by the same character, so that when a syllable is spoken into the telephone it comes out at the other end all set up. You see our letters differ from yours very much, or this would not be possible. Then the electric current is so gauged that head-lines and important items are given in their proper type, and when a column is set up, it is ready for the press without the delay of proof-reading, since the telephone machine never makes a mistake.

"Our manner of printing is also different from yours. Our paper is punctured instead of just receiving the impression of the type. By this means we are able to bring out fifteen to twenty copies at one time. We issue an entirely new edition of one million copies three times each day, and get them around to our subscribers in a few minutes after leaving the press. Our telephone advantages make it possible to have the same edition in all the great commercial centers from which it can be distributed to all points, by the fast-air lines, and by pneumatic-tube expresses. To read our sheet easily one has only to place it over any dark substance to make the characters show up clearly. With our immense facilities for getting and send-

ing out news, and the use of a universally understood alphabet, we have about reached perfection in newspaper work.

"Yet there is still another advantage in the type which we use, and that is its reversible meaning. For example, if you are a Democrat read one side of the paper. If you wish to get the Republican view turn the sheet over and read the other side. Or, if you read that you are accused of falsehood, or of political ambition, be under no apprehensions, for on the other side you will surely find a complete and specific denial of all charges. In this way both sides of every question are presented, a high average of truth is attained, and no one is hurt. In fact, the habit of finding fault with editors is entirely out of date."

"But how have you managed to reach such perfection?" I asked.

"Oh, there is a great discovery connected with that," he answered.

"In your time every one was obliged either to collect his knowledge from original sources, or to absorb and have drilled into his head what others had brought together and classified. So far as the individual was concerned you had no ready-made learning.

"On the other hand, my father who was an editor and a learned man, bequeathed to me his knowledge when he died, in common with his other possessions. By the new discovery, all the skill and wisdom that had been collected in the nervous cells of his system was transferred to my brain. Having, then, all my ancestor's wisdom beside what I had developed, I was able at the age of fourteen to take charge of a newspaper sending out three million copies daily.

"This system of knowledge transfer was first sought out by one of your contemporaries, I understand, while he was a Senior at college. He had studied carefully the science of the human mind, and being one day thrown in contact with a certain Fresh-

man who possessed all the knowledge the world holds (except on one important point), he resolved to make an original experiment. He conceived the idea of robbing his acquaintance of his learning to such an extent that the fellow might, under favorable circumstances, find it possible to receive some slight addition to his store. With this laudable purpose in mind, he proceeded."

At just this moment I became conscious that my room-mate had returned and was laughing at me from his chair on the other side of the fire. I also caught a glimpse of something very like a tennis ball rolling away across the floor, while a slight pain in the forehead showed where some missile had struck me.

"Are you really awake?" were the first words that greeted me. "I am glad you are, for I was afraid, from the expression of your face, that something terrible was the matter," and there came another burst of laughter. I rose, rubbed my eyes and looked around for my visitor from Century Hence. But he had fled.

Rhyme and Reason.

Regrets.

Old Bowdoin once more greets her sons,
From holiday returning,
To take again a winding course
Along the paths of learning.

Her sons in turn their *Mater* greet
With reverence and duty,
But with surprise and wond'ring awe,
So changed her quiet beauty,

Her look serene, that tranquil air
Which age gives to a *Mater*,—
The dear, old soul in her old age
To modern things doth eater!

All gone her calm indifference
To luxury and fashion,

And that she may be *a la mode*
Is now her ruling passion.

"Old Bowdoin!" Ah, no longer so!
The epithet's used wrongly,
And Modern Bowdoin takes the place
Of what we loved so strongly.

Her Sons of Now, we mark the change,
And give it joyful greeting,
For Youth is not conservative,
And Youth's regrets are fleeting.

But days will come when deep regrets
Will fill our hearts with sadness,—
Regrets for things which formed a part
Of life, when life was gladness;

As even now the Sons of Then
Are sad to see this changing
Which takes away their landmarks and
Brings sorrowful estranging.

The easy, careless, pleasant life
In batter'd dormitories
Is going surely,—there remain
But memories and stories

Of days that were, of customs old,
Of Bowdoin's Middle Ages;
In Bowdoin's history they are
The early-finished pages.

Ah, well! Such things must always be!
The times are still progressing!
Let's sigh that it is so, and then
Esteem it all a blessing.

Resignation.

Few students know
This tale of woe,
And all must be informed
Of what befell
Our sign so swell
When Maine Hall first was stormed.

The ORIENT Room
Met fearful doom
At the Besiegers' hands,—
Before those swine
That pearl, our sign,
Was powerless; those bands

Of cruel men
Took that sign then,
And in wild sport and jest
They nailed it in
The mortar-bin
Away from careful quest.

O ! every trace
Of its fair grace
Is gone ; 'tis thrust aside ;
And we must be
Resigned, we see,
Tho' we are mortified.

John G. Whittier.

O bush in thy toil, my nation ;
A leader is taken from thee ;
Now sink upon bended knee,
And silently pour lamentation,
As fitting the grand one, whose station
Henceforth ever empty must be.

Thank God for the life that is ended ;
No grander New England has known ;
He stood far above us, alone ;
'Twas the spirit of Christ that descended,
And all virtues of Heaven that blended,
In giving that character tone.

How tenderly each word was spoken,
That the great bard of Freedom has said ;
How modestly bowed be his head,
When he saw the rent shackles, that token
Of slavery, sundered and broken.
And now the sweet warrior is dead.

How he sang of New England ever ;
No bard has e'er loved it so well ;
None like him its story could tell.
Like the course of his own pretty river,
His memory sweeps on forever,
In the land where he labored and fell.

In the harvest month of September
The reaper has garnered the grain,
Long ripened and bent on the plain.
But how sweet it is to remember
That the glow of an extinguished ember
Will brighten and shine forth again.

O mourn for him, mourn for a brother,
Ye millions loved by him for years ;
And, O Freedom, from whom he drove
fears,

Shower honors, New England, his mother,
For never shall ye have another
More worthy thy love and thy tears.



Henry Newbegin, '57, of
Defiance, Ohio, one of the
board of overseers, passed several days
in Brunswick recently.

A. M. Merriman, '92, has been ap-
pointed assistant in Chemistry.

Wood, '92, visited Brunswick on his way to Har-
vard.

Kelly, '91, spent several days at the college re-
cently.

Flagg, '94, has been employed in the library all
summer.

Nichols, '92, has been practicing with the foot-
ball candidates.

Kimball, '87, and Goding, '91, were among our
recent visitors.

Professor Smith has been passing his vacation
in Brunswick.

Frost, formerly of '93, has returned to college
as a member of '94.

The Freshmen improvised a very good yell for
the foot-ball game.

Badger, '95, is to take charge of the Physical
Laboratory this year.

The working force in the library remains nearly
the same as last year.

Quimby, an Andover man, and Mayo, a '95 man
at Hobart, have entered '95.

Axtell, formerly of '94, who has been out teach-
ing for a year, has joined '95.

Many of our minstrels attended Cleveland's
show the other night to get some "points."

Mitchell, '90, F. Drew, '91, Bean, Young, and
Mann, '92, have visited the college this term.

Professor Smith, of Yale, has been in at some of
his old recitations during the past two weeks.

McCann, of Bangor Theological Seminary, and formerly of Colby, has joined the Seniors.

Hubbard, '90, Emery, '92, and Wathen, '92, stopped at Brunswick, Monday afternoon on their way to Harvard.

Dennett, '90, Horne, Goding, Tukey, and A. M. McDonald, '91, have been seen on the campus at various times.

The dates for the Topsham Fair are October 12-14. It is reported that Triangle will attempt to lower his record.

Norman Call, '69, visited the campus recently. Minot and Horne, '91, also paid the college brief visits last week.

The foot-ball management has already arranged dates with Exeter, Andover, and Colby. Bates has decided not to put a team into the field this fall.

The river water has, as is usual at this season of the year, become intolerable, and water from Paradise Spring has been put on the campus for drinking purposes.

The vacancies occurring in the Faculty this year have been filled, the Latin chair being now occupied by Professor Houghton and the German by Professor Farnsworth.

The Freshmen have appointed a captain to select a foot-ball eleven from their class, and will doubtless soon have a team on the field. They are setting the other classes a good example.

Two of our fitting schools, Washington Academy and Fryeburg Academy, celebrated their centennial this summer. President Hyde attended the exercises and delivered orations.

In the State Championship Tennis Tournament in Portland, a few weeks ago, Hinkley, '91, and partner won the championship in doubles. Pickard, '94, captured second place in singles.

A new reading-room has been fitted up in South Winthrop, much after the style of the old one; while two rooms in North Winthrop have been transformed into a recitation room for Modern Languages.

Professor Houghton, who was elected to the Winkley Professorship of Latin to succeed Professor Lawton, has already won the good-will of his class and has matters running smoothly in his department. Prof. Houghton was a Psi U. at Yale.

Mr. Wheeler who had charge of the German department last year has been replaced by Mr.

Farnsworth, who is fast proving himself a popular instructor. The Junior division is reading *Minna von Barnhelm* with Nathan der Weise for private reading.

The firm of Baldwin & Machan has dissolved, the senior partner having retired with a fortune. Machan & Bagley now accept checks for books, sporting goods, etc., at number 19 Winthrop Hall, sign of the golden "boss." Call round and inspect their goods.

Hon. Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford, Mass., the district attorney, who is prosecuting the Borden murder case at Fall River, is a brother-in-law of Professor Lee's wife and is well known in Brunswick. His son graduated from the Brunswick High School last June.

Φ. X. is dead. For several years successive Sophomore classes have vainly endeavored to revive the old Φ. X. spirit, but each year the revival has grown fainter until now a few spasmodic struggles are the only indications of life. The "Grand Old Hymn," however, still survives.

'94 has been increased by six men from Bangor Theological Seminary,—McKinnon, Smiley, Ogilvie, DeMott, Moore, and Sheaff; also by Merritt, from Colby, '94, and Frost of Bowdoin, '93. Boardman and Ingraham will take special courses, most of their studies, however, being with the Juniors.

It is unfortunate for the athletic interests of the college that so few ball games are played in the fall. There is no reason why "scrub" teams should not be organized either by each "end" or each fraternity. Even if the playing were not all first-class, new men would be sure to be brought out, and all would be sure of a good time as well as good practice.

The class foot-ball games last fall created an immense amount of interest in all the classes, and had they occurred earlier in the season would have furnished valuable teams to oppose the 'Varsity. Foot-ball is more popular and is played by more men than ever before. Why not organize class teams and play a series for the championship of the college?

Although the class of '95 in attempting their Horn Concert had less to contend against than did '94, they were compelled to break up as were their predecessors after completing one round of the buildings. A moister, more bedraggled and disconsolate crowd than were the Sophomores after the upperclassmen had finished the entertainment provided by them would be hard to find.

The subjects for the second themes of the term are as follows: Juniors: 1—Partisanship in Politics: Its Good and Its Bad Features. 2—What Things Tend to Increase College Spirit? 3—The Influence of a Good Newspaper. Sophomores: 1—The Cholera Epidemic. 2—Do We Need Another Dormitory? 3—De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." Themes are due on or before Wednesday, October 12th.

The carpenters at work on Maine Hall are, as is their custom, making haste very slowly, and the building will not be ready for occupancy until the middle of October. The reading-room and all the recitation rooms have been removed, and the whole hall is now devoted to rooms for the students. The improvements expected have all been made, and things will be remarkably convenient and the general appearance of the hall much improved.

The first themes of the year are due September 28th. Subjects as follows: Juniors: 1—Results of the Peary Expedition to Greenland. 2—Who were to Blame at Homestead; The Company or the Strikers? 3—The Literary Career of George William Curtis. Sophomores: 1—The New Art Building. 2—The State Election. 3—John G. Whittier as a Poet. The Freshmen will also have several themes to write this year, the subjects being selected from the works read by them in the Latin, Greek, and French classes.

Following is a list of the members of '96, with their residences. Several other men are entitled to enter, but so far have not put in an appearance.

Samuel Ackley, Washington Academy.

T. D. Bailey,	Bangor.
C. E. Baker,	Sheepscot Bridge.
W. S. Bass,	Wilton.
J. H. Bates,	West Sumner.
H. R. Blodgett, Boston University.	
F. E. Bradbury,	North Freeman.
C. M. Brown,	Freeport.
C. A. Brown, Jr.,	Portland.
J. E. Burbank,	West Freeman.
J. L. Burnham.	
H. O. Clough,	Kennebunkport.
H. W. Coburn,	Weld.
C. L. Curtis,	Freeport.
Philip Dana,	Westbrook.
F. S. Dane,	Kennebunk.
E. M. Davis,	Freeport.
F. H. Dole,	Gorham.
Chase Eastman,	Portland.
Stirling Fessenden,	Fort Fairfield.
W. W. Fogg,	Bridgton.
J. W. Foster,	Pittsfield, N. H.
A. A. French,	Norway.

B. F. Frisbie,	North Bridgton.
J. E. Frost,	Eliot.
J. Gilpatrick,	Saco.
J. N. Haskell,	Newcastle.
A. G. Hebb,	Gilead.
C. A. Knight,	Brunswick.
Preston Keyes,	Wilton.
J. O. Ledyard,	Bath.
R. W. Leighton,	Augusta.
J. H. Libby,	Fort Fairfield.
Earl Lyford,	Farmington.
C. W. Marston,	North Harpswell.
C. P. Merrill,	Farmington.
J. C. Minot,	Belgrade.
W. S. Mitchell,	Freeport.
Robert Newbegin,	Defiance, Ohio.
Henry Oakes,	Foxcroft.
G. T. Ordway,	Boston, Mass.
H. W. Owen,	Bath.
F. C. Peaks,	Dover.
J. E. Pearson,	Brunswick.
H. H. Pierce,	Portland.
R. T. Plumstead,	Wiscasset.
Wallace Robinson,	'Portland.
H. L. Rowe,	South Waterford.
R. O. Small,	Berlin Mills, N. H.
F. B. Smith,	Brunswick.
M. P. Smith,	Norway.
R. E. Soule,	Freeport.
C. T. Stone,	Bridgton.
F. H. Swan,	Westbrook.
J. B. Thompson,	Topsham.
B. G. Willard,	Newcastle.
W. Williams,	Topsham.
A. P. Ward,	Freeport.

Athletics.

SOPHOMORE FOOT-BALL RUSH.

On Friday morning, at the close of chapel exercises, the familiar old cry of "Foot-Ball-ll-l" is raised for the third and last time this year, and as it dies away the two upper classes, for a few seconds, hold in the mass of Sophomores and Freshmen struggling to find an exit through the chapel door. Then out they come with a mad rush, and the first thing the spectators see is a form dashing toward Maine Hall. This proves to be Simpson, who has the ball concealed under his coat, and almost succeeds in reaching his end, North Maine, and winning the prize, when he is stopped by some stragglers who are walking toward the chapel.

With a rush the rest of the Sophomores are upon him, pushing and crowding around the ball, which somebody holds in the centre. This struggle goes on for several minutes in front of Maine Hall,

the position of the crowd changing only a few feet, till suddenly Knowlton makes a brilliant dash, bears the ball triumphantly to his room, in South Winthrop, and Ninety-five's foot-ball rush is at an end.

The rush lasted only ten minutes, and, although arousing much interest, was lacking in exciting dashes, and was much shorter than the rushes of previous years.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOT-BALL.

By three o'clock, Friday afternoon, the crowd of alumni, upperclassmen, "yaggers," and small boys, which dotted the campus near the new Art Building, seemed to make clear by their expectant looks and excited talk that some event of great interest to the community was about to take place. And verily such was the case; for it was the day of the great annual foot-ball contest between the Sophomores and Freshmen of Bowdoin.

Gradually the Freshmen appeared, clothed in various costumes, which ranged from the athletic suit to the less pretentious dress of a farmer. They grouped themselves picturesquely on the mother earth around the sun dial and waited.

At 3.25 the sounds of Phi Chi were heard in the distance, and soon the Sophomores appeared, bearing a banner, beating a tin pan, and showing the customary variety of dress and a warning display of "blud." After the usual struggle the Freshmen were forced to rise and the two teams lined up.

The Sophomores opened the game in a lively manner, and in the first rush carried the ball well down toward the Freshmen's goal, where it was fouled. Then the game continued with like fortune for each side for several minutes, while the alumni and upperclassmen mingled in the *mélée*, hoping once more to "get a kick at the ball." Soon, however, the luck changed and the Freshmen kicked the ball over to South Appleton, and, with another rush, gained a little beyond the starting place. In spite of this advantage the Freshmen played with less confidence than their opponents, and soon lost their gain and were slowly driven back toward their goal, till at last Fairbanks succeeded in forcing the ball across the path and winning the victory for '95.

The game was interesting throughout and showed that '96 has some heavy men who ought to make good material for the 'Varsity eleven. The time was forty minutes, much shorter than usual. The referee was McArthur, '93, and the judges, Plaisted, '94, for the Sophomores, and Bagley, '94, for the Freshmen.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN ROPE PULL.

Saturday morning, after the usual delay in getting a rope, the two lower classes prepared for the annual rope pull. There were the usual number of false starts, in which desperate attempts were made to pull over the hydrant and uproot the campus trees. Finally a fair pull was started and the Freshmen easily won, after which they ran triumphantly over the campus and cut the rope in two, thinking the victory won. But they were brought back with the fragments of the rope, and a second pull was made, in which the Freshmen showed excellent form, pulling easily the Sophomores and many of the upperclassmen, who assisted them, and winning the required two pulls out of three. McArthur acted as judge.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN BASE-BALL.

'Ninety-Six, '11; 'Ninety-Five, 9.

Saturday afternoon witnessed the annual Sophomore-Freshman ball game, which concludes the week of fall sports. The day was a perfect one for base-ball, and the two teams showed up in good season, so that the game was actually called on time, an unusual occurrence in these inter-class contests. The game lacked the usual feature of fantastically dressed Sophs, and was attended with less "chinning" than ordinarily. Indeed, Captain Fairbanks, by a vigorous and forcible harangue succeeded in bringing a *part* of his comrades to the rescue, but the greater number preferred to "sit in shade." The game was closely contested, and of considerable interest throughout, but does not seem to show that '96 has any great abundance of base-ball talent, when one considers the weakness of the team against which they were matched. French pitched for the Sophomores, for two innings, when he retired to second, and Fairbanks, pitched the remainder of the game, with Wiley behind the bat. Only seven innings were played. Plaisted acted as umpire. The score is as follows:

'NINETY-SIX.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coburn, 1 b.,	5	1	3	0	7	0
Williams, p.,	5	1	1	0	0	11
Willard, 1. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0
Smith, 2 b.,	4	2	1	0	2	1
Soile, c.,	3	2	0	0	7	3
Merrill, r.f.,	2	1	1	0	0	1
Libby, o.f.,	4	1	1	0	0	1
Ledyard, 3b.,	3	1	1	0	4	1
Kyes, s.s.,	2	2	1	1	0	1
							8
	32	11	9	1	21	19	

'NINETY-FIVE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, c., p.,	4	1	0	0	1	8	0
Leighton, s.s.,	3	2	1	2	2	2	0
Quimby, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
Kimball, G., 1b.,	1	2	0	0	7	0	0
Wiley, 2b., c.,	4	0	2	0	5	1	0
Mayo, r.f., c.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Kimball, W. S., 1f.,	4	2	1	0	1	0	0
Doherty, c.f., r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
French, p., 2b.,	2	2	1	0	1	2	0
	29	9	5	0	21	14	4
By innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
'Ninety-Six,	0	1	2	0	2	3	3-11
'Ninety-Five,	2	3	0	1	1	0	2-9

FOOT-BALL.

Over twenty-five men are training for the football team on the delta every afternoon, and much interest is shown in the sport this fall. The men are under the instruction of Dr. Whittier, who has been playing at Harvard this summer, and Capt. Carleton, and although the players average lighter than in former seasons still they give promise of doing skillful and efficient work. The make-up of the first eleven has not yet been definitely decided on, but probably will be in a few days. Most of the old players are seen on the field and in addition there are quite a number of new men at practice, some of whom have had considerable experience in the game. Captain Carleton expects soon to secure the services of a coach for the team.

The proposed league, composed of Brown, Tufts, and Bowdoin, which was looked forward to last spring with so much interest here, did not materialize, and the foundation of a Maine College Foot-Ball League was equally unsuccessful. Still we shall have an interesting series of games this fall, and it is hoped that several of them may be played at Brunswick. Thus far Manager Baldwin has arranged for the following games:

October 1st,	Exeter,	at Exeter.
October 15th,	Colby,	at Brunswick.
October 22d,	Andover,	at Andover.

TENNIS.

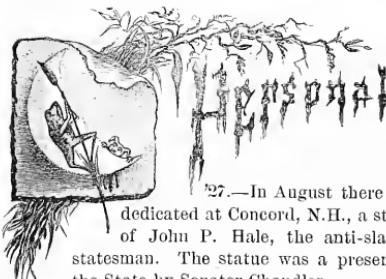
Bowdoin's numerous tennis courts are unusually fine condition this fall and are enlivened with players at nearly all hours of the day. We have lost none of our crack players, so that our prospects in the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association next spring seem particularly bright. The Freshman class has brought in the usual number of players and would-be players, but whether it contains any men of marked tennis ability, remains yet to be seen.



The outlook for our Association this year is fully as bright and, indeed, a little brighter than in previous years. Although no one went from here to Northfield this summer, yet the interest in association work appears quite as strong as it was last fall, and the members seem willing to work for the good of the cause. Then, too, our hand-book places us in a better light before the college and especially the Freshman class. It shows that we are interested in them and will try our best to help them, a fact which is borne out by the reception which is tendered them in the Y. M. C. A. room on the first Thursday of the college year. This reception met with its usual success this year. Fully half the incoming class was present, as well as a good number of the other classes and some of the Faculty. A very pleasant social time was enjoyed. Appropriate remarks were made by President Hyde, Professors Woodruff and Wells, and fruit was served. Thus we are on a good footing and should do good work the coming year.

But although our interest may be strong and our desires good, our knowledge of the best association methods is comparatively limited. We need to come in touch with other associations and with successful Christian workers, and to get ideas from them. This fortunately is made possible for us in the convention which is to be held this fall at Augusta, October 6-9. We should have present there every man who can by any sacrifice possibly go. Nothing should take precedence of this duty which we owe to our association and ourselves. Especially should a goodly number of the Freshmen attend. It will give them an insight into the broadness of the association movement and into the methods by which the work is done, and introduce to them some of the most prominent leaders in New England. R. M. Armstrong, State Secretary of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; J. L. Gordon, General Secretary at Boston; S. A. Taggart of New York, Secretary of the International Committee, and many other interesting speakers will be present. In fact we *all* need to go, that we may work during the coming year intelligently and to the best advantage in our Master's service.

Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, a Yale graduate of '53, has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.



'27.—In August there was dedicated at Concord, N.H., a statue of John P. Hale, the anti-slavery statesman. The statue was a present to the State by Senator Chandler.

'57.—Dr. Thomas F. Moses was chosen vice-president of the American Medical Association at its recent meeting at Detroit, where he delivered an address.

'58.—Portland, Me., September 5th. Judge Nathan B. Cleaves died at 11.30 a.m., Monday, at the Falmouth Hotel, of acute Bright's disease, after two weeks of sickness, at the age of 57 years 9 months. Nathan Cleaves was the son of Thomas and Sophia Cleaves of Bridgton, and was born January 3, 1835. He prepared for college at Portland Academy, and graduated at Bowdoin College. He read law with the well-known firm of Howard & Trout of Portland, and was admitted to the Cumberland bar in April, 1861. He commenced practice in Bowdoinham, but removed to Portland in 1862 and formed a law partnership with Hon. L. D. Sweat, then member of Congress. This relation continued until July, 1864, when he entered into partnership with the late Judge Howard, which firm was terminated by Howard's death in 1877. He married, May 10, 1865, Caroline, the accomplished daughter of Judge Howard, who died in Augusta in 1875. He was elected city solicitor of Portland in 1869. Was a member of the State legislature from Portland in 1871 and 1875, and Judge of Probate for Cumberland County from 1876-80. He was candidate for Congress against Reed in 1884, and was surveyor of the port in 1885.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed was re-elected to Congress from the first district of Maine.

'61.—George B. Kenniston was elected Judge of Probate in Lincoln County.

'62.—Isaac B. Choate has a poem entitled "The Merchant of Newburyport," in a recent number of the *Boston Commonwealth*.

'74.—Henry K. White, late principal of Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, is now principal of Bangor High School.

'75.—George F. McQuillan was Democratic candidate for Judge of Probate in this county.

'76.—Arlo Bates delivered a poem at the Washington Academy centennial this summer.

'77.—Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer, arrived safely home in Philadelphia last week.

'79.—Charles F. Johnson, Democratic candidate for Governor, was defeated in the State election. He succeeded in reducing the Republican plurality by several thousand votes.

'80.—William T. Call was married to Miss Eleanor Margaret McCartie, June 29th, in New York City.

'80.—Henry A. Wing is president of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Bangor.

'81.—Died in San Francisco, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Mr. Albert L. Joyce. To Mr. Joyce the ORIENT gives its sincerest sympathy.

'83.—Edward W. Chase holds the position of Assistant Professor of Obstetrics in the Medical College at Omaha.

'85.—Married, August 17th, Howard L. Lunt to Miss Ella Gardiner, at Los Angeles, Cal.

'86.—George S. Berry is principal of Limerick Academy.

'89.—Clarence L. Mitchell has become principal of the high school at Wareham, Mass.

'89.—William M. Emery, city editor of the *New Bedford*, Mass., *Evening Journal*, represented his paper as special correspondent at the recent famous Borden murder hearing at Fall River, and wrote for his paper daily for seven days between three and four columns of testimony, etc.

'90.—Victor V. Thompson is principal of Rockland High School.

'90.—Thomas S. Spillane was elected state representative from Lewiston.

'91.—Samuel H. Erskine has been teaching Limerick Academy, and from a hundred applicants has been chosen principal of Lincoln Academy. He married Amy E. Albee in July.

'91.—Mahoney is principal of Bridge Academy, Dresden.

'91.—Burr remains at Patten, principal of the High School.

'91.—A. T. Brown will resume his studies at the Yale Law School.

'92.—W. O. Hersey has charge of the High School at Bridgton.

'92.—Poore has a position in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

'92.—Durgin is going to take a law course at Boston University.

'92.—Wood enters the Harvard Divinity School this fall.

'92.—R. F. Bartlett is studying law with Judge L. C. Stearns of Caribou.

'92.—Percy Bartlett is teaching school in the northern part of Vermont.

'92.—Gummer is teaching at Livermore Falls.

'92.—Emery is taking a course in Political Science and Philosophy at Harvard.

'92.—Young will enter Harvard Medical School this fall.

'92.—Mann is to go into a banking house in New York City.

'92.—Kimball has been lecturing on the drama this summer before the Chautauquans. He enters Andover Theological Seminary this fall.

'92.—Hull is principal of Fryeburg Academy.

'92.—J. D. Merriman is principal of Gould Academy, Bethel.

'92.—Smith is studying law in Augusta.

'92.—Lee is principal of Corinna Institute.

'92.—Rich has entered the Andover Theological Seminary.

'92.—Gurney has accepted a fine position as teacher of English Literature at Riverside, New York.

'92.—Bean enters Boston University Law School this fall.

'92.—Linscott is taking a post-graduate course at Chicago University.

'92.—Wathen is studying Philosophy at Harvard.

'92.—Cothren is studying law with his father in Brooklyn.

'92.—Kenniston is principal of Cornish High School.

'92.—A. M. Merriman takes Cutts's place as Assistant in Chemistry at Bowdoin.

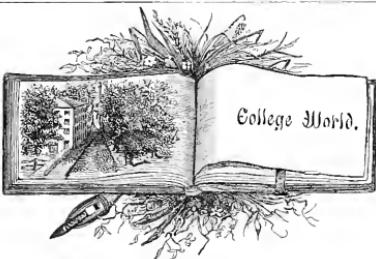
'92.—Lazell has gone into business with his brother in Roanoke, Virginia.

'92.—Downes is studying law with his father in Calais.

'92.—Nichols has gone to Clark University to study mathematics.

'92.—Pennell is in business with his brother in Brunswick.

Harry A. Garfield, oldest son of the late President Garfield, and a recent graduate of Williams, has an appointment to a professorship in the new law school of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio. He is regarded as a lawyer and teacher of great promise.



Says the *Brown Daily Herald*: "President Andrews' announcement in chapel yesterday morning that regular seats would not be assigned Seniors and Juniors practically means that attendance for these students hereafter will be entirely optional. The size of the incoming class and the limited room in the chapel render this step necessary." Like words would have a very sweet sound to the ears of some of the Seniors and Juniors at Bowdoin.

College publications are beginning to gather very slowly on the exchange table. It is a great pleasure to once more look over the reflections from the minds of other colleges. The exchange column of a college periodical can be made one of the most profitable departments of the paper. There can be gathered in tangible form the wit and the wisdom of the college world. There might be found discussions of college questions by some of the brightest and most thoughtful minds of the youth of the country. A careful selection of the most interesting matters in college circles goes far more to make an exchange column interesting than mere comments on the qualities, good or bad, of the papers which reach the exchange editor.

Getting on: He—"Well, how are you progressing in your French?" She—"All right till I attempt to think in French; then I have to ask some one else what I mean."—*Boston Beacon*.

At the University of California the Faculty evidently have many duties to perform which would seem strangely out of place at Bowdoin. For instance, one of the Sophomores, during a lull in a scrimmage with the Freshman, was seized by the collar and ordered off the grounds by a Professor. The student refused rather rudely, and suspension is the result.

Harvard offers 295 elective courses this year.

Yale is to have a new telescope. It is now being built by Clark at Cambridge, and will cost \$50,000. The glass is to be twenty-eight inches and will be one of the best ever constructed.

Dickinson has a twenty-eight-year-old professor who is one of the fifteen or twenty scholars in the world who are able to decipher Assyrian inscriptions. His name is Robert W. Rogers, Ph.D.

Rev. William H. Whittington, who died at Jackson, Mich., August 31st, was at the time of his death the oldest living Harvard graduate. He was graduated in the class of '21, being a classmate of Emerson.

Brown University has opened its doors to the fair sex and with pleasing results, if the following from the *Brown Herald* voices the sentiments of the student body. That paper says: "The present attitude of Brown University toward young ladies finds favor with all, including young ladies. It is time for all leading colleges to take down the boards from across their 'ladies' entrance."

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

No. 7.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The recent initiations of the Greek letter fraternities naturally turn our thoughts toward the social relations which these societies hold in college and the conditions of which they are a part. The ORIENT is not at present inclined to acquiesce in the sentiments expressed a few years ago in these columns that the Greek letter fraternity is a failure. On the contrary, we have the greatest confidence in the use of such an institution, and believe that, so far as we can judge of its workings at Bowdoin, it is of immense value to the students individually and collectively. While from a merely literary point of view, no doubt the larger and more public societies which existed in the earlier history of the college were often more useful, by bringing their work before a larger and less partial audience, yet, in a social aspect, there has been no organization which could compare with the secret society; and it is in their social aspect that these fraternities attain their greatest usefulness and exert their widest influence. It is probably, all things considered, the most necessary part of their work in college.

While we wish to be understood as a firm believer in the Greek letter fraternities, we must grant that there are faults in the system as it exists here at the present time. These

faults are some of them more apparent to the outsider than to those who are more intimately acquainted with the conditions in college. For instance it is a surprise to many people, including some of our older alumni, that the Freshmen are so quickly divided up among the five fraternities. They see as all careful observers must see that there is a falseness and unreality in the apparently firm friendships that spring up like mushrooms in the first day or two of the fall term. Not only this, but as every society confidently asserts that it is seeking for the best men and most congenial companions from the incoming class, they realize that it is impossible to find these until many months of college life have put to the test the characters of the new collegians, and brought out their latent qualities. It is apparent that in the first few weeks before initiation it is impossible to give of any Freshman a definition that will hold good four years from now. If such is the case, how is it possible for any society, under the present régime, to hold true to the especial character which it arrogates to itself. It cannot be done.

With small classes and large societies the present condition must be recognized as a fact necessary for self-preservation. There seem to be only two possible remedies. The first would be a mutual agreement between the several chapters to postpone the "fishing season" till later in the college year. This could only be accomplished when all the societies had come to recognize the disadvantages of the present system, and even then its success would depend upon circumstances, the nature of which could be determined only by putting them to the actual test. The other possible remedy is one which may come in the natural course of events. If the classes continue to increase in numbers, and the societies continue to take in the same average number as here-

tofore, both of which facts will probably be the case, the necessity of hasty choice of men will be diminished in proportion to the increase of the reservoir from which the supply is drawn.

We believe that the present fraternities are sufficient in number to take care of all the desirable men in college, even should the classes permanently average sixty or sixty-five men. That the fraternities do not do so, even at the present time, is undeniable. This is largely due, as we have tried to show, to the unstable and hasty method of fishing. If, therefore, a new fraternity should get a foothold in Bowdoin, thus complicating the situation, and weakening the other societies, the old societies would partly have themselves to blame for the condition which made possible such a result.

MR. GOODELL having resigned the Business Management of the ORIENT, Mr. B. L. Bryant has been elected to fill that position, and all business correspondence should be directed to him. Mr. Goodell will have charge of the Personal Department.

THE foot-ball season has opened auspiciously, and everything points to an interesting series of games. Bowdoin is in no league this fall and therefore foot-ball excitement will probably not run high enough to hurt anybody, and yet the interest taken in the game is shown by the large subscription already obtained, privately and without resort to the usual camp-meeting methods. While of course there was some disappointment in the college because the foot-ball management was unable to arrange a league either with the State colleges or with some of the smaller New England colleges, yet there is, or at any rate was before the Exeter game, a suspicion that the team was not so strong as that of last year, and this effected somewhat to reconcile everyone with the

situation. The team is, however, doing much better than was expected. The ultimate hope, of course, is to some time be established firmly in a permanent league. This may not come for several years, but probably will eventually. The college is every year growing better able financially to support a league team, and a better understanding of the game throughout the State, and especially among those schools from which we draw our men, is bound to be of advantage to us in furnishing a greater number of experienced players from which to choose a team. A small college, however, will always be dependent to a large degree upon the fluctuation of foot-ball material incident to a limited number of players, and Bowdoin should do everything possible to overcome this difficulty. We might profitably take advantage of the example set by Andover and Exeter, who always have teams that rank among those of the small colleges. It is because, as some one has said, they not only talk foot-ball, but they eat, drink, and breathe foot-ball. Not only does the regular team keep to work but the class teams are just as wide awake and enthusiastic as if the honor of the school depended on each of them. If we want to play foot-ball, whether as members of a league or as a free lance in the field, we must do likewise. A heavy team like the one we had in the fall of 1890 may be due to luck, but a skillful team depends on the enthusiastic and hearty endeavor of the whole college.

they are getting into shape. The Sophomores are evidently preparing to enter the arena, but the trouble with them and the other classes, too, seems to be the lack of foot-ball suits. Everybody remembers the interest taken in the class games last fall. There was not much training for them to be sure, but there would have been if it had been thought of earlier in the season. Here is ample time for training and men enough, unprofessional men enough to furnish a team for every class. Now let every class provide their men with suits, and not wait till the Association is through with theirs. Let us have class games and find out who can play foot-ball. Who knows but what there are some phenomenal players who have not made their appearance on the delta yet? Bring out these "village Hampdens" just as the Orient is trying to draw out the "mute inglorious Miltons." Nobody can say what a college is good for till it is shown what every man is worth.

WE ARE glad to see a vigorous Democratic Club in the field. It takes two to make a quarrel, and the Republican Club has been getting lazy for want of some one to quarrel with. The campaign will now probably be pushed with vigor, and if the two beasts do not succeed in goring each other to death, they will undoubtedly tear down a few fences at any rate, which is the main thing after all. We hope that a joint debate may be arranged between the clubs, thus reviving in a practical way the old Bowdoin Debating Club. No doubt each club will hold a mass meeting of its own, and endeavor in every way to make things lively before election. Meanwhile, that the new club may become firmly established, let all good Democrats show their colors, and rally to the support of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth.

ARE we going to have any class foot-ball games this fall? The Freshmen are showing the proper spirit and have got their team in training. The other classes should not let the Freshmen get ahead of them in this matter. If '96 happens to challenge any of the other classes, what will be the result. Training counts a good deal, and

PROF. HOUGHTON has accepted Prof. Lawton's place as one of the judges for awarding the ORIENT prizes.

THE ORIENT is at present without a fixed habitation but is "boarding round." This necessitates a considerable inconvenience to the editors, but, as it seems unavoidable under the present circumstances, they are trying to take the matter stoically, hoping, however, that in the bright days to come the college will provide some dwelling place for the college paper. For the present subscribers must excuse our inability to furnish any back numbers, as all our files are stored away under the care of Mr. Booker.

THE Editorial Board for Volume XXI. desires to square itself with its publishers, to whom there is still a balance due. Several of the graduate, and a few of the undergraduate subscribers have not yet paid their subscriptions. The Commencement issue was a costly number, but when all remaining subscriptions are paid the entire cost of publication can be canceled. A prompt settlement by those who have not paid for the last volume will confer a favor upon its Editorial Board. Address P. O. Box 951.

The Peary Expedition.

IT WAS with much rejoicing that Lieut. Robert E. Peary and his little band of explorers were welcomed back to Philadelphia. Since the party left New York, June 7, 1891, in the small whaling steamer Kite, the interest of the people in the success of their undertaking has never waned or swerved from its original intensity. The magnitude of his venture and the originality of his methods of procedure excited in scientific circles the profoundest interest. Now, his safe return, the complete accomplishment

of all his plans, the remarkable success of the expedition, place him among the foremost of Arctic explorers.

The expedition was begun under unfavorable circumstances, as the voyage northward was very stormy, and while passing through Baffin Bay many icebergs were encountered, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the Kite was able to proceed. Nor was this all. While the steamer was working its way through the ice, by a sudden turning of the tiller, Lieut. Peary was so unfortunate as to have his leg broken. But this did not discourage him. He showed his admirable sand in not faltering in his purpose.

They landed at a point north of Whale Sound. Here they erected a small house which they had brought with them. This was a building twelve by twenty feet, having double walls, with an air space between surrounded by an outer wall composed of turf, stone, and snow. Within this Lieut. Peary was confined until he regained the use of his fractured limb. It was his intention to obtain a sufficient supply of game to last during the winter, and also to make a thorough examination of the surrounding country, especially the inland ice over which the expedition was to traverse. Then in the spring a party of four or five were to start out, leaving the remainder at the camp and establish depots along the line. Finally the two strongest were to leave the last supply station and push on and endeavor to determine the northern coast of Greenland.

The nature of this journey was well understood by Peary, as he had in 1886 made a tour of exploration on the inland ice. Since the unbroken surface of the inland ice is well adapted to the use of sledges, profiting by his experience in 1886, he had sledges built on a very much improved plan. The tendency of the times in everything is towards lightness, compactness, and effectiveness, and the conquest of the inland ice calls for

all of the requisites in their highest perfection. Franklin's retreating men dragged a boat on a sledge weighing as much as the boat. The sledges used by Peary were very lightly and skillfully constructed out of wood, thongs, and ivory. Attached to the rear was a wheel consisting of six sections, one revolution covering six feet. As each section touched the ground the boat was automatically recorded on a reel of paper. By this means the distance traveled was accurately determined. The real start may properly be said to have commenced May 15th over the ice cap at an elevation of 4,000 feet. He progressed so rapidly that in nine days he was at the edge of the great Humboldt Glacier, and on the last day of the month he arrived at Betermann fjord, on the northern coast, near by which lies the solitary grave of Captain Hall. After reaching the 82d parallel, his course was deflected in an easterly and southerly direction by the lay of the land, until on July 4th he reached Independence Bay, so named in honor of the day. On July 9th they commenced their return, both men and dogs being thoroughly exhausted. For twenty-eight days they struggled through the soft snow, being wrapped in the snow-clouds of the interior plateau, at an altitude of 8,000 feet. Then descending from the Humboldt Glacier, they finally, August 6th, reached McCormick Bay. Imagine the feelings of that exhausted band of explorers when they came in contact with the rescuers. How hearty their hand shaking must have been. It is no wonder that a cheer burst unconsciously from the rescuers when they found the rescued safe. It is highly gratifying to find that an expedition of this kind can be carried through as it was planned. With very moderate financial support, the exploring party has seemingly accomplished practically all that was laid out, with no loss of life except through accident to which all

Alpine climbers are exposed. Heretofore expeditions have narrowly escaped shipwreck, or have been on the verge of starvation. Our hero, Lieut. Peary, besides practically proving Greenland to be an island, has shown us that Arctic explorations can be made with comparative safety and comfort. He has, in fact, demonstrated the way which all future explorations must follow, if they would obtain success. As some one has well said, "A new era of Arctic explorations has been ushered in." This has been accomplished by the untiring energy and indomitable will of a Bowdoin graduate.

My "Castle in Spain."

I HAVE never yet visited my castle in Spain. Its lofty turrets and massive walls never greeted my sight. And yet my face often turns from the sunset to where, far over the sea, lie my fair dominions. I do not know now what skies are arched above them nor what valleys lie beneath. Who my vassals are or what they are doing, no one has ever told me; still, at evening a whisper sometimes comes from that strange distant land, or, as I stand in the deepening twilight, I hear a distant chime which I like to think comes from my castle bells, ringing their farewell to the day. Then voices come floating on the air as if borne to me on the sunbeams which not long before bade my Eastern possessions a tender good-night. From them I learn of a lovely village within sound of my chapel bells. On its pleasant streets glad voices blend as the people meet at evening to talk of their present joys or future hopes. Now and then I catch a hint of broad piazzas and lighted rooms, where the gaily dressed youth of that Southern clime assemble, and where man's imagination is stimulated to music and poetry by beauty as fresh and fair as a ray of morning sunlight. The swarthy cheek and manly

frame, the radiance of gentle girlish faces, whose dark eyes glow warm and tender like the sunny slopes of the South, these somehow have part in my castle in Spain.

And I know that if I were in that village street at mid-day, I could look above it on the heights my chateau itself. If I were there I would look long at each spire or tower that rises over battlement and bastion, and perhaps find everything more splendid than I have ever imagined. Then, when I had drunk in all its beauty and grandeur, I would go up through the great arch of the gateway. There some vassal or retainer would meet me bringing the keys of the castle. He would, doubtless, be surprised that I had not come before. I could not have known, he would say, how clear was the air around those heights, nor how fair was the country they looked down upon.

Then he would lead me through walks where Art and Nature vie in their endeavor to produce only what is pure and beautiful. From smoothly paved courts, bordered with stately columns and musical with fountains, we would pass under graceful arches to the gardens which burden the breezes with the perfume of their flowers. And, just before the palace, we would come to the most splendid fountain of all. For in that place, half-veiled in a cloud of rainbow-haunted spray, rises a marble group of most exquisite sculpture, standing in the midst of a wide grassy lawn like a priceless pearl set in emerald.

Then from the palace windows we would look out over the castle walls to the distant snow-capped mountains which would everywhere bound our view. In the east, rising above the hills and valleys that lie between, are the lofty peaks which the sun first kisses with his morning beams, ere he awakes the happy towns and hamlets of the plain. Around them is stretched a soft veil of mist, above which their glistening tops tower to the light again.

As our gaze would wander from peak to peak of the horizon, everywhere the soft deep tones of the sky would meet and blend with the white and gray of the summits, those in turn giving way to the darker shades of the slopes, till the smiling green of the plain looked up from below.

Far away gleams a broad river, on whose shimmering current the wealth of the world is brought to the cities along the banks. Nearer fountains flash in the sunlight; merry brooks laugh with the trees that overshadow them, or, grown more quiet, mirror the sky and give back to the foliage above its own reflection made more beautiful as in a dream.

And in a dream the glories above, below, and within my castle would seem most real. No magician's wand could add to my enchantment as I looked upon them. Even were eyes closed to the distant landscape and to the beauties within my walls, still the odor of flowers borne up by gentle breezes, and the soft music of fountains have a gift of sorcery all their own.

So, looking and listening, and idly dreaming, I would wait until the sun began to sink below the mountains in the west. I would watch the deep blue of the sky fading slowly away, and everywhere giving place to a soft red that makes the heavens burn with its glow. Then that, too, would leave the eastern sky only to deepen and strengthen the colors in the west where the sun is sinking in a flood of molten gold beneath the crimson canopy of the upper air. A few moments more and the purple and gold, and red around and above the snow-capped peaks would all vanish, and I would see the cold gray of the after-twilight coming on.

A little later when Night has cast her star-gemmed mantle over all that land, I am looking at the same sun setting on the western world, where I am but the humblest of retainers and not lord of a "Castle in Spain."

Hobbyism.

EVERY man has his hobby. Whether he be a lawyer busied with a large practice, a physician at the head of his profession, a minister in a *varied* and exacting parish, or a mechanic working from early morning until late at night, yet each one has something aside from what is strictly necessary to his business, to which he willingly devotes his spare time and energy.

To one man the broad and fertile fields of electricity offer abundant resources of interest and pleasure; another finds the progressive science of amateur photography a most fascinating study; still another delights in the collection of mineralogical or botanical specimens: and so all men are drawn, either by nature or the desire of profit, to some hobby, so-called.

My hobby is the collection of books. This desire to accumulate books, had before I entered college scarcely made itself known to me. But however little I may have developed otherwise, either mentally or physically, I have, in this respect, developed wonderfully. Still my collection is barely a beginning as yet. I have scarcely the foundations of a model library. But it is exactly this which is the secret of a hobby's fascination—the difficulties attendant on its attainment or completion. If any science or art could be wholly and quickly mastered, or any collection easily and completely made, all its attractiveness would disappear. It is the innate feeling of satisfaction which every man feels at surpassing all others in some branch, which has fostered hobbyism from remotest times.

Twenty-five thousand dollars have been collected toward building the "Harvard House" in New York City. "Harvard House" will be a general club for Harvard men, and the entire expenditure on ground and building will be over \$70,000.

Rhyme and Reason.

Verses on the Opening of a New Term.

O'er all the old familiar paths
Again we walk together,
Again commence the busy year
In hazy autumn weather.

We meet our last year's friends again,
And talk o'er all our pleasures,
For doings of the summer-time
Are closely hoarded treasures.

We visit each familiar place,
Renew our old relations,
Pick up again the broken thread
Of former occupations.

And so begins our college year.
Bright days of summer ranging,
Vacation's changeful, resting days,—
For hours of work exchanging.

And as we close another year
Of mingled toil and pleasure,
O may we reckon up our gains
In a still larger measure.

In the Spring-time.

My Muse is a Muse of the spring-time,
And these are the days of the fall,
So sad, so dark, and so gloomy
They do not inspire her at all.

Oh! then let her be gay and joyous,
And though out of season she sing,
Let her utter the praises of spring-time
And the pleasures that come in the spring.

'Tis the time of zephyrs and violets,
Whose odors are borne on the breeze;
'Tis the time of arbutus and verdure
On trees, and smooth sunny leas;

'Tis the time when the birds sweetly warble,
And their music floats forth on the air.
'Tis the time when man's heart is gladest,
When his mind is freest from care.

"Tis the time of all Nature's rejoicing
 'Neath the jovial rays of the sun,
 'Tis the time that is eagerly longed for,—
 The time when Maine Hall shall be done.

The Nervous Man's Complaint.

In the stillness of the night,
 Trembling on the sleepy sight,
 Dance the full moon's glorious beams,
 As I lie so near to dreams.

Suddenly I'm wide awake,—
 All the walls about me quake!
 Can it be the storm's wild roar?
 'Tis the sonorous Soph next door.

Silence soon resumes her reign;
 Soon I'm near to dreams again;
 Soon I start up from my bed
 To curse that banjo overhead.

Finally the Fiend subsides.
 I will sleep, whate'er betides.
 Vain resolve! There's worse in store,—
 My room-mate's regular, rasping snore.

"Nature's sweet refresher," you
 So-called "balmy sleep," go to!
 Every hour some wild alarm;
 Sleep at college has no balm,
 Or calm,—
 Or charm.

Beside the Summer Sea.

Beside the summer sea
 The skies are always fair;
 Life moves without a care;
 And love is everywhere,
 Beside the summer sea.

Beside the summer sea
 The bay wears Heaven's blue;
 The friends we meet are true;
 Old pleasures all seem new,
 Beside the summer sea.

Beside the summer sea
 Old hearts are young again;
 No chance is there for pain;
 Love only thinks of gain,
 Beside the summer sea.

Beside the summer sea
 The moon is wondrous bright;
 While all the stars of night
 Shed sweeter, tenderer light,
 Beside the summer sea.

Beside the summer sea
 Time hurries on too fast,
 And buries in the past
 The sweets we would have last,
 Beside the summer sea.



Tukey, '91, stopped in
 Brunswick recently on his
 way to Boston.

Dudley and Mead, '94, are teaching
 at Pembroke.

Stone, special, who played guard on
 last year's foot-ball team has returned to college
 and will undoubtedly fill his old position on the
 team.

Haskell, formerly of '94, will enter '95.

Webber, '95, arrived on the campus last week.

Dana, '94, has returned from his vacation trip.

Charles Hastings, '91, was seen in town recently.

Lovejoy, '95, and Dewey, '95, have returned to
 college.

Thomas H. Eaton, '69, was in chapel last
 Sunday.

Mr. Files is in London writing his thesis for the
 degree of Ph.D.

Keller, of Yale, '92, addressed the Y. M. C. A.
 a week ago Sunday.

Colby, who was here last year as a special, has
 come back for another year.

The college catalogue for 1892-3 will probably
 appear about November first.

Fabyan, '93, has returned from the White Mountains, where he has been spending the summer.

The concrete dome on the Art Building is nearly
 finished. The rest of the walls are pretty well up.

R. W. Mann, '92, was seen in Brunswick, Sunday.

Judge John B. Redman was in chapel, Sunday. He was the guest of Professor Johnson.

Hunt, '91, will serve as Assistant in Biology another year and continue his course in the Medical School.

Nichols, '94, has returned after an absence of nearly a year. He will probably finish his course with '95.

Hutchinson '93, who has been spending the summer at Poland Springs, rejoined his class last week.

The Faculty gave adjourns last Saturday, and a good many of the boys went home to make up their sleep.

The cups won by the Bowdoin men in the inter-collegiate tournament last spring have been placed in the library.

Brown, '96, who was unfortunate enough to injure his shoulder at foot-ball practice, will return to college shortly.

Professor Little had a squad of Freshmen in the library recently, instructing them in the mystic lore of how to find a book.

The foot-ball team is receiving blackboard demonstrations of the game. Capt. Carleton manipulates the chalk.

Baldwin, '93, W. W. Thomas, Ross, '94, Boardman, and Stone accompanied the team to Exeter. Ross officiated as referee.

President Hyde preached the sermon at the ordination of five graduates of Andover Theological Seminary at Farmington recently.

The Faculty has sent a letter of congratulation to Lieutenant Peary, '77, on the successful accomplishment of his exploring expedition.

The foot-ball subscription list is remarkably full this year. It is a good sign as showing the increasing interest in this sport in the college.

Prof. in German: "If Hans means John, what does Hanschen mean?" A bright Soul(e) among the Sophomores, suddenly inspired: "Johnson."

The Sophomore French division is reading "Le Cid." The men are rejoicing over two unexpected adjourns, caused by the faulty draught of the omnipotent stove.

Professor Robinson is the Junior class officer this year. Several signs have already been removed and pictures "turned toward the wall" in anticipation of an early visit.

Brown, '96, on account of his recent injury, tendered his resignation to the class as captain of the '96 foot-ball eleven. Smith was elected captain in his stead.

At the first meeting of the Fraternity Club of Portland, held at the residence of Judge Putnam, '55, President Hyde read a paper on "The Church of the Future."

The workmen still linger fondly round old Maine Hall. The wood-work has been oiled, and they have begun to oil the bricks, thus making the outside more presentable.

Goodell, the Business Manager of the ORIENT, has resigned his position, and B. L. Bryant, '95, has been elected to take his place, Goodell taking the Personal Editorship.

At a meeting of the Foot-Ball Association in Lower Memorial last Thursday, Bagley, '94, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Daua's resignation as second director.

Says a recent alumnus: "I think the tribute to the beloved Whittier, published in a recent issue of the ORIENT, a credit to the ORIENT and its college. It speaks from the heart and is true."

On account of the large size of the division taking Junior Biology, it has been divided for laboratory work into two parts, which take turns in remaining for the two hours' manipulation of the microscope.

C. S. F. Lincoln, '91, returned to Brunswick, Sunday. He and Cilley, '91, have just returned from Germany. Charles says he hasn't had the cholera yet, but was run in as a cholera suspect on the Austrian frontier.

The foot-ball team, on their return from Exeter, found a large crowd awaiting them. The surplus enthusiasm was expended in various yells and a huge bonfire in front of the chapel. Despeaux was not heard from.

Linscott, '92, visited the campus recently. Hastings, '91, has also been spending a few days in Brunswick on his way to Johns Hopkins University, where he is taking a post-graduate course in History and Political Science.

Howard of '93, Bliss, Briggs, Flood, DeMott, Smiley, Lord, Libby, and Merritt of '94, Badger, Boyd, Churchill, Bryant, and Woodbury of '95, and Bates, Clough, and Gilpatrick of '96, attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Augusta.

The Jury met a couple of weeks ago and organized with Machan as foreman, and Chapin, Δ K E,

Secretary; the other members are Leighton, Θ Δ X, Allen, Z Ψ, Ingraham, Ψ Y, Wilbur, '94, Buck, *ωνδεν*, Hicks, '95, Small, A Δ Φ, and Bates, '96. They decided to suspend any man who shall hereafter interfere with the Freshmen.

Constant additions are being made to the library both through gifts and by purchase. Among the larger gifts recently received, two are worthy of especial mention. The family of Rev. Calvin Chapman, of Kennebunkport, have presented fifty valuable volumes on Theology to the college, and Rev. E. H. Downing, D.D., of Davenport, Iowa, is the donor of a choice selection of works relating to the Episcopal church and its doctrines.

The following alumni and visitors were present at the various fraternity initiations last Friday evening: A Δ Φ, Prof. Robinson, Prof. Moody; Thomas, '85; Spinney, '89; Packard, '91. Δ K E, Burleigh, '87; Lane, '87; Cummings, '90; Smith, '91; Hanson, Colby, '95; Pearce, Colby, '95; Lamprey, Colby, '94. Z Ψ, Plummer, '87; Staples, '89; Thompson, Tolman, Dunn, Spillane, '90; Erskine, '91. Θ Δ X, Ridlon, '91; Hodgdon, '92; Steinis, Brown, '90; Pattison, Tufts, '92. Ψ Y, Prof. Honghton, Giveen, '63; Dr. Ford, '85; Tolman, '88; Dr. Parker, '88; Allen, '90; Hunt, '91.

All students who believed in the principles of the Democratic party were requested to meet last Thursday in Lower Memorial Hall to organize a Democratic Club. Between thirty and forty answered this call, and enthusiastically agreed to form such an organization. Mr. Bagley called the meeting to order, and a temporary organization was effected, composed of Bagley, Chairman, and Ingraham, Secretary. A committee consisting of Plaisted, Clifford, and Stevens, was appointed to draw up a constitution and call a future meeting for permanent organization. After listening to ringing speeches by Ingraham, Simpson, and Plaisted, the meeting adjourned with hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and Miss Ruth.

The foot-ball management reports that the annual subscription amounts to fully as much as was expected, and that they hope to collect the greater part of it at once. The expected trainer has not yet arrived, and there seems to be some doubt as to whether one will be obtained. Professor Whittier's untiring efforts in behalf of the team are having a marked effect, and Carleton's ability both as a player and captain are of course beyond dispute; still, if the Association is financially able to get a coach, even for only a week or two, the team

could not fail to be benefited thereby. The team will be composed of good material, and it seems only right that everything should be done to give them the best possible training.

The subjects for the third themes of the term are as follows: Juniors: 1. Bribery in Elections. 2. What Advantage Do Open-Air Sports Have Over Gymnasium Work? 3. The Death of Lord Tennyson. Sophomores: 1. The Significance of Columbus Day. 2. The Delta on a Fall Afternoon. 3. In What Ways Does a Good College Paper Benefit its College? Themes are due on or before Wednesday, October 26th.

Following is a list of the men initiated by the different fraternities last Friday: A Δ Φ, George C. DeMott, '94; J. S. Burnham, H. W. Coburn, R. W. Leighton, Earl H. Lyford, G. T. Ordway, J. E. Pearson, '95. Δ K E. A. Quimby, '95; W. S. Bass, T. D. Bailey, J. H. Bates, Chase Eastman, Preston Keyes, C. W. Marston, C. P. Merrill, J. C. Minot, E. R. Warren. Θ Δ X, Philip Dana, W. W. Fogg, A. A. French, C. M. Brown, A. G. Hebb, Robert Newbegin, R. E. Soule, C. T. Stone. Z Ψ, W. W. Robinson, Bert S. Willard, J. N. Haskell, F. C. Peaks, Henry Oakes. Ψ Y, Charles A. Brown, Jr., F. C. Dane, Stirling Fessenden, J. H. Libby, H. W. Owen, Jr., H. H. Pierce, Fred B. Smith, J. B. Thompson, Walter M. Williams.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

FOOT-BALL CALENDAR.

Oct.	12	Boston English High School,	at Brunswick.
"	15	Colby,	Brunswick.
"	21	West Roxbury Athletic,	Brunswick.
"	22	Andover,	Andover.
"	26	Boston Athletic,	Boston.
"	29	Tufts,	Brunswick.
Nov.	5	Colby, or some other team,	Waterville, Brunswick.
"	9	Tufts,	Boston.
"	10	Boston University,	Boston.
"	11 or 12	Brown University,	Providence.

Bowdoin, 26; Phillips Exeter, 4.

On Saturday, October 1st, Bowdoin's foot-ball team played at Exeter its first game for the season and won a substantial victory, easily beating Exeter by a score of 26 to 4, and avenging its defeat of last fall.

In the first half the Bowdoin scored 14 points on touchdowns by Stevens, Sykes, and Carleton, Carleton also kicking one goal. In the second half the Exeter men played a better game and, by hard rushes, Thomas, Exeter's captain, scored a single touchdown. Then came Bowdoin's turn again, and touchdowns were scored by Payson and Carleton, the latter kicking two goals. Then Thomas, by a long rush, carried the ball to within 10 yards of Bowdoin's goal, but was unable to make a touchdown. The score:

BOWDOIN.	EXETER.
Ridley.	Right End.
Kimball, G. L.	Right Tackle.
Thomas, E.	Right Guard.
Shay.	Centre.
Bates.	Left Guard.
Stevens.	Left Tackle.
Quimby.	Left End.
Fairbanks.	Quarter Back.
Payson.	{ Half Backs.
Sykes.	{
Carleton.	Full Back.

Barton.	
Baumer.	
Van Lengeu.	
Twombly.	
Smith, H. A.	
Holmes.	
Hollister.	
Pillsbury.	
Kent.	
Thomas.	
Gage.	
Connor.	

Score—Bowdoin, 26; Exeter, 4. Touchdowns—Stevens, Carleton (2), Thomas, Sykes, Payson. Goals from Touchdowns—Carleton (3). Umpire—Ross, '94, Bowdoin College. Referee—Dr. Dixi Crosby.

The playing of our team was excellent throughout, and showed that the eleven was made up of good material. From the results of this first game it is safe to predict that our record in foot-ball this year will be one to bring credit to the college. The work of the team seems to be appreciated by the college in general, as the Foot-Ball Association is receiving much better financial support than in years past.

A careful estimate has been made of the expense necessary for playing the rest of the games which have been arranged, and it is believed that we shall come out square if every man pays his subscription. This should be attended to as soon as possible.

'Ninety-five, 36; Brunswick High School, 10.

This game was played on the delta, October 8th. After a good deal of unnecessary delay, owing to the inability to find men, a picked eleven from '95 lined up against the Brunswick High School.

'95 had the ball and formed a V. The ball was passed to Fairbanks, who, at the first rush scored a touchdown, from which a goal was kicked. The first half was twenty minutes, in which '95 scored twenty, while the Brunswicks were only able to get four. The next half added sixteen more to '95's score and six to Brunswicks. For '95 the backs did good work, and Furbish and Dunning

did excellent work for the Brunswicks. Score 36-10. The teams lined up as follows:

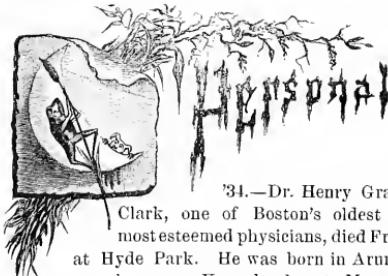
'NINETY-FIVE.		BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL.	
Simpson.	Left End.	Gage.	
Hicks.	Left Tackle.	Thompson.	
Dewy.	Left Guard.	Toothaker.	
Dennison.	Center.	Worthley.	
Jackson.	Right Guard.	Allsopp.	
Soule.	Right Tackle.	Gould.	
Stetson.	Right End.	Perkins.	
Shaw.	Quarter Back.	Hubbard.	
Knowlton, { R.	Half Backs.	R. { Dunning.	
Stubbs, { L.		L. { Furbish.	
Fairbanks.	Full Back.	Edwards.	

Ross, '94, was referee, and Plaisted, '94, was umpire.



Mr. F. A. Keller, Yale, '92, Traveling Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement for the present college year, spent Saturday and Sunday, October 1st and 2d, with our Association. This was Mr. Keller's first visit of the season. From Bowdoin he went to New Brunswick, then he visits the colleges of Canada, and on his return through Maine visits the other colleges of our State. He will spend the remainder of the college year in work among the colleges of the eastern part of the United States. His purpose in these visitations is to strengthen the volunteer bands already existing and to form new bands where none now exist. Two meetings were held while Mr. Keller was with us,—one Saturday evening and one immediately after chapel, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Keller is an earnest Christian, and being himself a volunteer for the foreign field, he feels the needs of the cause and presents these needs in a forcible and impressive manner. Although we have no volunteers here, and none were led, through Mr. Keller's influence, to pledge themselves to go as missionaries to foreign lands, yet we feel that his visit has helped the Association by increasing our interest in missionary work as well as in leading us to do better work in our own Association.

Before this number of the ORIENT reaches its readers the State Convention will be a thing of the past. We are planning to send seventeen or eighteen men to Augusta to attend its meetings, and hope to greatly increase our knowledge of the best methods of Association work and to receive much spiritual good from the coming in contact with earnest Christian men.



'34.—Dr. Henry Grafton

Clark, one of Boston's oldest and mostesteemed physicians, died Friday at Hyde Park. He was born in Arundel, now known as Kennebunkport, Me., May 14, 1814, and graduated at the Medical School of Maine in 1834. The same year he began practice in Boston, and continued until about two years ago. He was a very successful physician, and his ability was recognized by the city, which he served for twenty years as city physician. He also served in the Massachusetts General Hospital for twenty-five years, being contemporaneous with Drs. Warren, Bigelow, Cabot, and Bowditch. During the cholera epidemics of 1848-'49 he had charge of the hospital where they were treated. He published a book on cholera and on yellow fever, and in the *Boston Journal* recently an interesting interview with him, describing the cholera past and present, was published. He was the first physician to define the difference between ship fever and yellow fever.

'38.—Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the brother of the poet, died at the Maine General Hospital, October 3d. He was for some time a member of this college, but a non-graduate, going from here to Harvard.

'68.—The marriage is announced of John A. Hinckley to Miss Minnie Tolford, a graduate of Wellesley. The marriage takes place Tuesday, October 11th. The bride and groom are both residents of Gorham, Me.

'70.—Alonzo G. Whitman has been appointed Professor of Biology in Chicago University.

'75.—Dr. Myles Standish has been appointed Instructor in Ophthalmology in the Harvard Medical School.

'77.—On September 28, 1892, Frank Hobert Hargraves married Miss Nellie Maria Lord, of West Buxton, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Hargraves will live in West Buxton, where Mr. Hargraves has for several years been connected with the Saco River Woolen Company.

'80.—The following is taken from a notice of A. M. Edwards in a Pittsfield paper: "In consid-

ering the record of this latest year added to the history of our public schools, we desire to congratulate the pupils, the teachers, and all citizens on having at the head of the school a real superintendent. Ayres M. Edwards has had one year in which to show his capabilities, and has acquitted himself most satisfactorily. He found the public schools running in an unsystematic and shiftless sort of a way, and quietly set to work to bring about the reform which he saw was so greatly needed. He has established a system and a standard in the training school, under which none but thoroughly competent teachers can be graduated. Superintendent Edwards has raised the standard of scholarship as well as that of teaching, and the influence of his good work will long be felt. He has proven himself just the man for the place, and Pittsfield is to be congratulated that he is to continue the position he fills so well."

'85.—The ordination of Mr. F. W. Davis to the ministry, took place at Cumberland Centre last Friday afternoon. The sermon was by Professor Chapman of Bowdoin College. The installation services were in the evening with a sermon by Professor Sewall of Bangor Theological Seminary.

'85.—Dr. Ford is assistant demonstrator of Histology in Boston University.

'88.—A. C. Dresser has resigned his position as superintendent of schools in Rockland to accept the principalship of Bridgton Academy.

'89.—M. L. Kimball has returned to his old home at Norway, Maine.

'90.—Thomas S. Spillane was admitted to the bar of the Androscoggin S. J. Court, Saturday. He will occupy the former Savage & Oakes office in Savings Bank Block, Lewiston.

'90.—George B. Chandler has resigned his position of head master of the Milford (Mass.) High School, to accept a position with the publishing house of Ginn & Co. He will have charge of a part of the high school work of New York State. His city address is 70 Fifth Avenue.

'90.—Gilbert B. Littlefield is editor of the *Biddeford Standard*.

'90.—W. E. Cummings is practicing medicine in Dexter.

'90.—O. W. Turner is at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

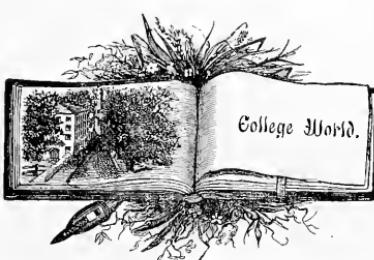
'92.—Parcher is teaching school at Biddeford Pool.

'92.—C. L. Stacey is principal of the Princeton (Me.) High School.

'91.—Lincoln and Cilley have just arrived home from Europe. They have been bicycling on the continent all summer, and report a fine vacation. From a recent letter of Fes Lincoln's to one of the students, after brushing off the cholera bacilla (the letter is dated Dresden, September 9th), we make the following extract: "From Flushing, Holland, we went to Bruges, Belgium, a quaint, interesting old city. It was the first really old-time looking city we were in, although all the Dutch towns are old enough, and quaint in their way; and we enjoyed prowling round the little narrow streets. We have since seen a much finer specimen of a mediæval town in Neuremberg. From Bruges we rode to Antwerp, where we were delayed for four days, as Jno. was laid up with a lame ankle. The gallery in Antwerp is fine, but as a city there is not much to see there. From Antwerp, as the Belgian roads were very bad, in the western part at least, we took the train to Landau in the province Liege, and from there had good roads. We rode to Achen, and from there to Cöln, and thence right up the Rhine to Coblenz, where we made a side trip up the "blue Mose!" to Trier, where are very interesting Roman ruins. From Coblenz we rode up the Rhine to Bingen, crossed the river to see the magnificent German National Monument which stands on a hill high above the river, and rode to Wiesbaden, and then back to Mainz. Carr and Arnold met us at Coblenz and staid with us some time, but they both had hired French wheels, and they did not work well at all, so they finally had to leave us. From Mainz we rode to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and from there over a fine old Roman road to Damstadt, and from there to Worms, thence to Heidelberg, then through Carlsruhe to Freiberg and up through the Schwarzwald to Titi See and St. Blasien, and down the Alphthal to the Rhein, and along that to Basel, where we entered Switzerland. We made a tour of three weeks and covered a pile of territory. From Basel we rode to Bern, from Bern to Morat, and took boat for Neufchâtel; rode to Lansanne and took boat to Geneva. We sent our wheels to Marhgrey and went up to Chamounix by train and stage, walked over two glaciers, Bosson and Mere de Glace; climbed two small mountains for the fine views, and then walked over the Col de Balin to Martigny in the Rhone valley. Went up the St. Bernard Pass and spent the night at the Hospice, and came back next day. Rode up the Rhone valley to Visp, left the wheels and tramped up to Zermatt. Spent the night on the Riffelberg, and climbed up the

Gomergrat at three in the morning, and saw the sun rise from that point, the grandest sight I ever saw or ever expect to, in this world at least. You will get all this with affecting details when I get home. From Visp we had an almost continued coast of twenty-two miles, a pleasant part of the trip, and brought up at Altdorf, the town of William Tell, Esq., near the beautiful Lake Uri, a part of the Vierwaldstätte See. We rode the length of Lake Uri, nine miles, over the Axenstrasse, celebrated for its beautiful views. From Brunnen took boat to Lucerne. Made a side trip to Interlaken and surrounding territory, and then rode through to Zurich and Constance, and came back into the good old Deuchland. Rode to Munich, via Ulm and Augsburg, thence to Neuremberg, and then here (Dresden).

'92.—E. D. Osborne is principal of Conway (Mass.) High School.



Knox College now has the youngest college president in the United States.

RENOVI.

Hark! Hark! They're on a lark.
Collegians have come to town,
Some with bags, and some with "jags,"
But none in cap and gown.

—*Brunonian.*

Amherst is to have new laboratories to cost \$100,000. The building is to be delivered by the contractors on or before August 1, 1893.

The course in the Harvard Medical School has been extended from three to four years, the change to go into effect this fall.

After June, 1893, no one will be admitted to Harvard Law School without examinations.

Yale has received over \$2,000,000 in gifts and bequests during the past year.

President John, of DePauw University, has the following to say to those entering college: "You

must breathe the vivifying atmosphere of college if you would expand in intellectual life. After all, the case rests with you. The professor is nothing to you unless you are something to him. Books will do nothing for you if you do not give to them in turn. Laboratories will be no better than your father's barns, if you are imprisoned within them as the horse is tied to his stall."

What a "razzle-dazzle" send-off some of the college papers give the opening of the college year. For instance, the local editor of the *Delphic* bids himself of his exuberance thusly:

§ §.

1892.

Rip! zah! rah! zoo!

I'm an old one, who are you?

New faces, perturbed, bashful.

Old one anxious, eager, !!!'s.

"Have you seen the new profs?"

"Such beautiful mustaches they have!"

The Harvard *Crimson* urges the members of the two lower classes to start a reform at that university by ignoring the annual rush. It truthfully says: "A rush consists of a childish hand-to-hand conflict between two sets of men, raising uproar and confusion for above an hour, disturbing the peace and attracting to the yard a crowd of muckers and loafers." This same agitation is going on in many colleges as reformatory ideas are springing up. At Bowdoin the only "free fight," for that is what these cane rushes really are, is her horn concert, and the enthusiasm which was displayed this year in that discordant celebration, goes to show that such things are on the wane at Bowdoin.

THE COLLEGE LIE.

Ere the merry foot-ball season,
We are told of half-backs tall,
And of mighty guards and tackles,
Who will enter in the fall.
And when spring-time with its verdure
Gladdens all the landscape round.
We are told that wondrous pitchers
On our diamond will be found.

Oh, it meets us on the campus,
It is with us in the field,
Unto it when in the class-room
Recitations oft must yield.
From it there is no escaping,
To no refuge can we fly,
For it is always with us,
Is the omnipresent college lie.

—Lehigh Burr.

Ground has been broken at Hanover on the new athletic field presented to Dartmouth College by the alumni.

By mutual agreement between all the faculty and officers of the University of Chicago now on hand, the uniform appellation of "Mr." has been adopted in mutual intercourse, thus doing away with all doubts and mistakes as to the proper title of any man connected with the institution. This is rather a socialistic idea for the new university to start in with.

FOR THE PIPE.

No money or pains have been spared in the selection and manufacture of

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 26, 1892.

No. 8.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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On October 21st the whole country kept holiday to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the coming of Columbus. Orators and poets glorified his name and apostrophized the magnitude of his work. The Church claims him as a religious enthusiast, eager to bear the cross into new regions of the world and to spread the gospel among peoples unknown. The patriotism of the countries of his birth and his adoption, as well as of those which occupy the lands of his discovery hail him as a great international hero, the forerunner of empire, the progenitor, though unawares, of liberty.

Stronger than the claims of Religion and of Patriotism upon the memory of the great navigator is the claim of Education. Columbus was one of the leaders of that sublime awakening of thought in Europe known as the Renaissance. From the thrall-dom of impotent speculation and of superstition, which bound the scholars of the Middle Ages he was one of the first to break away. He set the example of doing and daring which thenceforth were to be the ruling principles of scientific investigation that should revolutionize the learning and, through the learning, the civilization of the world.

It was therefore eminently fitting that

the schools of the country should lead in the celebration of this anniversary. Let religion be promoted by remembrance of the faith which led the daring sailor through untold hardships to the accomplishment of his purpose. Let patriotism be awakened by thoughts of the glorious country that he has given to us. But above all let his life-work be remembered as the spirit and the symbolism of modern learning which has to do not so much with the search among the crumbling ruins of antiquity as with the crossing of unknown seas and the discovery of new worlds.

ABOUT two weeks ago Mr. Crocker, a former Amherst captain, came to coach our eleven. A marked improvement was almost immediately noticed. The greatest gain probably has been made in blocking, something in which we have always been weak. The improvement was first observed in the Colby game, when not much strength was wasted in going through the line because such enormous gains could be made round the ends, the runner being guarded in the most artistic manner.

However much we may deplore the necessity for salaried trainers in college athletics, it is nevertheless certain that no college which pretends to put a team of any kind in the field can do without a coacher; and, since the best coaches command high pay, it is usually necessary to pay for the training of the team, or put up with inferior and desultory coaching, which no college that expects to make a show in athletics can afford to do.

A writer in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, commenting upon the loss of athletic prestige at Harvard, clearly shows that what the university has lacked for its teams is coaches who would devote their entire time to the service; in other words the right men under sufficient salaries to provide for a more

thorough and systematic instruction. What Mr. Camp has done for Yale perhaps Mr. Cumnock could accomplish for Harvard, but it can be expected only when he makes a like specialty of the work,—when he becomes practically professor of foot-ball at Harvard.

If Bowdoin is to take a permanent stand in foot-ball among the colleges of her rank, it seems almost imperative that some stable arrangement should be made by which a coacher of known ability can commence work with the team in the beginning of the fall term. If the trainer could be engaged the season before, or better still, if a more permanent contract could be made by which he could be depended upon from year to year, much delay and uncertainty would be prevented, and the results would be worth the trouble.

IT IS said that there is some hope of a Senior Vacation this year in case the Junior class consents to change the date of Ivy Day to make the time of the two vacations identical. This it would seem is the only solution of the difficulty, since the Faculty evidently intend to crowd the maximum of work into every term. It is in effect a shortening of the vacation by about a week. The Juniors will probably see it for their interest to make this change, and by modifying the existing order of things preserve for themselves and other classes the time-honored Senior Vacation.

WTHE recent establishment at Bowdoin of a chapter of the semi-secret fraternity Delta Upsilon makes our list of Greek-letter societies six. An attempt was made in 1857 to found a chapter of D. U. here, but with poor success. The chapter never took in but twenty-four men. These were from four classes. It expired in 1862, either on account of the war, as our contributor suggests, or,

as is more probable since it seems to have ceased increasing before the war commenced, it never gained a sufficient foothold in the college to stand up against the other societies. Even in its short existence, however, there were names on its roll that any society might have been proud of. The outlook for the new chapter is certainly more encouraging than that of its progenitor, as judged by its early fate. Although we do not believe in the wisdom of starting a new chapter here, yet, with men of energy and ability, it will probably be able to continue its organization if the college increases every year and no new factor enters into the problem. As a large proportion of the chapter consists of men who have just entered college it is impossible as yet to predict much concerning its strength. There is some doubt, moreover, whether it has the field to itself. If another baby makes its appearance this year we rather expect to see a struggle for existence, as there is hardly enough milk in the bottle for two.

We hope the older fraternities will give the new comer a fair show. The D. U.'s intend to meet others on the footing of gentlemen and should receive a like gentlemanly consideration. The Freshmen have already done the right thing in giving the new chapter the compliment of Class President. The other classes should see that it is given a just share of the honors. If it is really going to exist here among us let it be one of us.

IN LOOKING over the foot-ball news of the country we keep running across familiar names. The name of Hastings appears as left guard on Brown. As we understand that Bob is taking a post-graduate course at Brown, we take it for granted that his researches are of an athletic nature. Our friends will find him the same invincible

in the line as he was on Bowdoin's first football team.

Harvard always had a fancy for Tukey, '91, so upon seeing his name on the list of Harvard's first eleven, as left tackle, we cannot suppose otherwise than that "Tuke," notwithstanding his hesitation, has consented to run over from the Medical School occasionally to help the boys out.

That is not all. Noticing that West Point had a team in the field, we looked to see if our old classmate Stacy was true to his calling, for, though he has been a military man only a few months, he was a foot-ball player always. We were not surprised to see his name. He is playing Right End for Uncle Sam. We can imagine him in the thickest of the fray, always in the vicinity of the ball, and can almost hear again the familiar "daown," which, about here, used to be synonymous with "first down for Bowdoin." Truly our strong men are in demand.

Told in the Starboard Watch.

THE sun has dropped hazily beneath the horizon, leaving behind him a glow of rich, red and gold that betokens a pleasant day to-morrow; over there in the east a timid flush of light shows where the lovely Night Queen is delaying, ere she comes forth to hold court over this little sphere; the stars come into sight, one by one, as if responding to some celestial roll-call; and over the sea has fallen that gentle, and almost awful, serenity of grandeur which follows a fair sunset. As we, my friend and myself, stand on the quarter-deck of the big ice-laden schooner, watching, with thoughtful eyes, the sublime picture, and noting the regular rise and fall of our jib-boom, as we glide over the swelling bosom of the Atlantic, no sound, save the harsh creaking of blocks and the moan of the wind through the taut cordage,

breaks upon the silence of Nature. For a few moments even the strident voice of the first officer, who is getting the vessel into shape for the night, is strangely softened, and the 'fore-the-mast' hands do their duties with but little of their ringing sea-song and wonted joviality.

Suddenly, however, a commotion arises forward, and, in a moment, a stalwart son of Norway comes swinging aft to take his "trick" at the wheel. He takes his place and repeats the series of growls uttered by his predecessors, which proves to be our course on this tack (south-east by east, one-half east), and, in another second, "eight bells" is ringing out from the big bell at the main-mast foot. We landsmen consult our time-pieces as the starboard watch comes noisily on deck, and find that, as they would say in Boston, it is 8 o'clock P.M.

With a cordial "Good-night, gentlemen," the captain goes below to his cabin to seek his well-earned repose. The first officer comes aft, takes a look aloft, cast another astern, glances sharply at the compass in the glowing binnacle, mutters something about the wind, and greeting us nervously as we sit on the house, smoking, goes hurriedly forward to have "that blankety, blank, blank, spanker tops'l set straight."

With his departure my friend and I fall to dreaming, and our thoughts stray backward to our old school and college friends. And we wonder where they all are, and what they are doing; if Jack X. is married yet; whether or not Tom J. still teaches a country school and wears his hose the year round like a through train, "without change"; or if "the Count" is rolling in wealth and children; and if Fred is yet mayor of the Windy City.

Thus we muse till my companion says abruptly: "You remember Billy Moody. Did I ever tell you of his life at the M—— University? No? Well, get a fresh Garcia and I'll tell you about him now."

With a fragrant weed we curl down in the lea of the after house, and my friend proceeds with his narrative.

"Although Billy Moody was not in your class, Tom, you, of course remember him. You recall how magnificently he took many a 'dead' in the class-room, and how splendidly his athletic form showed up in the 'gym.' Billy was not a smart scholar, but his brain was one of the brightest, and his heart the truest of the many good men sent forth from our *Alma Mater*.

"When Billy was in his Senior year, and was gayly toying with the mysteries of Psychology and 'Poly Con,' he was in the very prime of his muscular development. He looked an Apollo Belvedere in the flesh; and he was as good and true and as gentle and brave as he was strong and agile. Billy did not neglect his studies, but his brain was intensely active, and, like all men of a highly nervous temperament, he hated to be bound by the narrow limits of a book cover. So he did considerable 'sliding' in his class work, while his general knowledge on many subjects was broad and valuable.

"Billy was not a 'ladies' man,' and he did not seek the company of femininity in general, but in his Junior year he became fatally, yes, fatally, in love with Miss Isabel Whittredge, whom you well remember as the belle of our little college town.

"But, although Billy was handsome, and could be a brilliant conversationalist when he chose, Miss Whittredge did not fancy him, and, in fact, on several occasions openly snubbed him. This was torture to a man of his disposition, but, notwithstanding a galling sense of defeat and humiliation, he struggled blindly on.

"Thus things went on for a year, Billy doing his best to win his lady's regard, and getting horribly snubbed therefor. At last a climax was reached. He and I were one day strolling through a sylvan 'lovers' lane,' a place much frequented by towns-people

and students, when, as we were seated on a log by the roadside, breathing great draughts of the spicy aroma of the pines, we heard voices near at hand. We were seated a few feet from the pathway, where we could plainly see the passers-by but could not, in turn, be readily noted by them.

"We sat still, therefore, and, in a moment, Miss Whittredge and a lady friend came sauntering slowly by, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Billy's big hand gripped my arm hard, and we sat silently and listened till they had passed out of hearing. Miss Whittredge was talking in unguarded tones in evident reply to some remark made by her friend.

"'Well, I don't care,' she was saying, 'some men make me tired. There's that Mr. Moody, for instance. He is absolutely good for nothing but feats of strength. A mere magnificent brute. All muscle and no brain. I declare, I fairly despise such creatures.'

"I was completely paralyzed, and dared not look at Billy. Finally I felt his grasp loosen, and, turning, I looked into a face that I shall never forget, so full was it of agony and reproach and utter hopelessness.

"'Let's go, Tom,' he said in a moment, and, as we walked slowly homeward, he spoke not a word. When we had reached the seclusion of our room at the college 'end' I would have burst forth with a tempest of invective against the thoughtless woman, but Billy stopped me.

"'Not a word, my boy,' said he, very gently but very firmly. 'It's hard, but I mean to show her that my strength is good for something, and give the lie to her words. Oh, my God, Tom! 'a magnificent brute';'" and then he bowed his handsome head on the table top and there I left him.

.....
"It was Wednesday of the week preceding Commencement, just a month from the time of our unhappy eavesdropping episode

in the woods. On this Wednesday afternoon, just as Miss Isabel Whittredge stepped into her brougham at her house on Gay Street, on her way up town, Billy Moody left No. 10 South Smith Hall on his way down town.

"The brougham, with its fair occupant, drew slowly along till it reached the point where the tracks of the M. N. & O. R. R. cross the street. You remember the place; the short deep cut, and the sharp curve at the end of it. Well the brougham had just gotten fairly on to the tracks when down went the road gate with a bang, preventing the forward passage of the vehicle, while at the same instant the 6.15 express whistled in, just east of the curve.

"The gate you remember is controlled from the signal tower one hundred yards away down the track, and the signal man with his other duties did not notice the entrapped carriage. But Billy, just coming over the hill, had seen it and dashed to the rescue.

"The coachman turned his horses half round and lashed them furiously, thinking to thus return the way he came, when crash! The rear wheels of the brougham had stuck fast in the track grooves, and the sudden furious spring of the horses had broken the forward axle in two, thus clearing the front wheels and seat from the track, but leaving the body of the affair stuck fast in the path of the on-coming train.

"The coachman was dragged down the road by the infuriated animals. Few people were on the quiet old street and only Billy dashing madly on saw the danger.

"Miss Whittredge struggled wildly to get a door open, but in vain. In tipping, the whole carriage had been so strained and wrenched that both doors and windows held fast.

"The express rolled on. The engineer whistled and made every endeavor to stop

the heavy coaches; but the distance was too short and the train slid swiftly and mercilessly over the slippery rails.

"And now where was Billy? Ah, never fear for him. With tremendous leaps he gained the track, took in the situation instantly, and stopping for naught stepped directly in front of the approaching express and bent low by the brougham. One mighty effort, such as only he out of all his fellows could have called forth, and with one heave of those sinewy arms the brougham was sent rolling from the track bearing within Miss Whittredge, fainting and bruised, but saved from a fearful death.

"But alas for that brave heart that so nobly rescued her. In that tremendous throw he lost his balance and fell on his knees. When half turning to rise, and dazed by the uproar of it all, the pilot of the locomotive struck out the life from that manly body, and laid him lifeless on the bank full ten rods away.

"There we found him a few seconds later. Not a cut or scratch on him. Only an ugly black mark on the right temple to show how he met his death.

"Ahem! how the fog fills one's eyes and throat, Tom. Well, we took him up tenderly and only I knew that in his death he was happiest, and only I could account for the emtroubled look which the dear dead face bore.

"I never saw Miss Whittredge again. Two years ago she was still single and"— "Eight bells, sir," repeats the man at the wheel, and again, ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding, peals out the big voice at the main-mast.

My friend ceases speaking. After a pause of some minutes he says, "Come, let's turn in, it's twelve o'clock," and therewith descends to his state-room. I look above. The glow in the west has gone; the silver moon now hangs high overhead; the breeze is

freshening, and out astern rolls a wake of phosphorescent flame marking our passage over the crystal wave-world. And as I look musingly at these gifts of the Creator to man, my heart dwells on those sweet lines of the poet,

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

A slight bustle forward; the starboard watch is going below. The second officer gives me a cheery "Good-morning, Sir," as he steps to the quarter-deck, and taking the hint, I, too, go down for my "watch below."

Delta Upsilon.

DTHE fifty-eighth annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, held with the Colby Chapter, at Waterville, Me., October 12th, 13th, and 14th, afforded a grand opportunity to secure a charter for a Bowdoin chapter. A splendid programme was carried out in Waterville, participated in by distinguished D. U. men, among whom were Presidents E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown, and Beniah L. Whitman, of Colby.

The Convention rejected Swathmore, advised Chicago University to wait a year, and received Bowdoin into fellowship. The Bowdoin Chapter died grandly in 1861, when she gave her gallant sons to the war of 1861-5.

Among the alumni of the old chapter we have the Hon. E. P. Loring, president of the Boston Bowdoin Alumni Association, who strongly recommended the Convention to restore the Bowdoin charter.

The Convention adjourned from Waterville via Lewiston and Poland Springs to the Falmouth House, Portland, on Friday evening, October 14th, where 125 Delta Upsilon men came together for an excellent time.

The Bowdoin men were initiated early in the evening, and later the Falmouth served one of her best banquets.

Delegates and graduates from the following colleges and universities participated: Williams, Union, Hamilton, Amherst, Adelbert, Colby, Bowdoin, Rochester, Middlebury, Rutgers, Brown, Colgate, New York, Cornell, Marietta, Syracuse, Northwestern, Michigan, Harvard, Wisconsin, Lafayette, Columbia, Lehigh, Tufts, De Pauw, Minnesota, Technology.

Maine's greeting to the Fraternity was given in a choice speech by the Hon. E. F. Webb, Colby, '60. Other entertaining speakers responded to toasts, and all regretted the absence of U. S. Attorney-General W. H. H. Miller, Harvard, '61, in response to "The Statesman of To-morrow."

The Bowdoin initiates were: H. E. Bryant, Charlie E. Merritt, James E. Lombard, A. U. Ogilvie, George C. Littlefield, '94; A. G. Axtell, H. B. Russ, '95; H. R. Blodgett, Robert O. Small, J. Edwin Frost, Howard Gilpatrick, O. Perley Ward, Herbert O. Clough, Ernest M. Davis, Samuel Ackley, '96. H. L. McCann, '93, is a member of the Colby Chapter.

Delta Upsilon is founded upon Dikia Upotheka; strives for mutual benefit for her members, fraternal and harmonious good-fellowship for all.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Reason.

Heavy eyelids,
Looks disgusted,
Lots of students
Broke and busted;
"Deads" abounding,
Prof.'s astonished,
"Think some men must
Be admonished;"
Nightly crowds in
Shipping city,
"Kirmess,"—that tells
Why this ditty.

From Our Point of View.

If, when Columbus sailed the seas,
He'd moved a trifle faster,
More grateful, on our bended knees,
We'd reverence the great master.

As 'twas his slowness made the fête
In honor of him tardy;
On Friday we did celebrate,
While Thursday was our hard day.

Tennyson.

Beyond the bare, brown, distant fields
The autumn sun sinks to his rest;
His brilliant glories stain the west,
Then fade, and day to darkness yields.

On withered life and withered leaf
The gaze has rested through the day;
Now idle tears are wiped away,
At sunset comes a deeper grief.

So slowly sank the mighty light
That on men's hearts its radiance shed;
The light that quickened life is dead,
And on men's hearts there steals a night.

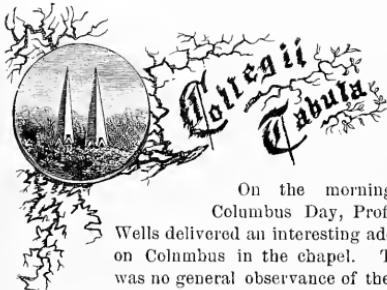
The Death-Watch.

In an old and stately mansion
There's a chamber large and low,
Where I slept, and played and studied,
Many, many years ago.
And as children often wonder
When something is not understood,
Much I marveled at a sound,
Never ceasing, in the wood,
Where ticking, ticking, through it all,
I heard the death-watch in the wall.

Children born within that room,
As the hurrying years have fled,
Have ever heard the mystic sound,
In each low wall and overhead.
And when the still and sheeted form
Lay on the curtain'd white bed there,
And all else was hushed and silent,
Save a mourner's sob or prayer,
Still ticking, ticking, through it all,
Was heard the death-watch in the wall.

In each house there is a chamber,
Be that mansion mean or fair,

Where that ceaseless sound is heard
By each one who enters there
In the day or in the night-time.
Be earth's changes what they will,
While on earth still human life is,
Mortal ear must hear alway,
Sounding its warning tick through all,
The solemn death-watch in the wall.



On the morning of Columbus Day, Professor Wells delivered an interesting address on Columbus in the chapel. There was no general observance of the day in the college, but all the classes were given adjourns and many took advantage of this opportunity to visit out of town.

Stacy, '92, was in town last week.

Jenks, '93, has returned to college.

Colby, special, has returned to college.

Brown, '96, returned to college last Wednesday.

Croswell, '91, made the college a short visit last week.

Mahoney, '91, was among those present at the Bowdoin-West Roxbury game.

The ORIENT extends its sympathy to McCann, '93, whose father died October 19th.

A verdant Freshman was recently heard to inquire if the "Congo" was the African church.

The Sophomore French division have finished "Le Cid," and are now reading Corneille's "Le Menteur."

President Hyde has a paper in the *Educational Review* for October, outlining a logical organization of American education.

Flagg, '94, has been elected *Bugle* editor by the non-society men, to take the place of Bryant, who has joined the A Y Fraternity.

So many of the students went home, Friday, to stay over Sunday, that nearly all the classes received adjourns Saturday forenoon.

Brown, '96, who was obliged to be absent from the regular initiation, was initiated into the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, last Friday night.

Professor Hutchins recently gave the Juniors an opportunity to study the sun through the large telescope, in place of the regular recitation.

The John Thomas Opera Company gave the "Village Doctor" in the Town Hall last week. A large delegation from the college attended.

Hastings, '90, is playing guard on the Brown University foot-ball team, and Tnkey, '91, is one of the promising candidates for the Harvard eleven.

Flagg, '94, has left college temporarily to take charge of a school in Princeton. He will return during the winter term. Thayer, '95, fills his place in the library.

Professor Chapman delivered an address, Columbus Day, before the Maine Historical Society in Portland. President Whitman, of Colby, was also among the speakers.

The foot-ball game, scheduled between the Boston English High School team and the Bowdoin eleven, was declared off owing to the failure of the Boston team to appear.

Not content with soaking unwary Freshmen, one of ninety-five's leaders recently succeeded in ducking a couple of upperclassmen. The experiment did not prove a success.

The foot-ball management were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Crocker, an old Amherst player, as coach, and under his training a decided improvement in the work of the team is already noticeable.

Work on the exterior of the Art building is progressing rapidly, and before the snow flies the out-of-door work will doubtless be completed. The improvements in Maine Hall are also nearing completion.

The Colby team was accompanied by quite a number of Colby undergraduates, many of them A Y men, who were returning from the initiation of the new Bowdoin Chapter, held in Portland, the evening before.

One of the ORIENT editors was recently detected wearing a hat belonging to a member of the Faculty. It seems the fit was so good that the Professor had to make out a strong argument before the journalist could be convinced of his mistake.

Nearly all the foot-ball games of the season are to be played at home and no better chance of

trying all new yells which may be proposed could be had. If you can think of any don't be backward about proposing them and having them tried.

The Freshman foot-ball team is practicing regularly and is showing considerable improvement. The date for the Sophomore-Freshman game should be fixed upon at once. It should also be decided without delay whether or not 'Varsity men shall play on class teams.

The Faculty, at a recent meeting, reconsidered their decision to do away with the accustomed Senior Vacation, and finally decided to allow the Seniors the usual two weeks, provided the Junior class agrees to have its Ivy and Field-Day exercises during that time.

The Stockbridge course of entertainments in Portland opens this week. The list of attractions is unusually attractive and include such talent as Paderewski, New York Symphony, and several operas. The Maine Central Railroad offers half fare to all holding tickets.

The foot-ball season is here, but a good college yell has not yet put in its appearance. This subject has been mentioned so often by the *ORIENT* that we hesitate to speak of it again. It seems strange that out of two hundred men not one has the ability or interest to propose a new yell.

The architect of the new Scientific building was in town last week and looked over the proposed site of the building. A preliminary draft of the plans has been received. It provides for a structure of brick and stone, three stories in height, and covering more ground than any building on the campus with the exception of the library.

The usual number of Freshmen called at the library week before last for grand stand tickets for Topsham Fair. Much to their disappointment Triangle did not trot owing, doubtless, to the absence of Professor Moody from town. The Freshmen did not even have the consolation of adjourns, but in place of mathematics were obliged to substitute additional work in French.

At a meeting of the College Democratic Club, held last Wednesday evening, the report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was accepted. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Ingraham; Vice-President, Bagley and Plaisted, '94; Secretary, Clifford, '93; Treasurer, Doherty, '95. Executive Committee Officers, Stevens, Simpson, and Libby, '94. Speeches were made by Ingraham and Haskell, '95.

Considering the lateness of the season the tennis courts the past two weeks have been well filled. While the Freshmen apparently have no crack players there are several men in the class, who, with proper training, ought to make valuable men. Colby already has men in active training for next season's tournament and expects to make a better showing than she did this. Pettigrew, '95, won the championship at Bates this fall, but, unless he improves greatly, will not be dangerous to our men next spring.

If a foot-ball game could be arranged with Dartmouth, Amherst, or Williams, it would awaken more interest in the students than any number of games against second-rate teams can possibly do. We have this year as strong an eleven as any of these colleges with the exception of Amherst, and would stand a good chance of wiping out some old scores. As far as the financial aspect is concerned, the undergraduates would willingly raise a good-sized sum if the game could be played in Brunswick.

It will be remembered that the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association held its first field-day here last spring, and that the contest for first place lay between the Brunswick High School and Bridgton Academy. In the Interscholastic games between Norway, Bridgton, Hebron, and Gould Academies, held week before last, Bridgton had to be content with fourth place, Hebron taking the lead easily. Professor Whittier was referee, Bucknam, '93, French, '95, and Wiley, '95, served as judges. French and Smith, '96, were also in attendance.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 56; Westbrook Seminary and 2d Eleven, 0.

Wednesday afternoon, October 12th, a game was advertised between Bowdoin and the English High School of Boston, on the home grounds, but for some reason the Boston men were not able to come and so the eleven from Westbrook Seminary was sent for.

At three o'clock the respective elevens lined up, Bowdoin having the lower goal and ball. They started with the customary V. Payson took the ball twenty yards. Then Carleton made a good gain, and Payson again having the ball took it over for a touchdown. Time one and one-half minutes. Carleton kicked a goal. 6-0. W. S. after gaining

at first lost the ball and Fairbanks got a touchdown from beyond the center of the field. No goal. Time five minutes. 10-0. When Bowdoin next obtained the ball, Kimball was given the ball and after advancing ten or fifteen yards, he passed it to Carleton who got a touchdown and goal. 16-0. At this point Bryant and Hebb, both of Bowdoin, were substituted on the W. S. as right tackle and left guard.

W. S. started with a V, and by good rushes brought the ball to Bowdoin's twenty yard line, the farthest they got in the game. Here Bowdoin held them, and Fairbanks taking the ball made the best run of the game and scored a touchdown. Goal. 22-0.

Soon Fairbanks got another touchdown from which a goal was kicked. Score, 28-0.

W. S. was forced to punt, and Carleton, catching the ball, made a touchdown and goal. 34-0.

After W. S. lost the ball it was passed to Sykes who made a fine rush of forty yards.

Carleton followed it up with another of twenty yards, and Payson got a touchdown. Goal. 40-0.

Time was called with the ball on Bowdoin's twenty-five-yard line.

In the next half, Crocker, the Bowdoin's coach, and Stubbs, of Bowdoin, were substituted as halfbacks on the W. S., and May on Bowdoin, as left end.

Buck took Payson's place.

W. S. gained fifteen yards by the V, but afterward fumbled the ball and Ridley getting it ran fifteen yards. Then after rushes in turn by Fairbanks, Stevens, Carleton, Buck, and Stevens, Carleton got a touchdown. Five minutes. Goal. 46-0.

Here was the work of the coach and the men substituted noticeable, but the first eleven was too much for them.

After Bowdoin obtained the ball Carleton took it thirty yards, and Buck fifteen, and then the ball was lost on downs, but it was regained before W. S. got far and Carleton got a touchdown and goal. 52-0.

W. S. gained fifteen yards by the V but lost the ball on the downs. And Carleton took it for rushes of forty and twenty yards, and Buck got a touchdown. No goal. 56-0.

Time was called after W. S. had advanced the ball a little by the V.

The teams lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN.	WESTBROOK SEMINARY AND 24 ELEVEN.
Quimby,	Left End. Stanchfield, May.
Stevens,	Left Tackle. Hallet.
Bates,	Left Guard. Huston, Hebb.

Dennison,	Center.	Coombs.
Stone,	Right Guard.	Lord.
Kimball,	Right Tackle.	Morgan, Bryant.
Ridley,	Right End.	Willard.
Fairbanks,	Quarter Back.	Ricker.
Sykes,	{ r. Half Backs.	{ Robinson, Emery.
Payson, Buck,	{ l. Full Back.	{ Merrill, Crocker.
Carleton,		Emery, Stubbs.
Referees—Crocker, Payson. Umpire—Ross. Touchdowns—Payson (2), Fairbanks (3), Carleton (4), Buck (1).		

Bowdoin, 56; Colby, 0.

At 2.40 P.M., Saturday, October 15th, Bowdoin lined up against Colby. Bowdoin had the ball and the upper goal. The customary V was formed and Carleton rushed forty yards. Carleton again made a gain and Buck scored a touchdown. Time, 1 minute. Carleton kicked the goal. Score, 6 to 0. Colby then had the ball and made five yards by the V and then lost the ball on downs. Carleton took the ball for fifteen yards and Buck got another touchdown. Time, 5 minutes. Goal. 12-0.

Colby started again with the ball but was forced to punt. The ball was caught by Sykes and carried over the line. Goal. 18-0.

Colby lost the ball on downs, and when Bowdoin had it there was a bad fumble made somewhere. But Carleton soon got a touchdown from the center of the field. No goal. Score, 22-0. Colby was held well, and was forced to punt. Quimby caught the ball and made a fine rush, and Carleton scored a touchdown and goal. 28-0.

Colby again started with the V and gained five yards. Robinson added five yards more, but Bowdoin held them and they were forced to punt. Carleton caught the ball but was able to gain only five yards. Then Stevens took the ball 15 yards. Stubbs, 20 yards, then a rush by Kimball, and a criss-cross by which Sykes gained 15 yards, and Carleton got a touchdown. Goal. 34-0.

Robinson gained 25 yards with the V, but Bowdoin held them for four downs, and then by rushes, by Buck and Kimball, carried the ball into Colby's ground. Time was called with the ball on Colby's 30 yard line in Colby's possession.

Moore, Colby's coach, was disabled in the first half, and Bearce was substituted. When Colby lined up in the second half they got 10 yards by the V, but were held and forced to punt. Buck caught the ball and rushed 15 yards. In tackling Buck, Colby got the ball.

At this point Purrrington was disabled and Lynch substituted. Colby was held, and Robinson punted. Carleton caught the ball and by good dodging, and blocking off by the backs, ran 35

yards. Then Carleton gained 10 yards more and Buck got a touchdown. 40-0

Colby gained 5 yards with the V but was again forced to punt. Buck caught the ball, but was unable to gain. Then after rushes, by Carleton and Buck, Stubbs scored a touchdown from below the center of the field. Goal. 46-0.

By good tackling by Sykes, Colby lost 4 yards, when she again started with the V, and punted. Carleton catching the ball ran 15 yards, and Stubbs followed with a touchdown. Carleton kicked the goal. 52-0.

This time Colby gained 3 yards by the V, but was held and punted. Carleton caught the ball and ran 10 yards. Then Bowdoin made a bad fumble and Colby got the ball. In tackling, Buck was injured and Mitchell was substituted. Colby couldn't gain and again resorted to punting. Carleton captured the ball but made no gain. Mitchell then ran round the left end for 30 yards, but Jordan, by a brilliant tackle, brought him to the ground. Carleton then scored a touchdown. Score, 56-0.

Colby made gain of 23 yards by the V, but was held, and when time was called the ball was on Bowdoin's 25 yard line. Time, 15 minutes. The teams lined up as follows:

Quimby,	Left End.	McLellen.
Stevens,	Left Tackle.	Riggs.
Thomas,	Left Guard.	Morse, Pearce.
Dennison,	Centre.	Gray.
Stone,	Right Guard.	Saulsbury.
Kimball,	Right Tackle.	Heit.
Ridley,	Right End.	Jordan.
Sykes,	Quarter Back.	Purrington, Lynch.
Buck, Mitchell, { r.	Half Backs.	r. J. Hopkins.
Stubbs, { l.		l. J. Hansom.
Carleton,	Full Back.	Robinson, Captain.

Score, 56-0. Touchdowns, Buck (3), Sykes (1), Carleton (4), Stubbs (2). Umpire, Ross, '94. Referee, Crocker.

Bowdoin, 38; West Roxbury, 0.

The Bowdoin eleven defeated the West Roxburys here Friday afternoon, 38 to 0, in a very interesting game. The Bowdoin men showed great strength in their plays, and the Roxburys were unable to do much against them.

Bowdoin's regular first eleven played the first half, but in the second a number of second eleven men were put in and showed up finely. The West Roxburys got the ball uncomfortably near Bowdoin's goal toward the last part of the game, but as soon as they lost the ball were hurried out of that quarter.

Both teams tackled well, but Bowdoin was superior in blocking off.

Dewey made a very pretty play in the first half, jumping over the heads of the leaders of the Roxbury V and tackling the man with the ball. Carleton, Chapman, Fairbanks, Stevens, Quimby, and Stubbs played the best game for Bowdoin, and Spaulding, Nichols, and Codmen for the Roxburys. The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Bowdoin,</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>West Roxbury.</i>
Chapman, {	Right End.	Robinson.
Ridley,		
Kimball,	Right Tackle.	{ Peters. { Atwood.
Stone,	Right Guard.	Sheppard.
Dewey, {	Center.	Manley.
Dennison.)		
Bates,	Left Guard.	Seaver.
Stevens,	Left Tackle.	{ Wallis. { Wood.
Quimby, {	Left End.	Woodworth.
Bryant,		
Fairbanks, {	Quarter Backs.	Dodge.
Pyson,		
Ridley, {	Half Backs.	{ Spaulding. { Nichols.
Stubbs,		
Mitchell, {		
Carleton, {	Full Backs.	Codmen.
Fairbanks,		

Score—Bowdoin, 38. Touchdowns—Payson, Fairbanks, Stevens (3), Ridley, Stubbs. Goals—Carleton, 5. Umpire—Waters. Referee—Crocker.

Bowdoin, 36; Andover, 0.

On Saturday, October 22d, Bowdoin added another game to her list of victories by beating Andover by a score of 36 to 0. Bowdoin played a strong game throughout, showing good team work at every point. The rushes of Carleton and Fairbanks, and the tackling of Quimby, were particularly noticeable.

In the first half Bowdoin had the ball and heavy gains were made around Andover's ends, a touchdown being scored in three minutes. After this the Bowdoin team continued to make frequent touchdowns, until at the end of the first half it had run its score up to 26, while Andover had been unable to score at all.

In the last half Andover put much more spirit into its play, but could not prevent Bowdoin from adding ten to the score. The summary is as follows:

<i>Bowdoin.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Andover.</i>
Quimby,	Left End.	Chadwell.
Stevens,	Left Tackle.	Gould.
Bates (Thomas),	Left Guard.	Murray.
Dewey (Dennison),	Centre.	Holt.
Stone,	Right Guard.	Uffenheimer.
Kimble,	Right Tackle.	Rogers.

Chapman,	Right End.	Hinkey.
Fairbanks,	Quarter Back.	A. Bliss.
Ridley, }	Half Backs.	{ Jones.
Paysor, }		{ J. Bliss.
Carleton,	Full Back.	Manning.

Score—Bowdoin, 36; Andover, 0. Touchdowns—Carleton (3), Fairbanks (2), Sikes, Stevens. Goals from touchdowns—Carleton (4). Umpire—W. L. Thompson. Referee—A. C. Crocker. Time—1 hour.

Y. M. C. A.

The twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Maine, held at Augusta, October 6-9, was one of the most enjoyable and profitable sessions ever held. Besides the Christian workers of our own State, there were also present Mr. S. A. Taggart, of New York, of the International Committee; Mr. J. L. Gordon, General Secretary of the Boston Association, and Mr. H. L. Gale, of Worcester, Mass.

The reports gave the present number of associations in the State as twenty-one, of which fifteen are in towns or cities, and six in colleges and seminaries. The college associations were represented by the following number of delegates: Bowdoin, 16; Colby, 9; Bates, 8; Maine State College, 2.

The reports of the work for the past year in the various colleges were read at the college session on Saturday afternoon. From these reports it was seen that Bowdoin had a larger number of men in college, raised more money for carrying on the work, had more committees, and seemed to have a better organization generally than the other college associations, yet we do not seem to be accomplishing any more than the others. Should we not ask ourselves why this is? Is each man doing all that he can in the line of work which the Association has marked out for him? If we hold an office, or are a member of any committee, is it not possible for us to make that office or that committee more effective? If every man would do that which he has an opportunity of doing we should see our organization accomplishing results far exceeding what it is now. There is work enough for all to do, and each one has a work that no one else can do for him; so if only a few take hold of the work much must necessarily remain undone.

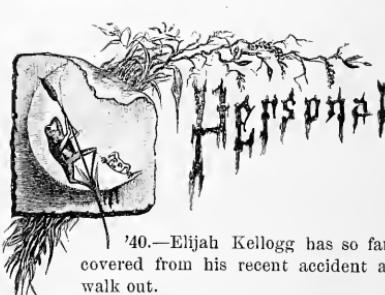
Prof. A. W. Anthony, of Bates College, will deliver the annual sermon before the Association, Sunday, October 30th, at the hour of the regular

morning service. Seats will be reserved in the body of the church, and it is hoped that they will be well filled with students. All are cordially invited to meet at the Y. M. C. A. room, and proceed to the church in a body.

NOTES.

Some idea of the great field there is in India for association work may be obtained from the fact that in the college department alone there are 490,000 students to be reached, and the need of the work is evident when it is stated that the number of Christian students is only one in twenty.

The work in India is growing rapidly. During the past year two associations ceased to exist, and twelve new organizations were added to the list, a net gain of ten. There are now forty-five associations in India.



'40.—Elijah Kellogg has so far recovered from his recent accident as to walk out.

'60.—In speaking of Hon. T. B. Read's speech on "The Progress of Humanity," in Tremont Temple, the *Boston Herald* says: "His lecture turned out to be very powerful, and, in passages, a very eloquent appeal from the 'great man' theory of history to the view of human progress as having been determined by the collective power and intelligence of the people as a whole. It was an unequivocal apotheosis of democracy in human institutions, and Mr. Read so well satisfied the curiosity of his audience on this subject that he held their closest attention for nearly two hours."

'62.—Isaac B. Choate has an article entitled "Columbus and His Friends," in a recent number of the *New England Magazine*.

'66.—F. H. Gerrish, A.M., M.D., will address the M. C. M. Association at their Triennial Festival.

'68.—Charles O. Whitman has been appointed Professor of Biology in Chicago University, instead of A. G. Whitman, of '70, as was lately stated.

'68.—Wednesday, October 12th, Mr. John A. Hinckley married Mary E. Tolford. The ceremony was performed at the First Congregational Church of Gorham, by Rev. L. W. Reynolds. The ushers were Dr. C. H. Ridlon, Bowdoin, '86, of Gorham; Mr. W. M. Muller, of Arlington, Mass.; Mr. F. W. Davis, Bowdoin, '85; and Mr. Henry Hinckley, Bowdoin, '94.

'72.—Dr. William Rice Smart, of Camden, who died suddenly on Wednesday last, was a graduate of Bowdoin in the class of 1872, and the only son of the late Hon. Ephraim K. Smart of that town, long a distinguished member of the Democratic party and who was a Representative in Congress two terms from the Waldo district.

'75.—William A. Deering, A.M., is principal of the seminary, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

'75.—Wilson Nevens is instructor in sciences at the seminary, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

'78.—Alfred E. Burton is Professor of Topographical Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'83.—J. E. Dinsmore, A.M., has resigned his position as principal of Fryeburg Academy.

'85.—F. W. Alexander is principal of the East Providence (R. I.) High School.

'85.—Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., of Portland, has been invited by the National Republican Committee to speak in the states of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Medical School, '85.—C. E. Wilson, M.D., who has been seriously ill, is considered out of danger.

'89.—At the Somerset County Conference of Congregational churches, held at Norridgewock, October 18th, the sermon was preached by E. R. Stearns.

'89.—F. W. Freeman is principal of the high school at Brewer, Me.

'89.—Married, Wednesday, October 12, 1892, Charles Francis Hersey and Sarah Dow.

'90.—Greeley has a position with Ginn & Co., Boston.

'90.—H. H. Hastings is teaching in Pawtucket and taking a post-graduate course at Brown University.

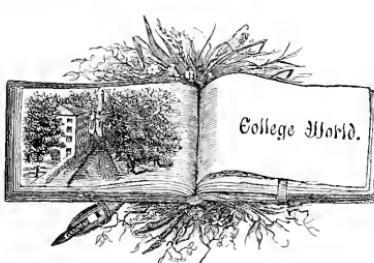
'91.—F. W. Dudley is in the drug business at Harrison, Me.

Medical School, '91.—Dr. Fred Stiles, of Waltham, Mass., married October 12th, Miss Helen Clay of Westbrook, Me.

'92.—Mr. Clinton Stacy has resigned his school in Princeton, Me., to accept a position as principal of the Smithport (Penn.) High School.

'92.—Theodore S. Lazelle has accepted a position as Treasurer of the Academy of Music, in Roanoke, Va. It is his first venture in the theatrical business, but those who know his ability have no fear but that he will take a front rank as a ticket seller.

'92.—Randall has entered the Andover Theological Seminary.



Spain has ten universities; Italy has seventeen; Germany has twenty-one; Great Britain has eleven; Russia has eight; the United States of America has three hundred and sixty. What is the matter with the United States?—*Ex.*

Cornell is the Mecca of college fraternities; thirty-three Greek-letter societies have chapters there.

The average expenses of the students at Yale last year were: Freshmen, \$786.96; Sophomores, \$831.34; Juniors, \$883.11; Seniors, \$919.70. The largest expense reported was \$2,908.—*Ex.*

The University of Berlin offers the students their choice of 716 lectures.

At Harvard, arrangements have been made to allow students to complete the course necessary for the degree of A.B. in three years, and in the fourth year to accomplish the work necessary to secure the degree of A.M.

Foot-ball in every form has been prohibited by the University of Heidelberg, Germany. They draw the line at dueling, and will permit nothing more dangerous.—*Ex.*

The annual foot-ball game between Andover and Exeter will be played this year on November 12th, at Andover.

Prof. in Psychology—"What is love?" Chem. Student—"Love is a volatile precipitate, and marriage a solvent in which it quickly dissolves."—*Ex.*

A Japanese student describes Harvard in a letter home thus: "A very large building where the boys play foot-ball, and on wet days read books."—*Ex.*

WHICH?

Faustina hath the fairest face,
Faustina hath a winsome grace;
How can I help but love her?
Philistia hath a bank account
In her own name; the figures mount
So high, I ought to love her.

Faustina hath the deepest eyes,
Her soul insp'red in them lies;
How can I help but love her.
Philistia owns New Haven stock,
I've heard it called a "handsome block,"
I think I ought to love her.

Faustina hath the brightest mind,
She never said a word unkind;
How can I help but love her?
Philistia owns a mortgage bond,—
Security I'm told is "sound."
I'll make believe to love her.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

The University of Pennsylvania now ranks fourth in point of numbers, having 1,750 students. Harvard, Michigan, and Yale outnumber it.

The following is clipped from the catalogue of the University of Missouri in regard to the dress of the young women in that institution: "A walking suit of black cloth with black trimmings. During the first month of the first semester and the last month of the second semester, a white basque or waist may be worn instead of a black one. The hat must be black, but its shape and material are left at discretion, except that ornamental trimmings, such as flowers and feathers, are forbidden.

The rule of the faculty, authorized by the board of curators, prescribing this uniform, is enforced by a penalty of ten demerits for each day's violation of it."

John H. Findley, a graduate of Knox College in '87, has recently been honored by being elected president of that institution. He is the youngest college president in the United States.

THE PLEASING FIGURE.

Oh, Jack, I've met the loveliest girl,
I'm smitten for good, I fear,
She's the face of an angel and—Figure,
you ask?

Well Jack, that's \$10,000 a year.

—*Cynic.*

According to D. C. Gilman, of Hopkins University, a liberal education is summed up in the following:

1. Concentration or ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently to one subject.
2. Distribution or power to arrange and classify the known facts.
3. Retention or power to hold facts.
4. Expression or power to tell what we know.
5. Power of judgment or making sharp discriminations between that which is true and that which is false, that which is good and that which is bad, that which is temporary, that which is accidental, and that which is essential.

The students of Leland Stanford Junior University have begun the publication of a college paper, the *Daily Palo Alto*.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 9, 1892.

No. 9.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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With this number of the *ORIENT* we present a new department to our readers. "The Pessioptimist" explains himself, and will continue to explain himself and those of his fellow-beings with whom he comes in contact, their faults and their virtues. He may come as a lean, complaining, fault finding cynic, or he may come as a jovial and fun-loving boon companion; but in whatever character he comes he is wholly irresponsible and must be treated with the utmost consideration. We expect that his sayings will be a treat to all our readers, and venture to say that the pages of the *ORIENT* will learn to open of their own accord to "The Pessioptimist."

THE purpose of a college library building is admitted to be at the present time not only to house books belonging to the college, but to offer facilities to students for the use of these books. The Bowdoin library building is lacking in both of these requirements. The capacity of the present building with its present arrangement is not equal to the books now owned by the college. The number of volumes is 50,000. Those which are more closely related to the Medical department are kept in Adams Hall, and the astronomical and mathematical books are in the

Observatory. In all about 4,000 volumes are kept outside of the library building. With an annual growth of 2,000 volumes, which is the present rate of increase, the proportion of the collection that must be stored at a considerable distance from the library proper will within five years become so great as to seriously affect the usefulness of both.

It is possible, of course, by laying out a sufficient sum of money to increase the storing capacity of the library to a considerable extent. By an expenditure of \$12,000, the present building may be so changed as to afford accommodation for a library twice the size of the present. This might be done in the following manner: An iron floor could be laid in each wing, as of course no improvement would be contemplated which did not at the same time furnish some protection against fire. Iron stacks could be placed on this floor, and would admit of being very close together. At Harvard only thirty inches is left between them. Above the first series of stacks, a glass floor could be built and upon this more iron stacks erected. Thus 50,000 might be stored in each wing. But these changes would merely convert it into a store-house. The aisles between the book stacks would be so narrow that it would be impossible to continue the library on the present plan of allowing the students free access to all the books. The requirements of the case would necessitate the employment of boys to deliver the books to students in the large hall, and thus would be taken away the crowning feature of our library system, the freedom which enables each student to become acquainted personally with literature of the various branches of learning as it is ranged on the shelves of the library. Bowdoin men would be sorry to give up this privilege which makes their library more useful to them than many larger libraries would be if stored away out of reach.

No change which could be made in the present building would provide those conveniences for use and administration which in these days may even be called necessities in a true college library building. These necessities are:

1st.—A suitable room or rooms for study. Nowadays students in certain branches must do their work in close connection with books of reference. There is at present no such accommodation in the Bowdoin library. Banister Hall, it is true, is used as a reading-room, but it has not that freedom from interruption and noise which is essential for application to study.

2d.—A suitable room for periodicals and newspapers to be open a larger number of hours than the library proper, but to be under the supervision of the college authorities rather than the student body. Every one will admit that the newspaper reading-room ought to be run in connection with the library. It can never reach its greatest usefulness until such an arrangement is possible.

3d.—Suitable rooms for cataloguing, for unpacking books, including a suitable office for the librarian. The present quarters are entirely inadequate for the work incident upon a large and increasing collection of books.

4th.—Rooms for Seminary or advanced classes. As the college grows larger, the opportunity for special work becomes greater, and as the laboratory work in science is about to be provided for so munificently, the lack of facilities for analogous work in the literary, historical, and philosophical departments will be more and more appreciated.

In summary, the present building is utterly inadequate as a safe and convenient store-house for the large and increasing library. No outlay of money upon it could make it adequate for the work demanded of a college library of the present day.

The new Scientific Building will place Bowdoin in the foremost rank of colleges as

regards facilities for scientific instruction. It remains for some unknown benefactor, by the presentation of a modern library building and the endowment of the library, that true university, to reinstate Bowdoin in that proud position in letters which she once held, and from which she has been deposed by the greater wealth of other institutions.

WITH the failure of the Tufts foot-ball team to keep its agreement with Bowdoin for a game here, the foot-ball season has hardly been a success so far as Brunswick is concerned. Nothing but practice games have been played at home, and the few games left on our calendar, like all the others of importance, call for a journey to the center of population. Besides the disappointment at missing a game which promised to be close and exciting, it is natural that Bowdoin men should feel a little indignant at their treatment by Tufts, who canceled the Bowdoin game at the last minute for an opportunity to play the Yale second eleven. The standard of honor which will permit a college for such a reason to go back on its word when another college has been to the labor and expense of advertising and arranging for a foot-ball game,—such a standard of honor we are glad to say is not that by which Bowdoin men are accustomed to regulate their conduct. We trust that the foot-ball management will profit by this occurrence, and be careful in the future to have dealings only with those colleges whose promises can be depended on. It is to be regretted that the home game could not have been arranged with Brown instead of Tufts.

THE recent action of the Amherst Faculty in issuing a partisan manifesto with the avowed intention of influencing the votes of the students has not only received the

severest censure by the press of the country, but seems also to have stirred up the spirit of opposition among the students of that college to such a degree that it may be safely predicted that its effect upon Amherst men at any rate will be far different from what was expected. We are fortunate at Bowdoin in having a Faculty which does not attempt to take advantage of the position in which it is to exert unfair influence in any matter over the minds of the students. As individuals, the political views of many of them are well known, but any concerted action like that of the Amherst professors, whether really or apparently in the name of the college, would be considered a serious breach of their authority. Even as individuals they are careful to use their influence rather as citizens than as professors. This is shown by the refusal of several of them to act as chairmen of the political meetings recently held under the auspices of the student clubs.

THE Faculty has promised to furnish the reading-room in a more generous manner. When the room takes on a palatial appearance and the stove ceases to yawn lazily, and gets down to work for the winter, it is hoped that a like reformation may be seen in a few contingent matters. After what President Hyde has said it is probable that the room and its furniture will receive considerate treatment; but, as the papers are the most necessary part of the reading-room, an improvement in the treatment of these would result in advantage to all concerned. All the students in college find when their term bills are received that they have to pay a certain amount for the maintenance of the reading-room, yet a very small minority of the students monopolize the papers. When a man looks into the room and finds the papers he wished to read gone, he does not usually investigate further but lets the matter drop. It does not follow because no loud

complaint is made that the removal of them is not considered an offense against the students. The cold weather is a very shallow excuse for anybody to take the papers to their own rooms. The intention of the borrowers may be good, but a daily paper, which is useful to its readers for only one day, is very likely to be a back number before it sees the reading-room again. We hope that the management will look a little sharper after the papers, and, since it is impossible for one man to keep a constant care over them, we must urge the lovers of knowledge to be more considerate of the rights of all.

IN THESE days of trusts and combines why could not Bowdoin men make some co-operative arrangement for attending the World's Fair at Chicago, providing, of course, that there is a sufficient number going to make it an object? An excursion directly after Commencement to the exposition would be enjoyed by all who could afford to go, and ought to draw a crowd. If the scheme seems practicable, the ORIENT would like to hear, or rather see, some suggestions on the subject.

TO THOSE who, like the poet, are seeking "for some retreat deep in yonder shining Orient," we would suggest that the best policy for them to pursue is to get into the good graces of the editors, both by contributing articles for publication, and by assisting in the labors of the various departments. Any such work is extremely likely to have influence with the editors, as human nature is much the same in journalism as it is in politics.

A triple foot-ball league will be formed next year by Boston University, Amherst Agricultural College, and the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Communication to the Freshman Team.

IS '96 going to disband her foot-ball team, when her prospects were so good? Last week she had a game arranged with Cony High School, but owing to the lack of interest taken in the game of late and because her men have not come out to practice much, she canceled the game. It is getting late in the season now, and the 'Varsity will probably not play much after the close of this week. After her work is accomplished, the class-games should be played as soon as possible. Perhaps '95 is a little stronger than '96, and some of her men will have the benefit of the training received on the 'Varsity, but this fact should not in the least discourage '96. The Freshmen have several very good players, and all they lack is practice; there is no reason why they should not give the Sophomores a good rub, if they would only brace up and take some interest in the game. The Freshmen won a praiseworthy victory in base-ball, why should they not do the same thing in foot-ball? Therefore let '96 take courage, and work hard that she may have a team in trim for the class-games.

Searles Scientific Building.

HENRY VAUGHAN, the architect, has presented for consideration plans for the Searles Scientific Building. While these have not yet been finally decided upon, there is little doubt but what, if they are sanctioned by the donor, they will be adopted, as they fill the widest requirements.

The plans, as presented, provide for a brick building of three stories, English University style, front 170 feet, greatest depth 104 feet, height 65 feet, with a spire 20 feet higher; a court in rear between the wings 55 feet square; a boiler room in the rear with a drive way around it.

The building will face toward the east with rear toward Main Street. It will have three entrances in front. That to the north of the center will lead to the department of chemistry occupying the first two floors of that half of the building. That to the south of the middle entrance will lead to the department of physics. The main entrance will lead to the biology department which is to occupy the whole of the third floor. The three departments will be practically separated from each other.

On the first floor there will be two laboratories for chemistry and two for physics. There will also be private rooms for the professors.

On the second floor will be lecture halls, chemical and physical, for one hundred students each, private research rooms, small lecture rooms for about forty students, a chemical cabinet and biological museum, water and organic analysis rooms, and an optical room.

On the third floor will be a general laboratory for biology and a general laboratory for physiology, a library and chart room, private research rooms, a conservatory, and a lecture room. The north wing will not go above this floor. All the departments will have dark rooms for photographic work. In the basement there is to be a constant-temperature room built with a double wall.

The windows, which are quite numerous, will be four by nine feet, and will give ample light for the most careful work. The plans are drawn in accordance with the suggestions of Professors Robinson, Lee, and Hutchins, who, during the past summer have been making a careful study of the scientific buildings in the country, and by profiting by the merits and demerits of all, it is believed that Mr. Searles's gift will have the distinction of being the best practical scientific building in the country.

Glimpses of Bowdoin's Past.

HIIS little college in the town of Brunswick, "way down east," as the saying goes, has had upon the whole a quiet and unassuming past. It is a typical New England institution. Beginning its existence in the early part of the century, it at first occupied no more space than that afforded under the roof of the small brick building now used as the treasurer's office and known as Massachusetts Hall. There the few students, scarcely a score in number, lodged and had their recitations. As the years passed on, however, the college grew slowly but steadily; and soon the annual Commencement exercises became a source of considerable attraction to the people of the neighboring townships. Thus the graduation of one class after another added successive milestones to the onward course. Bowdoin graduates began to command respect among their fellow-men. Here, a governor, or a congressman, there a writer of repute, was checked off upon the college lists.

Meantime, life in the dormitories and recitation rooms passed smoothly and pleasantly enough. To be sure, if tradition can be credited, the tranquility of events was more than once broken in upon by "yagger wars," a species of strife waged against the rising generation of the near vicinity. Then, for a few weeks, there would be countless unsavory missiles hurled back and forth, and no little excitement aroused on either side. Woe to the unlucky student caught after dark, meanwhile, within the sacred precincts of "down-town"; and equally liable to mishaps, the stray town's fellows rash enough to venture inside the limits of the college yard.

But such a condition of affairs was usually of short duration, and was considered in itself more as a diversion from the regular routine of happenings than otherwise. Va-

rious other means were also devised to secure the same end.

Many, indeed, were the depredations committed under cover of darkness upon the property of the shopkeepers of the place; and if a sign was missing in the early morning from its accustomed position, the owner could generally make a shrewd guess as to the direction of its disappearance. At any rate, the faculty of the college rarely disputed a claim of the sort for payment; and the items were duly divided among the student-body, and paid under the head of general expenses. It is related, too, that, upon one occasion along in the forties, the whole stock of firewood intended to feed the flames of the old-fashioned fire-places which were then in use throughout the college halls was suddenly discovered ablaze, and was largely consumed on the spot. This last, however, was too much for the officials in charge, and the perpetrator was hunted out and punished. Fuel was too valuable an article in the college economy to be lost.

But such pranks of an evening, carried out in a spirit of fun, did not seriously interfere with the more sober employments of the study hours which they served to enliven. In hundreds of prosperous homes throughout New England, the doings of the old, fun-loving days at Brunswick are fondly recalled and listened to with eager interest. Many a successful business or professional man of to-day looks back with a smile of humor upon the midnight plans laid and carried out in conjunction with his classmates at Bowdoin. Even learned and dignified judges on the bench unbend to tell the story of some mischievous exploit or college joke.

Many of these tales are only traditional at best. Besides, they are ever prone to lodge themselves in the dim and dusty corners of college dormitories; and, doubtless, would hardly bear the full light of day.

Certain it is, that the college has grown

and prospered all these years. It has seemed to draw in, as it were, from the very air that sweeps down over the stern New England hills, a rugged straightforwardness of purpose that has often stood it in good stead. With no pretence at outward display, it has sent forth from its foot-worn threshold men expecting to meet, and ready to meet, the hardships of an actual struggle with the world. Its graduates, as I have said before, occupy positions of responsibility and trust, the highest in the power of their fellow-citizens to grant. Its record during the century so soon to close has been one of entire honor and credit to itself. Surely, looking backward over the past and then forward to the new era of prosperity already begun, Bowdoin may fairly claim to have won, and, better still, to have deserved, no small measure of success.

The Pessioptimist.

WHE Pessioptimist greets the readers of the ORIENT this week for the first time.

He has coined a name which is thought will explain the objects of the column which it is his fortune to have in charge. As a pessimist he will attack anybody and everybody about college, whom he deems worthy of having his eyes blacked with editorial ink. As an optimist he will give due praise and encouragement to all reforms and good deeds. He will endeavor to invade neither the province of the editorial or local column, but will attempt to fill the gap left between the two. It is with this idea in view that he undertakes the work.

* * * * *

The chapel bell had rather an unpoetical metallic sound during several days of the past week, and the sagacious Sophomore chuckled to himself whenever he heard the

cow-bell-like sound emanating from the heights of the tower. Other places about the campus also showed evidence of vandalism. But what was the good of it all? Were the participants repaid for their toil? Not by any means. Every bit of fun must be paid for. There is nothing accomplished, no joke played. There is simply a destruction or mutilation of college property, and why? Just because the class before you did the same thing. The era of prosperity and progress at Bowdoin must also be one of reform, and the Pessioptimist hopes there will be one in the treatment of college property.

* * * * *

I don't suppose it was ever thought by the architect of the chapel that the steam pipes, running under the seats would ever be utilized for any purpose other than the heating of the building. And such would be the natural supposition; but some of the restless and irreligious attendants at divine worship treat them as if their only use was to regulate the length of the prayer. But such a use lowers the dignity both of the pipes and their users, and is not the least in keeping with the sanctity of the place. At the utmost, morning chapel exercises are not over ten or fifteen minutes in length, and this short space of time can afford the impatient ample opportunities for lessons in patience.

* * * * *

Speaking about chapel exercises reminds the Pessioptimist of a time-honored custom which some of the Freshmen are ruthlessly breaking. In times past it has been customary for those honored by positions in the college choir to remain in the vestibule until their respective classes came along, but this year has seen some exceptions to the rule, and it is not an uncommon sight to see the Seniors marching through the chapel doorway, led by some member of the Fresh-

man class. The upperclassmen don't ask much of the Freshmen, but they would like to be shown a spark of respect at times. A word to the wise is sufficient.

* * * * *

The Pessioptimist rejoices in one thing, and that is the spirit of healthy political rivalry at Bowdoin. While other colleges have been undergoing serious warfare, the utmost good feeling has prevailed here between all parties. Bowdoin turns out strong political leaders, however, and the non-partisan attitude in the college does not seem to follow her graduates in after life.

* * * * *

Have you walked over the college paths about noontime some of these November days? The Pessioptimist has to his sorrow. He was obliged, in addition to the weight of his own pedal extremities, to labor along with a small-sized farm clinging, with the tenacity of an irate bull-dog, to his number elevens. This is the time of year that demonstrates the utter uselessness of ashes for paths. The ground is frozen solid on these frosty nights, to be converted into a mass of paste by the noonday sun. Gravel is no unknown material in this region, and a slight use of it by the path builders of the college would add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Chapel Doves.

Up in the sky-tipped tower,
Close by the chapel bell,
Is found the airy bower
Where we in safety dwell.

A part of Bowdoin, we;
We love our College here;
And few those students be
Whom we have cause to fear.

Above the campus trees,
And far np in the blue,
We flit upon the breeze,
And all beneath us view.

 Vast volumes could we tell
Of things we hear and see,
While perched beside the bell,
Or flying light and free.

 What sights we just have seen
Within our lofty tower,
On mystic Halloween,
At midnight's solemn hour!

 But close within our breast
We keep all secrets well;
And students ne'er lose rest
Lest we their tales should tell.

 When angels from above,
A message downward bring,
Or blessing, through the love
Of Him, creation's king,

 They take a dove's fair form;
And thus, by instinct, man
Is slow to offer harm
To us, though oft he can.

 And so, at chapel hour,
How know ye but the prayer
Is answered from the tower,
Where we flit in the air?

 And e'er in shine or storm,
And e'er by night or day,
With nothing to alarm,
Around our home we stay.

 And through all time to come,
While Bowdoin still shall be,
May doves still in our home
As happy dwell as we.

Desolation.

More dreary scene may I ne'er know:
The sea of gray; of gray the sky;
No sign of life to meet the eye,
Save far in air a single crow,
That flaps along and looks below—
To where the barren Cockles lie—
Those lonely reefs—and hurries by.
No sound is there for ear to know,
Save when each wave with sluggish swell

Makes float out on the gloomy air,
The fog-bell's mournful, solemn knell.
And wreck-wood from a ship once fair
That failed to hear or heed that bell,
Lies rotting on the lone reef there.

Afterwards.

'Tis ended! the flare of the torches
Gives way to the light of the moon,
And the gay political button
Is sewed on the gray pantaloons.

Meteoric.

When in the class-room
'Twas his woe
To study of the liter,
To learn how all the tables go,
The length of the French meter.

But when he makes a call, though brief,
Love's thoughts are so much sweeter,
He often finds a greater grief
In "pa" and the *gas meter*.



The Thanksgiving recess will begin Wednesday noon, November 23d, and continue the remainder of the week.

Levensaler, '94, who has been detained by a serious illness, has returned to college.

Stone, '96, is at home with typhoid fever.

Minot, '91, spent several days in town recently.

Mead, '95, who has been teaching at Pembroke, has rejoined his class.

The Bowdoin College Catalogue will be out about the 21st of November.

Professor Lee delivered a lecture on Labrador, at West Dresden, November 1st.

A good performance of "Hands Across the Sea" was given at the Town Hall, October 27th.

November 2d brought the first snow-storm of the season and a generous amount at that.

The Junior History Division are preparing papers on assigned subjects for Professor Wells.

Various newspapers have announced that our Faculty contains eight Republicans and five Democrats.

President Hyde gave a talk in chapel a week ago Sunday on the general topic of "Independence in Politics."

South Maine Hall was opened for occupancy, October 25th; North Maine will probably be ready this week or next.

The Class of '94 has voted to postpone Ivy Day one week, thus bringing it in the first week of Senior vacation.

Machan, who represented '93 on the College Jury, has resigned, and Arnold has been elected to fill the position.

Owing to the absence of Professor Robinson, both Seniors and Juniors received a couple of adjourns last week.

Rev. Mr. Fenn, D.D., of High Street Church, Portland, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church last Sunday, in exchange with Dr. Mason.

W. W. Thomas and Plaisted, '94, accompanied the foot-ball team on their last Massachusetts trip, and, with the team, witnessed the Harvard-Chicago game.

President Hyde will have another Bible class this winter in lower Memorial. Those who remember how interesting these talks were last year will doubtless attend again.

One of the Juniors in Biology the other day declared that certain plants grew on flower pots and in observatories. This sounds like one of the bright sayings in the children's columns.

The Freshmen's chairman of committee on a yell requests the ORIENT to use its columns in his behalf. So will some one please send a cheer, appropriate to '96, to box 1053 as soon as convenient.

The first of the Shakespeare readings, by Miss McCobb, of Portland, was greatly enjoyed by those in attendance last Thursday evening. Two other readings will follow, November 10th and 17th.

A bust of the late Dr. Isaae Lincoln, who was for over sixty years a member of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College, has recently been presented to the library by his grandson, C. S. F. Lincoln, '91.

The tickets for the Ragan course of lectures, given under the auspices of the College Foot-Ball Association, have had a good sale. The first lecture, October 31st, was enjoyed by a large audience.

The Freshman foot-ball team has been practicing quite steadily the last two weeks and is fast learning the game. If it is decided that Varsity men are not eligible to class teams, '96 should make a good showing.

We are glad to announce that at last Bowdoin has a college pin. Hitherto, when we have met students of other colleges during vacations, and have seen their elegant pins, we have vainly wished that we had one.

The Sophomores have elected the men for the prize speaking at the close of the term. Bryant, Churchill, Doherty, French, Holmes, Jackson, G. S. Kimball, Moore, Parker, Stetson, Webber, and Wood are the fortunate ones.

The prices of rooms in Maine Hall will be as follows: those that were \$30, will now be \$66; those that were \$40, will now be \$84; those that were \$50, will now be \$102; those that were \$60, will now be \$114. These prices, of course, include the cost of heating.

Caspar W. Whitney, in *Harper's Weekly* of October 29th, speaks in high terms of Stacy's (ex-'93) foot-ball playing. He is now playing end on the West Point team, and making an enviable reputation as one of the finest tacklers West Point has ever had.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Jury was held November 1st. The resignation of Machan, '93, as foreman was accepted, and Leighton, '94, was elected to fill the vacancy. Other details of the meeting will doubtless appear upon the Sophomore's term bills.

In the Psychology class, Wednesday morning, President Hyde spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Baker's speech. He considers it, from a psychological standpoint, the best speech which he knows of, made in this campaign anywhere in the country, and ventures the assertion that no better one will be made before election.

A man with a two-headed calf was around one day last week exhibiting it. Some one stole the box containing it, while he was gone for a moment from his charge, and the poor fellow wandered around for some time disconsolate. But at last it was returned

to him, and, as a reward, he showed the monstrosity to those around free.

Professor Hutchins, assisted by Professor Lee, last Thursday evening gave the Juniors an interesting lecture on ancient and modern astronomy, illustrated by numerous views of instruments, old and new, telescopic objects, famous observatories, etc. After the lecture several beautiful views of the scenery about Raugelye were exhibited.

Janitor Booker has had considerable experience in getting into the chapel, and the elaborate preparations to keep him out, made by '95, Halloween, were utterly futile. The bell, to be sure, did not ring very loud, but the chapel was nevertheless open at the customary time. Although considerable good paint was wasted, but little real damage was done, and that, says the Jury, '95 will pay for.

The Kirmess, in aid of the Public Library, proved a great success and drew large crowds to Bath every evening. Bowdoin was well represented in the audience, high water mark being reached on Saturday night, when over sixty students were present. Bucknam, Hussey, Chamberlain, '93, Thompson, '94, Owen, Willard, '96, took part in the dancing. The entertainment was novel, the costumes unusually good, and the dancing excellent.

The subjects for the last themes of the term are as follows: Juniors: 1—The Theatre of To-Day: Has it Any Value as an Educator? 2—Opportunities of Character Study Afforded by College Life. 3—The Sonnets of Shakespeare. Sophomore: 1—A Walk in the Pines. 2—What Parts of a Newspaper Does it Pay to Read? 3—Our Present Ranking System. No themes will be required of the Juniors during the spring term.

The Bowdoin College Democratic Club held its rally last Wednesday evening in the Town Hall. About forty of the members, accompanied by the band, marched to the Brunswick Democratic club-rooms, where they were joined by that club in full force, and together they proceeded to the hall. Although the night was stormy, a large audience was present. The speakers were introduced by Ingraham, the president of the club. They were Mr. Johnson of Waterville, Mr. M. P. Frank of Portland, and Mr. A. F. Moulton, also of Portland. One of the pleasant features was the enthusiastic cheering, which was led by Bagley, '94.

The first political mass meeting ever held in Maine by a college club occurred November 1st, in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the College Republican Club. After a brief band concert in

front of Memorial, about 125 students marched to the hall, where seats were reserved for them. The speaker of the evening, Hon. Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, a Bowdoin graduate, was introduced by President Payson, and held the close attention of the large audience for full two hours. His able and eloquent speech was often interrupted by applause. Several new "yells" were "sprung" by the students, and afforded a pleasing variation from the usual clapping and stamping.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 10; B. A. A., 10.

The only game this season in which the Bowdoin team has met an eleven which seemed in any way its equal was played Tuesday, October 25, at the South End Grounds in Boston. The teams were very evenly matched both in weight and skill, and the play on both sides was characterized by sharp and brilliant work.

During the first fifteen minutes of the game, the ball see-sawed up and down the field till Captain Carleton made a dash through the line and scored a touchdown, but failed to kick a goal. For the remainder of the half the ball was kept near the center of the field.

In the second half Ridley replaced Sykes at right half back. After six minutes of hard work the B. A. A. team made a touchdown, but were unable to kick a goal. Then Bowdoin once more had the advantage and after ten minutes Payson carried the ball over the line and Carleton kicked a goal. Score, 10-4, in favor of Bowdoin.

Soon Bachelder scored another touchdown for B. A. A. and kicked an easy goal, thus tying the score. During the remaining ten minutes neither side were able to score; but, when time was called Bowdoin had forced their opponents to their fifteen yard line and had a good chance of scoring.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Bowdoin.</i>	<i>B. A. A.</i>
Quimby,	Left End.
Stevens,	Left Tackle.
Thomas,	Left Guard.
Dennison,	Center.
Stone,	Right Guard.
Kimball,	Right Tackle.
Chapman,	Right End.
	{ Thayer, Noyes.
	Manahan.
	Erickson.
	Whitman.
	Harvey.
	Waters.
	Wood.

Fairbanks,	Quarter-back.	Piukham.
Payson,	Half-backs.	{ Pinkham, Peters.
Sykes,		
Ridley,		
Carleton,	Full-back.	Batchelder.

Score—Bowdoin, 10; B. A. A., 10. Touchdowns—Peters, Batchelder, Carleton, and Payson. Goals from touchdowns—Batchelder and Carleton. Referee—Mr. H. S. Cornish. Umpire—Mr. H. C. Crocker.

'Ninety-five, 66; Cony High School, 6.

On account of the injuries and illness of quite a number of its members the Freshman eleven was unable to play the game it had arranged for November 5th with the Cony High School team of Augusta, and in their place the '95 class team went to play the Augusta boys last Friday.

Against the experienced Bowdoin men the light Cony players, although plucky and well versed in the game, had no chance of victory. '95 had the ball at the start; the V was formed, and in less than ten seconds Fairbanks had a touchdown.

The game was a series of long rushes and runs by the '95 backs. When the Cony team had the ball it was too light to use the V with effect, and depended on its quickness, generally gaining but little and losing the ball on downs. At the beginning of the second half W. Chase, by brilliant dodging and a long dash, secured a touchdown for Cony, from which Capt. Whitten kicked a goal. It was the prettiest individual play of the game.

The first half was of 25 minutes. Score: '95, 40; Cony, 0. The last half was 20 minutes, the final score being 66-6.

Stetson, '95, was umpire, and Minot, '96, referee. Following is the make-up of the two teams:

Bowdoin, '95.	Position.	Cony High School.
Quimby,	Left End.	F. Chase.
Hicks,	Left Tackle.	Hamblen.
Dewey,	Left Guard.	Pettengill.
Dennison,	Center.	Woodbridge.
Jackson,	Right Guard.	Hanson.
Kimball,	Right Tackle.	Webber.
Bryant,	Right End.	Valentine.
Fairbanks,	Quarter-back.	Bascom.
Mitchell,	Half-backs.	{ W. Chase, Holmes.
Knowlton,		
Stubbs,	Full-back.	Whitten.

Bowdoin, 22; Colby, 4.

Saturday, Bowdoin lined up against Colby for the second time this season at Waterville.

The game was called at 3 o'clock. Bowdoin made her first touchdown in five minutes by work through the center. Then Colby scored by center work and a long run by Perkins. During the remainder of the half Bowdoin added three more touchdowns to the score.

In the beginning of the second half Bowdoin scored a touchdown. When the ball was brought to the center, Colby forced it to Bowdoin's 15-yard line and considerably to one side of the goal posts. From here Robinson tried for a goal. The referee decided it was a punt and refused to allow it. Colby, thinking they were used unfairly, left the field. Time, 10 minutes.

The teams lined up as follows:

Bowdoin.	Position.	Colby.
Chapman,	Right End.	Jordan.
Kimball,	Right Tackle.	McLellan.
Stoue,	Right Guard.	Waters.
Dewey,	Center.	Gray.
Thomas,	Left Guard.	Riggs.
Ridley,	Left Tackle.	Stimpson.
Quimby,	Left End.	Hopkins.
Sykes,	Quarter-back.	Purinton.
Stubbs,	Half-backs.	{ Watson, Perkins.
Mitchell,		
Fairbanks,	Full-back.	Robinson.

Score—Bowdoin, 22; Colby, 4. Touchdowns—Fairbanks (4), Mitchell, Robinson. Goal from touchdowns—Fairbanks. Umpire—Salisbury, Colby. Referee—Ross, '94, Bowdoin. Time—30 minutes.

Y. M. C. A.

Some inquiries have been made concerning a class in Bible Study, and we take this opportunity of stating that there will be such a class, conducted by President Hyde, similar to those of the past few years. Much interest has been manifested in previous years, and we think that all who attend will feel doubly repaid for the time expended in so doing. The class will be held on Tuesday evening of each week. It is expected that the first meeting will be on the second Tuesday of November. The class is open to all members of the college. If you come to the first meeting we feel sure you will continue your attendance throughout the course.

The average attendance at our meetings this term has been larger than it was last year. The last few meetings, however, were rather below the average in size. It is true, there were outside attractions which tended to call us away. Are these outside attractions of sufficient importance to justify us in leaving our meetings? This is a question we all ought to consider seriously. Our attendance should surely be equal to our number of active members. In fact, however, it is not as large. Of course there are times when it is impossible for us to be present, but they are not many. We often

say that there is nothing we can do that will advance the Christian work in the college. There is probably no one who has not some talent which he could improve. But, granting that we have no talent for active work, there is one thing we can do, and that is to attend the meetings. It will require the expenditure of less than one hour a week, and there are hardly any of us who do not waste more than that amount of time each day. If we are active members of the association and not regular attendants at its meetings, let us consider it our duty to be there;—a duty we owe to the association, to ourselves as Christians, and above all to our God.

The Neighborhood Work Committee, as has been the custom in the past, will assist the people of Hillside in their meetings during the present year. Several of our men made the first visit of the term, Sunday, October 23d. They have no preaching there, but maintain a Sunday-School and a meeting Sunday afternoon. The Hillside people seem to be very glad of our assistance; and the work is not only a help to them but also to those who go.

The annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. was delivered by Prof. A. W. Anthony, of Bates College, at the Congregational Church, Sunday, October 30th. His masterly treatment of the text found in Matt. v., 17, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill," was listened to with closest attention. We trust that the members of the Association will act in accordance with the many valuable suggestions which were expressed.



'37.—Hon. George F. Talbot read a paper on "The Character of Columbus" in Portland, October 21, 1892.

'41.—Hon. Frederick Robie gave an address in Augusta on Columbus Day.

'48.—Mr. G. S. Newcomb recently spent an afternoon in examining the library and college buildings.

'49.—Judge Joseph Williamson, of Belfast, has nearly completed and ready for press the bibliography of Maine, a work on which he has been engaged for a long time, and on which he has bestowed a great amount of labor.

'57.—Rev. D. S. Hibbard, of East Sumner, was one of the speakers at the Oxford Congregational Conference, held at Andover, October 18th and 19th. Among the other speakers were F. V. Norcross, '55, and Henry Farrar, '56.

'60.—Ex-Speaker Reed spoke at Freeport, Ill., October 29th, and his visit was the occasion for a big demonstration by the Republicans of that county.

'60.—Col. A. W. Bradbury is spoken of as a candidate for City Solicitor, Portland, Maine.

'61.—The following is taken from the Lewiston *Journal* concerning Gen. Hyde, one of the Presidential Electors of Maine: "Thomas W. Hyde was born at Florence, Italy, in 1841, his parents both being natives of Bath, where he has lived since his infancy. He got his early training and education there and then went to Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in the class of 1861, and later from the Chicago University. At the time of his graduation from college the great civil war was raging, and in August of 1861 he went to the front as Major of the Seventh Maine Volunteers, at the age of twenty years. He served with his regiment through the war, having some very thrilling experiences. Less than ten years ago Gen. Hyde was awarded an elegant medal by Congress for his acts of exceptional bravery during the war. Gen. Hyde is a very interesting speaker and has delivered a number of addresses on his war experiences. When the army was mustered out he came back to Bath with the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. Gen. Hyde is a Republican in political principle and a strong one, too. He was president of the Maine Senate in 1876-77, and mayor of Bath in 1878-79, serving in both positions in an acceptable manner. He has also been a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point, and one of the managers of the Soldiers' Home and of the Naval and Military Orphans' Asylum in Bath. In his business career Gen. Hyde has been unusually successful, due to his superb pluck, tact, enterprise and perseverance, to which one obstacle after another has succumbed. At the close of the war, after he returned to Bath, he leased the Bath Iron Foundry, now known as the northern division of the Bath Iron Works, it then being in its infancy and employing but seven men. He now employs upward of 700 men."

'62.—One of Maine's best soldiers and highly honored sons has lately been nominated as candidate for Adjutant-General of Maine. Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, Executive Commissioner of the Maine Board of World's Fair Managers, was born in Danville, Vt., October 11, 1840, and removed to Maine at the age of 10 years. Gen. Mattocks fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., graduated at Bowdoin College in 1862, and at the Harvard Law School in 1867. Immediately after graduating at Bowdoin he was appointed First Lieutenant in the Seventh Maine Infantry Volunteers, and served in the Army of the Potomac until Lee's surrender, having been engaged in every battle of that army occurring after his entry into service, except during nine months while he was a prisoner. Gen. Mattocks began the practice of law in 1867, and has practiced in this State and United States Courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States. He has served as County Attorney, and as a member of the State Legislature. As a business organizer Gen. Mattocks has few superiors, having a ready grasp of large affairs, and prompt decided methods of administration.

'66.—Professor Chapman delivered an address on "The Columbiad," in Portland, October 21, 1892.

'68.—Hon. Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, addressed the Republicans of Brunswick in an admirable speech November 1st. Mr. Baker is now speaking in New York on the political questions of the day.

'69.—Rev. Horatio Stebbens, of San Francisco, delivered the opening sermon before the Ministers' Institute in Newton, Mass., a short time ago.

'70.—D. S. Alexander, United States Attorney for Northern New York, is making an active canvass of Western New York for President Harrison.

'73.—Hon. A. F. Moulton spoke in Town Hall, November 2, 1892.

'74.—Charles F. Kimball has been elected President of the National Carriage Makers' Association.

'77.—Professor G. T. Little has forwarded the Auburn Public Library a set of Cornhill Magazines. The gift is much appreciated by the trustees of the library.

'79.—C. F. Johnson spoke in Town Hall, November 2d.

Medical School, '83.—Dr. H. F. Twitchell has given up his practice in Freeport and will settle in Portland.

'87.—Charles J. Goodwin, Ph.D., has recovered

from his illness and has resigned his professorship of Greek at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, to accept a position at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

'88.—D. M. Cole is principal of Westfield (Mass.) High School.

'88.—E. S. Bartlett has a position in the Pension Office, Washington, D. C.

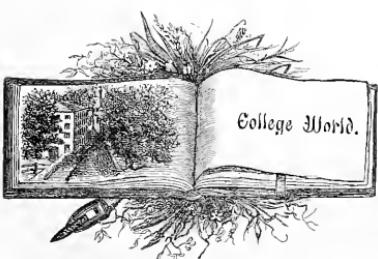
'89.—C. L. Mitchell is principal of the High School, Wareham, Mass.

Medical School, '89.—Dr. Charles P. Small has disposed of his practice in Waterville and gone to Chicago.

'89.—G. L. Rogers has been elected County Attorney.

'91.—W. G. Mallett has accepted a position in Farmington Normal School in place of D. M. Cole, '88, resigned.

'91.—B. D. Ridlon is sick with slow fever.



Here's some advice that the editor of the *Trinity Tablet* offers to its Sophomores: "Discipline the Freshmen thoroughly, with never a thought that you were 'fresh' last year. Fight on in supreme contempt of the regulations, take your punishment like little men, and by and by you, too, can sit in the 'seat of the scornful,' and cast satirical reflections upon under-class rivalry."

A COMPLAINT.

No cruelty to animals
Is of such atrocious sort
As teasing that poor quadruped
Known as the Piano-Forte.

—*Brunonian*.

The New York Tribune, Sun, and Times have 111 college men on their staffs.

The University of Pennsylvania has decided to found a "traveling scholarship in architecture," yielding an annual income of \$1,000, which will

enable the holder to travel through Europe and study the best methods of architecture.

QUATRAIN.

My trembling knees did much belie
The artful firmness in my face,
As I, all trembling, rang the bell,
To ask her stern papa for Grace!

—*Williams Weekly.*

First Senior (after a long session of tennis with one of the co-eds.)—"There, we've finished our tournament." Second Senior—"How did it come out?" First Senior—"O, it ended in a *tie*." Second Senior (with emotion)—"The *deuce* it did! Old man, you're in luck. Accept my congratulations."—*Bates Student.*

SELF-SATISFIED.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
I say this to myself, and am consoled
To think that's why I'm far from mortal ken,
On the list of hidden geniuses enrolled."

—*Columbia Spectator.*

Paris University, the largest in the world, has 9,215 students; Vienna is second, having 6,220 students, and Berlin third.

Harvard has made application for 7,000 square feet for its intended exhibit at the World's Fair.

Old gold has been adopted as the college color at the University of Chicago.

President Seth Low, of Columbia College, used city police to prevent Sophomores interfering with

Freshmen when assembled for entrance examination. His purpose is to break up the rushing and less manly forms of hazing.

QUITE FEMININE YOU KNOW.

First came the spotless full dress shirt,
Then four-in-band, by chance,
Soon "galusses" were quite the rage,
And it will next be—? ? !

—*Cynic.*

The total membership of Greek-letter societies in the American colleges is estimated at 77,000.

One-half of the West Point Cadets are obliged to wear glasses, it is said. This state of affairs is largely due to the fact that the barracks are lighted by electricity instead of gas. The Board of Visitors has asked Congress to appropriate \$25,000 to remedy this.

Both President Harrison and Mr. Whitelaw Reid hold the diplomas of Miami University, one of the "small colleges." It is situated at Oxford, Ohio. Secretary Noble is another of its alumni. Mr. Cleveland never attended college. Mr. Stevenson graduated from Center College, Ky.

The Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, has a campus containing about 70,000 acres, with a drive way 17 miles long.

The number of actively Christian men at Bowdoin is 37, at Bates 39, at Colby 56.

It is a noticeable fact that the 94 Universities of Europe have 1723 more professors, and 41,814 more students than the 360 Universities of the United States.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 23, 1892.

No. 10.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

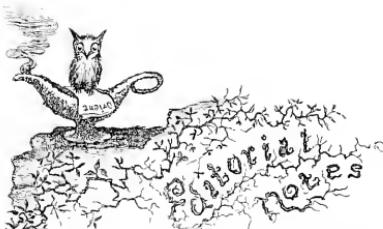
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The old New England festival of Thanksgiving bids us home again to share the turkey and the pumpkin pie. Thanksgiving Day, from its origin in the wilderness of Plymouth has spread through the whole country, following the Yankee everywhere. It has become a national festival; but though the soil of other regions may yield richer fruits, it is the hard-earned harvest of New England still, and the wild game of the New England woods that seem to furnish forth the board with the most plentiful abundance, and to evoke the truest and most heartfelt thanks.

The real Thanksgiving Day is the offspring of Puritan New England. The Pilgrims had been at Plymouth only ten months when their governor appointed the first Thanksgiving feast. Ten months of hardship and poverty they had been, but the harvest of Indian corn was gathered and the forests were full of game. The colonists joined with the Indians in a week of festivity, rejoicing in the abundance which had followed want.

Thanksgiving days among the colonists were at first of no regular occurrence and were not held at any constant season of the year, but toward the latter part of the seventeenth century they gradually grew into an annual festival, following the harvest.

In the Thanksgiving of to-day our festival

is symbolic of wider blessings than of the harvest alone. The prosperity of our country is a reason for the thankfulness of all its citizens. We of Bowdoin have cause to rejoice in the prosperity of the college. Every man has some blessing of his own to be thankful for. Certainly we have greater cause for rejoicing than the Pilgrim Fathers when they thanked God for their meager harvest of Indian corn.

WHE national election is past and gone, and the result is satisfactory to the majority of people in the country. At Bowdoin the campaign was brief and not very noisy. For a few days politics were allowed to take precedence, and then everybody settled down again to the quiet pursuit of learning, with the calm assurance that "the tariff is a tax."

WHE new catalogue will be published before this number of the ORIENT is issued. It indicates a total membership of 297, the largest in the history of the college. Of these, 197 are in the academic department, divided as follows: Seniors, 32; Juniors, 47; Sophomores, 53; Freshmen, 58; Special Students, 7.

The course of study remains nearly the same, but with this change: In Junior year, third term, American History is required, and practical Rhetoric becomes an elective.

For the purpose of promoting advanced work in Biology the college has secured the privileges of a table in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass., of which Dr. C. O. Whitman, of the class of 1869, is director. Each student or graduate who has shown marked proficiency in biological work will be given this opportunity for study during the summer months.

The catalogue shows an increase of three

in the Medical Faculty. Albert Roscoe Moulton, M.D., who comes from the Medical School in Philadelphia, will be Lecturer on Mental Diseases. John Franklin Thompson, A.M., M.D., Lecturer on Diseases of Women, and Willis Bryant Moulton, M.D., Clinical Instructor in Diseases of Eye and Ear. The three new men on the Academic Faculty are Prof. W. A. Houghton in the Latin chair, Mr. F. T. Farnsworth, Instructor in German, and Mr. A. M. Merriman, Assistant in Chemistry.

BOWDOIN has a well-deserved reputation of granting to her students more freedom and more privileges than any other college of her class in the country. In late years, as a rule, this liberty has not been misused, but, on the contrary, has gained for the college authorities the increased respect of the student body.

It is very seldom that we would complain of having too many privileges, but such at present seems to be the case. The liberty of carrying on animated discussions in Banister Hall, of reading aloud, while others are trying, during the lulls in the conversation, to grasp the ideas set forth in the current numbers of the magazines,—this liberty, we feel sure, the students as a body wish withdrawn. It is not an easy or a pleasant task to fathom the intricacies of the constitution while persons at the further end of the room keep up a running conversation; and when one's attention is frequently interrupted by the loudly uttered ejaculations of some one near him.

Perhaps those who make use of this privilege might reply that if one desires quiet, he should take the books to his room; but this is neither possible with the reserved books nor practicable with the magazines. Limited conversation in the wings is not so objectionable, but in Banister Hall it would obviously be better for the majority of stu-

dents if conversation in all its forms were prohibited.

OUR foot-ball season ends this year rather earlier than usual. Considerable satisfaction is to be taken in the record of our eleven this fall. It has not lost a game. It is a matter of regret that a team so strong as ours undoubtedly is should not have had the opportunity of meeting Dartmouth, Amherst, or Williams. Then, with a game or two lost, we should probably still have had a record to be proud of. The team has not had a fair chance to show what it was good for. One consolation remains. We can assert with some plausibility and with no danger of being confronted with proofs to the contrary, that we have this fall one of the strongest football teams in New England.

WE GO to press this week a day early on account of the Thanksgiving recess. It is therefore impossible to give in this number an account of any event which happened after Friday, November 18th.

THIE Thanksgiving recess occupies the best part of a week. Accordingly it is customary to leave three weeks between the numbers of the ORIENT at this time. Number 11 will be dated December 14.

PRÉSIDENT HYDE'S statement in chapel last Friday, that there were more applications for scholarships this year than there were students in college six years ago, was surprising and at the same time encouraging. It is an evidence of the prosperity of the college in the number of its students. His further remarks, however, that the increase in scholarships had by no means kept pace with this prosperity shows another phase of the question. He intimated that with the present high rate of increase in numbers as

compared with the increase in scholarships, if these conditions continue, a new basis of granting scholarships will probably have to be adopted. The new method suggested, was that of competitive scholarships. This seems to be the only solution of the question, and yet it is to be much regretted. How often it is the case that those, most worthy of scholarships, do not lead the class and that on the contrary, those who stand high in the class have ample means and would seek only the honor of securing the prize.

A Traitor to Peacock.

JIM VINING sat alone in his room. Before him, outspread on the carpet, his newspaper had fallen carelessly, with the quaint proclamation of the New England governor uppermost. "Whereas it hath been customary since our fathers' time to set apart each year a day on which to render thanks to the beneficent Giver of all things for the multitude of his blessings,—" and so on, counseling every one to gather with his family on the last Thursday of the month, to unite with them in thanksgiving and prayer.

Jim had just this moment made up his mind not to go home. A letter from Eva Wellington was the cause. He had looked forward to this brief recess with his imagination full of her, of the pleasure of her company, the walks, the rides, perhaps skating at Smith's pond if the cold weather lasted. And now she said she was going away for a Thanksgiving visit. Pinevale was too quiet and sleepy a place to spend a vacation in. Yet she knew he was coming home, and she had not seen him for three months.

Jim thought it over in gloomy silence. He tried to imagine some cause for the coolness which he realized had been growing up between them.

Had he ever, by word or syllable, answered her roughly when she laughed at

Walden,—at Walden, his college that he took so much pride in? The fault, if anywhere, seemed all on her part. Nothing could have been more trying to his patience than the way in which she continually held up before him the merits of Peacock University, Walden's bitter rival. How she doted on peacock blue, and as for terra-cotta, Walden's color, Jim knew she despised it. The most tantalizing of all was when she called attention to Walden's foot-ball record. For three years had Peacock University waved the blue triumphantly at the great championship game on Thanksgiving Day, and Jim bit his lip when he thought of the paternal mandate which prevented him from doing what he might do for the honor of old Walden.

Jim Vining was in a gloomy mood. He wrote a hasty letter home, stating that his studies demanded so much time that he thought it advisable to remain at the college during the Thanksgiving vacation. It was in good faith, too, for he had determined not to follow the eleven to Yorkfield, anticipating that the result of the game would not be a pleasant one to Walden men.

Some one knocked at Jim's door. It was the foot-ball captain.

"Billings has gone home, Jim, his father is sick," he said.

"That settles it," replied Jim, "not a man to take his place, is there?"

"Jim you must play half-back Thursday, there is nobody else," said the captain.

"But you know—"

"Yes, I know your father objects, but it is an emergency. It is you or no game. Walden depends on it. If the game goes by default, it is the end of our foot-ball. Weston is ready to fill our place if we drop out of the league. You know that as well as I do."

"One more point for Eva," thought Jim Vining, and he determined that whatever

were the consequences, Walden should play the game.

The grand-stand at Yorkfield presented a gay and beautiful picture on Thanksgiving Day. At one end, the fair admirers of Walden College sat displaying the terra-cotta of their favorite. At the other end the patron goddesses of Peacock University waved the rich blue in anticipation of victory.

"Peacock is certain to win, is it not?" asked a fair young girl who carried on her parasol a long streamer of blue ribbon.

"Pretty sure of it," replied her escort. "Walden never could play foot-ball. She will probably drop out of the league next year. Besides, her team is disabled, I understand. The best half-back could not come, and a new player, Williams, is going to be put on. I am glad to see you are so thoroughly with us, Miss Wellington."

The game had begun and the excitement with it. Nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the wearers of the blue when Peacock carried the ball across the line for the first touchdown.

One only among the crowd of ladies upon the Peacock stand seemed to waver in her enthusiasm. Eva Wellington had waved her handkerchief and parasol as the University team marched proudly upon the field. She had joined in the general demonstration when Peacock had gained ten yards with the V, but after that she had grown pale and sat leaning forward with eyes fixed upon one man behind the Walden line, who seemed to be omnipresent.

"Who is this Williams," began to be whispered about, as the crowd watched him, now with the ball, now the first to tackle, through the line, around the end, everywhere until the Walden men seemed to take courage, and imbibe the spirit and strength of their leader.

Eva, with a pale face, leaned forward grasping the railing in front of her.

The game was closer than Peacock men had anticipated, but they drew a long breath of relief when word was passed along that the referee's watch indicated but three minutes more, and Peacock was winning 10 to 6.

Walden had the ball, but seemed to dash itself in vain against the solid wall of its opponent, near the middle of the field.

The Peacock stand was growing more and more excited. Victory was certain. The blue ribbons fluttered in the air like poplar leaves in September.

Suddenly out of the struggling crowd in the field rushed a man wearing the terra-cotta uniform of Walden. His head was bent forward, his muscles set for the dash. He carried the ball under his arm.

A Peacock man tackled, but Walden's captain sacrificed himself and rolled with the tackler on the ground.

Onward rushed the runner with two Peacock men close at his heels.

"It is that Williams," whispered the crowd on the stand.

"It's Jim Vining," said the Walden men along the ropes.

Onward dashed the runner, forced to a diagonal course, directly toward the stand.

The Peacock allies had suddenly grown quiet. The blue ribbons ceased to flutter. The fair patronesses kept silence.

All but one. One little lady on the front seat stood up, and, waving her handkerchief over the railing, forgot the blue ribbon she wore and shouted in her excitement, "Run Jim! run! Turn to the right!"

Jim ran. He seemed to gain new strength. He turned sharply and curving to the right kept within bounds.

A Peacock tackler had his hand upon his shoulder. He was shaken off. Again he seized him and leaped upon his back. Jim staggered under the load. A few more steps forward, and he fell across the line and rolled toward the goal posts.

A mighty shout went up from the Walden men. The score was tied, and Jack Wells could never miss so easy a goal.

"A sprained ankle," said the doctor, as the crowd gathered round the prostrate victor. "He ought to have care immediately; must not go on the train to-night."

"A lady says take Mr. Vining, I mean Mr. Williams, to Mrs. Wellington's on Bridge Street," announced a bystander.

So Grandmother Wellington had another Thanksgiving visitor. She had learned to like the manly fellow in her summer visits to Pinevale, and her warm heart received him with tender sympathy.

The next day as Jim lay stretched out on the lounge in the sunny front room, Eva entered bringing the morning's paper.

"You wicked boy," she said, "to disobey your parents. You see what came of it. If you did it for fame, that's all the fame you got with your makebelieve name," and she tossed him the paper.

Jim read of the phenomenal playing of the unknown Williams, who won the championship for Walden.

"That's all the fame you got by it," repeated Eva.

But Jim did not do it for fame. He looked up at the smiling girl. She wore a bit of terra-cotta ribbon in her button-hole.

Addition to the Art Building.

ARCHITECTURAL improvements on the campus are still increasing. The latest is the proposed addition to the Walker Art Building, although the building itself is not completed yet. In order that the structure may have a more finished and elegant exterior the donors have decided to place a stone and brick terrace around the two sides and front. This terrace will extend from the base of the building proper for a width of over fifteen feet, and will terminate in a parapet wall two

feet high. The surrounding campus will rise slightly toward the wall, but when it reaches the wall, will be about five feet lower than its top.

The foundations of this wall will extend eight feet below the ground level. The wall itself will be over 300 feet long and built of cut stone. Only one flight of steps will lead up to the terrace from the campus, and these, directly in front of the main entrance, will be nearly forty feet in width and about six feet in height. The upper flight of steps, leading from the terrace to the portico, will be laid this fall, and work on this addition will be pushed as far as possible before winter. The exact figures on the addition are not known yet, but the estimated cost will be about \$10,000.

An Allegory.

WAS long past the hour of midnight, according to the reckoning by the moon, which, from its lofty height in the sky, shed a mellow light over all terrestrial objects, when I found myself walking abroad along a well-trodden path, which I recognized as unmistakably leading to the Walker Art Building on Bowdoin's fair campus. Advancing a little farther in my wanderings, I felt that I was being irresistibly led on by some other influence than my own will, toward the entrance of the new structure. On either side of me I noticed huge blocks of stone, cut and chiseled, ready to be used as constructing material on the morrow and following days.

Directly past these objects, which threw clear-cut shadows across my path, I pursued my course straight on toward the plank walk, which gave entrance to the edifice. High above my head I could perceive a long arm stretching out from the summit of the uncompleted building, which I readily called to mind as the ponderous steam-crane, so

clearly visible by daylight, as it towered far above everything else in its immediate neighborhood. Passing on through the door-way, guarded by enormous pillars, I considered not which way to turn, but still guided by that unknown force, which I felt, but had not strength enough to resist, I walked directly on over the same loosely-laid boards that I had once before traversed during the daytime. I could not look down, neither to the right nor left, for my eyes were riveted on an object drawing speedily nigh unto me.

Suddenly I halted and waited for a nearer approach of the figure, for now I could perceive that it had an upright appearance as of a person walking, and was clothed in a white raiment. Had I cherished a belief in ghosts, I might well have shuddered and then precipitously fled, but having no faith in apparitions or anything of the sort, I remained rigidly silent and expectant. Aroused from this apathy, into which I had fallen, by the creaking boards on which I stood, I opened my mouth and boldly addressed the white-robed figure, saying, "May I ask who you are, and why you are here?" Then the visitor answered encouragingly: "Certainly, why not? I am called Idle Curiosity, sometimes Laziness, and I always like to assist people to a further acquaintance, whenever they cherish any sentiments regarding me, and I try to meet them half-way. When you crossed the threshold yonder, you entered upon what is commonly known as Life's Career. Already I perceive you are here with no idle purpose in view, therefore I will leave you."

Meditating on what these words implied, I started forward in the darkness toward the adjoining room, but had not proceeded far before I became conscious of an apparition still in my pathway. Supposing it to be my recent acquaintance I was seized with a desire to escape all further communication, and passed speedily by. I had even com-

menced to ascend the ladder, which led to the loftier apartments of the building, when I imagined I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and a voice saying: "My name is Perseverance, and I always take notice of those who attempt to mount higher, for that clearly proves that such persons are numbered among my followers. Always persevere and you will surely succeed." With this parting admonition the object disappeared from view and I continued my way upward, while I thought within myself, this is truly a coincidence, for all who persevere are sure to mount upward in their career.

When I had attained the summit of the ladder I had no sooner looked around me than I became conscious of a white-robed stranger sitting serenely on the very edge of the unfinished wall. Presuming such quietude was only the result of sleep, I gradually approached nearer for a closer inspection. Disturbed by my approach, the figure raised its bowed head and stared at me.

"I know you," I said, "you are Adventuresomeness. I have often heard of you but was never allured by your charms." "You are that one," I continued, "who tempts people in their upward progress to such risks for the attainment of material things, as, when deliberating, they know full well they ought not to incur." "I will have nothing to do with you," I muttered. Greatly vexed at this apparently uncalled-for vehemence on my part, the figure remained silent and unmoved.

Moving on I was obliged to climb another ladder in order to reach the highest part of the structure; still I was directed by some unseen power to reach that certain indefinable something that I was after. Having ascended to the top of the building I rested a moment and then, with that true instinct which enables a somnambulist to walk unharmed in the midst of threatening dangers, I seemed to myself to still continue walking

slowly along the narrow and insecure planks, which I inferred were the embodiments of Jealousy, which a man often evokes from his personal enemies, and the others, Adverse Circumstances and Scorn, which forever attend a person striving to "press onward and upward."

Another figure now presented itself before me and, upon questioning, I discovered it to be Fame, otherwise known as Notoriety. Applying this personification to a person's progressive state in life, I saw that a rising man, after safely surviving the attacks of opponents and living down, as it were, petty jealousies and enmities, is always sure to attain either fame or notoriety, by the manner in which he succeeds in passing through perilous stages in his career. The next stranger I encountered was a bright and shining figure standing erect on the very tip-top of the dome. Still musing, I asked myself, is not this true to life? After acquiring fame or notoriety, do not we prosper according to whether we attain fame in its purest sense, or notoriety in its truest sense?

Now as I gazed intently on the glowing object before me, I perceived a shadowy figure retreating from my vicinity. Drawing nigh unto the shining one, I asked her who she was. Quickly the answer came, "I am Success and the evil one departing is Failure." "You are the lovely one I seek," I cried out, and with that I attempted to embrace her, but suddenly the figure disappeared and I saw in my dream only the black opening in the dome into which I was about to plunge head foremost. With a jump I endeavored to recover myself, and at the same moment I heard a voice saying, "not yet." "Not yet, what," I asked myself, now thoroughly awake. As I lay quietly thinking a moment of my dream, for dream it had surely been, and interpreting the last response "not yet" still ringing in my ears, I said to myself, applying the words as an

utterance of the personifications met with in my dream, "that not yet means that I have not yet attained the purpose of my life. Success has come not yet."

The Psychological Qualities of a Good Speech.

IN THE "Chat" column of the *Williams Literary Monthly* for October appears the following narrative in regard to one of our alumni, who is just as dear to two generations of Bowdoin men as he is to his fishermen parishioners:

The faculty of adapting one's self to the thoughts and conditions of others is a precious possession, whether born of nature or art. Not long ago Chat attended service at a little church on a sequestered island. The audience consisted of half a dozen summer cottagers and about fifty fisher-people as densely ignorant as any human beings within the pale of civilization. "Big attendance to-day," Chat observed to a grizzled fisherman. "Yaas," drawled the salt; "ye see, he allus gives us suthin' stirrin'," pointing to a little old man in black just entering the door. He it was who had been secured to fill the pulpit that day, in the absence of the regular pastor. "Two to one that chap can't preach," said a summer youth on the rear seat; "and what if he could? These old salts wouldn't know a good preacher if they heard one. Oh, hum!" and he settled back for a snooze. As the preacher entered, he took off a large, old-fashioned derby, thrust well down over his ears. His clothes were wrinkled and of an antique cut, his face was brown and furrowed and his form bent, as if with much pulling of sheets and oars. From the opening word of his discourse he addressed himself directly and solely to the fisher-people, using no illustration that was not drawn from things more or less familiar to them, though his sermon abounded in allusions. Now it was the wreck of a brig on the rocks of Maine, and now a resene off the coast of England, from a burning ship with shotted guns. His eyes sparkled as he saw the rude fisher-folk upturning their faces eagerly to him, clenching their hard fists and moving uneasily in their seats in the effort to control their pent-up feelings, as he unrolled to them the panorama of scenes and events of the sea. Indescribable was the effect when he concluded thus, while his

eye seemed to catch the fire of his spirit and his voice grew marvelously strong and clear: "I see the ship of Zion. There she rides! A hurricane howls through her rigging and rattles the ice of the spray upon her shrouds. She leaps, reels, and plunges; her masts quiver; her ratlines creak; her timbers groan. I see her colors stream, untattered, in the gale; I hear the song of the crew upon her deck—yea, above the thunder of waters, the name of Him who walked the billow and stilled the storm! She breasts the billow, she rides the gale; and not a blast from the rolling cloud, not a wave from the rushing sea can snap those stays or timbers or drag those cables home!"

When church was over the summer youth before mentioned turned to Chat and asked, "Who was that old chap?" "That old chap?" echoed a bystander in reply, "why, that old chap is Elijah Kellogg. He wrote 'Spartacus to the Gladiators' and 'Regulus to the Carthaginians'!"

The Pessioptimist.

THIE Pessioptimist often wonders why so few of his fellow-students inflict their presence on the various church sociables and informal affairs given in town. Don't we have time, or are we a set of unsociable, bear-like beings, hived up within the college walls to suck our own paws during the long winter evenings? Does college life make a man an unrelenting recluse, abhorrent of the society of the outside world?

If you feel that it does, gird on your armor of unabashed self-possession and put on your Sunday clothes, and embrace some of the opportunities offered for enjoying an evening in some other than that narrowing intellectual atmosphere which some of us are breathing altogether too much.

Don't think you are growing broad by sunning yourself in the light of your own intellect. It's very apt not to be over brilliant. Go out into the world and let some one else cast a few luminous rays into

the dark recesses of your brain, that you yourself are unable to illumine.

* * * * *

"Is 'wooding' a peculiarity of Bowdoin?" the Pessioptimist sometimes asks himself. Whether it is or not we are surely very proficient in the art, and there are very few who will not graduate with a *summa cum laude* in this branch of the college curriculum. But did you ever notice that perhaps the greatest adepts in this line are the Freshmen? There seems to be nothing more to their gratification than to get rid of their exuberance of spirits thus. Perhaps it is because it is so new and strange a privilege, coming as they do from the restrictions of a fitting school. It takes considerable provocation to incite a Senior class to such activity.

* * * * *

Some of our professors are very tender hearted, and dislike exceedingly to hurt the feelings of anyone. The Pessioptimist heard a pretty good verification of this fact the other day. A very popular member of the Faculty met a certain Junior, who the night before had called at the professor's house, and, forgetful boy that he was, had left his umbrella, which he described as being brass-headed and having his name scratched on it with a pin. Imagine his surprise when, on meeting the man of letters next day, he was told that a *gold-headed* umbrella, engraved with his initials, "B. —. —," had been left the night before. The young man firmly believes that professors have very vivid imaginations or are all alchemists.

* * * * *

Does college life make a man lazy? The Pessioptimist gives it up, but he does know of some examples in college of the most unmitigated laziness, if rumor speaks aright. Why, it is said that one of our "grave and reverend" Seniors is so utterly worn out with the trials and tribulations of a day's existence on this mundane sphere that he is

totally unable to remove his hat before going to bed. And it is moreover related of this individual that sleep so far overcomes him oftentimes that he is absolutely without strength to take off his clothes, but seeks his night's repose on the sofa in full dress. Let this man bear the palm until we hear of a lazier.

* * * * *

There is mighty little satisfaction nowadays in celebrating a peanut drunk or a turkey supper. No one seems to know or care when they come off. Somebody obtains a good sized "gobbler," has him cooked, and brings along a lot of "fixings," cranberry sauce, etc. That part of it is all very pleasant and the feast is doubtless a rare treat to some of the Sophomore appetites; but when they leave the remains of the festivities in chapel for the Juniors to play patty-cake with it's not so agreeable, especially if some of those patty-cakes happen to find lodgment on the back of your unsuspecting neck. This is a new phase in the history of turkey suppers, and these post-prandial exercises could be done away with with very little reluctance on the part of the sufferers.

Rhyme and Reason.

A November Woe.

Long is summer fled,
Autumn, too, is sped,
And I meditate
On man's changeful fate.

Life is full of change;
Ah! 'Tis passing strange;
Reasons who can give
For this life we live?

Some philosopher
Reasons may aver,
But they won't suit me,—
We shall not agree.

Mild vicissitude
I will grant is good,
But I muse with grief
On the fallen leaf,

On the dismal fall;
And the change I call
Far too great to bear
With a meek despair.

But the bitterness
Which I would express
Has sufficient cause,
One that pleasure gnaws,

Eats my little joys,
And my soul annoys;
Bitter though I be
Who is not like me?

Who's content and kind,
Who has peace of mind,
Doth not inly swear,
In thick underwear?

The Dead Leader.

As oft at break of day the gladsome lark,
Awakes with melody the slumbering earth,
Nor dreams of care or grief, but high in air
Rejoices in the power of his wings,
So youth's glad days passed by.

As from its source mid mountain glens and peaks,
The mighty river, broadening as it flows,
Sweeps onward, silent, irresistible,
And in due time gains its appointed goal,
So manhood honor brought.

As gently, softly on a winter's night,
The pure snow crystals of the upper air
Leave their accustomed haunts and gladly go
To finish their existence in another world,
So passed his soul from earth.

Bowdoin Men.

I have seen a line extending
From the East unto the West.
I have noticed the close blending
Of the poorest, and the best

From the same small point, expanding,
To the North, and South, as well.
Laurels from the high, demanding.
All a tale of power tell.

I have watched the band increasing.
Seen them onward, upward rise.
Their march forward never ceasing,
Ever, reaching toward the skies.

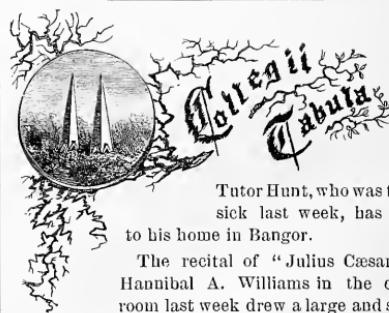
And, you ask, who are these, working,
Falling, but to rise again;
Never failing, never shirking?
And I answer, Bowdoin men.

The Song of the Sailors.

[From the French of Souvestre.]

O sing and drink with foaming glass;
One day is left for pleasure yet;
But change the wind—then, land, farewell;
To-morrow morn our sails are set.
The sky is clear; the breeze blows o'er;
It is for us that shines the sun;
Our song rings out along the shore,
Fear not! Fear not! God guides us on.

And when the waves from every shock,
Are shattered at the vessel's side,
Then far aloft the cabin boy
Still sends his song across the tide.
Despite the waves or tempests then,
Despite the winds or gloom of night,
Fear not! Fear not! Brave sailor men,
'Tis ever God who guides us right.



Tutor Hunt, who was taken sick last week, has gone to his home in Bangor.

The recital of "Julius Cæsar" by Hannibal A. Williams in the court-room last week drew a large and select audience. We seem to be having a rare treat in Shakespeare recitals this term.

Boardman is at home sick.

Dudley, '95, has returned to college.

Meade, '95, has returned to college.

North Maine Hall was opened November 12th.

The Unitarians held their annual fair Tuesday afternoon and evening of last week.

Gummer, '92, was seen on the campus the other day.

Stevens, '94, who has been home ill, has returned.

Sousa's Marine Band is advertised in town for the 22d.

Leighton, '94, spent Sunday recently with his parents.

The new college-pins are very pretty and popular.

President Hyde preached one Sunday recently in Wellesley.

We are glad to learn that we are to have a Glee and Banjo Club.

The recent snow-storms put an end to tennis playing for this year.

Pierce, '96, was on the sick list last week, but has returned to college.

The voters among the students got their attendance rank on election day.

Badger, '95, has taken the High School at Anson for a four months' term.

A few of the students attended the "Living Whist" in Lewiston the other night.

Machan and Bagley have removed their store from North Winthrop to 19 North Maine.

Owing to the poor patronage of the students, the Ragan course of lectures netted only \$30.00.

The Y. M. C. A. observed last week as the Week of Prayer by special meetings held every afternoon.

McArthur, '93, and Hinkley and Pickard, '94, witnessed the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game, Saturday.

The $\Delta\Upsilon$ fraternity will be represented on the '94 *Bugle*, but has not yet selected a man for the place.

The recent Shakespeare recitals have been well attended by the students, and have been most enjoyable occasions.

Rev. Wm. P. Fisher, the former pastor of the Brunswick Congregational church, spoke in chapel a week ago Sunday.

There will be a class in the Gym. this winter that will take a foot-ball drill, if there is to be no boating next spring.

The circulation of the Library books for October, was 432; average per day, 17; greatest daily circulation, 32.

One of the Juniors had rather an embarrassing moment when he mistook a Professor back-to for a student of the same name.

The Freshmen received their charts, Thursday, from Professor Whittier, and are now eating, sleeping, and working strictly by rule.

Payson, '93, and W. W. Thomas, '94, attended the $\Delta K E$ convention, which was held in Chattanooga, Tenn., two days of last week.

The Gym. is becoming a popular resort once more. The compulsory work will begin, as usual, immediately after the Thanksgiving recess.

Among those present at the teachers' convention held in town recently, were Prof. Purington, '78, Kimball, '87, Mitchell, '90, and Merriman, '92.

Though the "Kirmess" is a thing of the past, its effects are to be seen in the frequent visits that certain students still pay to the "Shipping City."

The Sophomores had their long-delayed "Turkey supper" a week ago Friday night, and, as usual, adorned the seats in chapel with the fragments.

President Hyde, in his Bible class Tuesday evenings, is taking up Theological doctrines and problems in a very interesting way. The attendance is quite large.

There is some talk among the college authorities of having a collection of portraits, autographs, and other like memorials, of distinguished alumni of the college at the World's Fair.

Professor Robinson took the Senior mineralogy class to Portland last Friday to study the various processes of iron manufacture in the rolling mills and the Portland Company's works.

The $\Theta\Delta X$ convention met in Boston Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. The Eta Chapter was represented by Howard, Bucknam, Barker, '93, Pickard, '94, and Stetson, Bryant, and Leighton, '95.

After the Bowdoin-Brown foot-ball game, a large part of the team stopped over on their way home to see the Exeter-Andover game at Andover; Carleton, Payson, and Baldwin, '93, and E. Thomas, '94, went on to New York to witness the game between Yale and the University of Pennsylvania.

Professor Hutchins had the Juniors over at the Observatory Thursday evening, and showed them the comet which has lately made its appearance. He also pointed out the various constellations and principal stars, and then exhibited some fine drawings of celestial phenomena.

The Brunswick and Topsham Democratic clubs advertised a torch-light procession for last Saturday evening. Illuminations, fire-works, cannon, bonfires, transparencies, and all other tokens of victory were among the "features," and, after the march, a grand spread. The College club was invited to act as escort.

It really looks as if one at least of the class foot-ball games would come off this year, that between the Sophomores and Freshmen. There has been some discussion as to whether 'Varsity men should be allowed to play, since '95's team would be largely made up of such players. Finally the Freshmen in a class-meeting voted to play any way, and accordingly have begun work. It has not yet been decided when the game will take place.

The celebrated Fayerweather will is being again contested, this time by the heirs of Mrs. Fayerweather. This will in all probability not affect the special bequests to the colleges, even though it be successful, but only the gifts that have since been bestowed by the executors from their own share. Bowdoin has already received \$80,000 of her part, and, while the remaining \$20,000 may be delayed for some time, still it will doubtless ultimately come.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 8; Brown, 0.

Friday, November 11th, Bowdoin lined up against Brown, on Lincoln Field, Providence, and succeeded in adding another game to her unbroken series of successes this season. The teams were well matched in size and weight, but Brown proved unable to keep up with the pace set by her opponent.

In the first half Bowdoin played with much snap, Carleton and Fairbanks each scoring a touchdown, but Carleton failing to kick the desired goals. In the second half neither side was able to score. Brown played a sharper game than in the first and nearly succeeded in making a touchdown, when Bowdoin got the ball and soon carried it back to the center of the field. The playing of Capt. Carleton, Fairbanks, and Sykes, was particularly good,

while Robinson showed up best on the opposing team. The men lined up as follows:

<i>Bowdoin.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Brown.</i>
Quimby.	Right End.	{ Dennison, Drawbridge.
Ridley.	Right Tackle.	Nott.
Shay.	Right Guard.	Call.
Dewey.	Centre.	Smith.
Stone.	Left Guard.	Hastings.
Kimball.	Left Tackle.	{ J. L. Casey, Aldrich.
Chapman.	Left End.	E. N. Casey.
Fairbanks.	Quarter-back.	Matteson.
Paysor, { Sykes. }	Half-backs.	{ Straight, Green, Weeks.
Carleton.	Full-back.	Robinson.

Score—Bowdoin, 8; Brown, 0. Touchdowns—Carleton, Fairbanks. Umpire—Mr. Howland of Yale. Referee—Mr. Ross of Bowdoin.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

The record which Bowdoin has made this year on the foot-ball field is one which cannot fail to excite enthusiasm among the undergraduates and alumni, and inspire respect among the other New England colleges. We started out with gloomy prospects, the team being light and to a great extent inexperienced, but through the patient and persistent work of Capt. Carleton, the team has been put through a thorough system of training, which has shown its results very clearly. This demonstrates the good result of practice. It is coming to be seen more and more at Bowdoin, as it should be, that no man is so essential to athletics that his playing is a matter of course, whether he trains conscientiously or not. We hope this will be borne in mind by future captains in all the branches of athletics.

One thing which will help Bowdoin's foot-ball prospects in the future is the interest which is taken in the game throughout the schools of the State. This is the secret of the success of the Massachusetts colleges and cannot fail to be a benefit here. Another great help, and one which has often before been suggested by the ORIENT, would be the playing of class games after the 'Varsity season. This will bring out new and perhaps unsuspected material. We sincerely hope that this successful season of foot-ball at Bowdoin may be culminated by an interesting, and at the same time useful, series of class games.

The summary of the games played by Bowdoin this season is as follows:

- October 1, Bowdoin, 26. Philips Exeter, 4.
- October 12, Bowdoin, 56. Westbrook Seminary, 0.

October 15,	Bowdoin, 56.	Colby, 0.
October 21,	Bowdoin, 38.	West Roxbury, 0.
October 22,	Bowdoin, 36.	Philips Andover, 0.
October 25,	Bowdoin, 10.	Boston A. A., 10.
November 5,	Bowdoin, 22.	Colby, 4.
November 11,	Bowdoin, 8.	Brown, 0.

G. P. C. A.

In a recent paper we noticed the following letter from the corresponding secretary of a college association: "We find our college field somewhat limited this year. All the young men boarding at the dormitory and those living near the college are Christians. We are glad to be able to report a college so thoroughly Christian. Of course there are quite a number of young men who live 'down town' attending the college whom the college association cannot reach." This unexampled case is so rare as to emphasize the uniformity of the opposite state of affairs. That all the students should be so thoroughly Christian as to limit the field of the college association is a state not found outside the limits of a very few places. As we consider this report and compare the condition of that association with our own, we are inclined to be discouraged and feel that we are doing comparatively nothing. Instead of being discouraged, however, we should be stimulated to more earnest work, and strive to bring our association nearer to that ideal state. Although we have not seen the results we should like to have seen during the past year, yet we cannot think that our labor has been in vain. We are told that "one soweth and another reapeth," and though we may not reap the fruits of our sowing, we may be preparing the way for others to reap a glorious harvest.

The week of prayer was observed by the associations of the country during the week beginning November 13th. The Bowdoin association, as has been the custom for the past few years, held meetings on each day of the week. The attendance was rather small, yet a spirit of earnestness has prevailed and we cannot help feeling that the members who have attended have become reconsecrated to Christ and prepared to do better work in His vineyard.

NOTES.

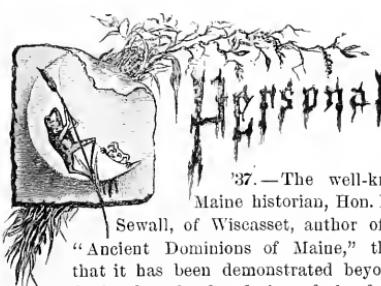
During the past year the college associations have been increased by the establishment of fifty-five new associations.

The sum of \$375 has been raised for religious work at Amherst this term.

At Central University, Iowa, seventy-five per cent. of the young men are Christians. Of these, ninety per cent. are in the association.

At Brown University three quartets of students have been organized to carry on a work similar to that done at Bowdoin under the direction of our Neighborhood Work Committee.

The first college Young Men's Christian Association was organized in 1858, at Ann Arbor, with a membership of nine, five of whom are still living.



37.—The well-known Maine historian, Hon. R. K. Sewall, of Wiscasset, author of the "Ancient Dominions of Maine," thinks that it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the foundation of the famous Damariscotta shell heaps was made by the Northmen, as similar deposits are found by recent investigations to exist in the "Kjokken middens" of Norway. Mr. Sewall has prepared a paper on this subject which he will read during the coming winter before the Maine Historical Society.

73.—A. F. Richardson, of the Castine Normal School, was among the speakers at the West Oxford Teachers' Convention, Lowell, October 28th and 29th.

73.—Among the speakers at the meeting of the Maine Schoolmasters' Club, held at the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me., November 12th, were: Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73, in response to the Toast, "The Freshman and his Fit," and H. K. White, '74, of the Bangor High School. Other Bowdoin men present were: A. F. Richardson, '73; B. P. Snow, '55; D. H. Dale, M. S., '71; C. Fish, '65; A. W. Tolman, '88; Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66; G. C. Purington, '78; W. B. Mitchell, '90; W. I. Weeks, '90; Prof. A. W. Moody, '82; Prof. Henry Johnson, '74.

74.—Dr. F. A. Bickford, a graduate of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, who has been a surgeon in the United States army during the past ten years, has located in Old Town to practice his profession.

'76.—This ship is in command of J. E. Sewall, ex-'76. The big Yankee sailing ship Susquehanna, arrived in New York, November 15th, after completing her maiden Atlantic and Pacific passage. She made the triangular passage from New York to San Francisco, San Francisco to Liverpool, Liverpool to Sandy Hook, a total of 39,000 miles, in 270 running days, an average of 144½ miles per day.

'77.—Rev. E. M. Cousins, pastor of the Congregational church at Westbrook, Me., has been delivering a course of lectures on "Home Influences." The course has been very popular and well attended.

'78.—G. C. Purington was elected chairman of the executive committee of the Schoolmasters' Club, which met in Brunswick, November 12th.

Medical School, '79.—Dr. C. D. Smith and a party of friends are at Old Stream, near Machias, this week, deer hunting.

'83.—William A. Perkins is in the graduate school of Harvard University studying Mathematics and Physics.

'84.—W. H. Cothren, formerly manager of the Edison Company, in Chicago, Ill., has a position under the consolidated company in New York.

'85.—The following card has been received: Mr. Eben Winthrop Freeman, Miss Nellie Grant Elliot, married Wednesday, November 16, 1892, Brunswick, Me. At home Thursdays, after January 1st, 2 Fessenden Street, Oakdale, Portland.

'86.—I. W. Horne is superintendent of schools in Braintree, Mass. Mr. Horne has resigned his school at Quincy.

'87.—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of William Lewis Gahan and Miss Louisa Merrill of Brunswick, Me.

'87.—Merton Kimball and Miss Eva Cook were married November 15, 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will reside in Norway, Me.

'88.—H. C. Hill is with Gunn & Co., Boston, Mass.

'89.—F. Russell is with R. D. Green & Co., 42 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

'89.—Earl Merrill is putting in an electric railroad at Binghampton, N. Y.

'90.—George F. Freeman has resigned his school at Hyde Park and has entered the Harvard Medical School.

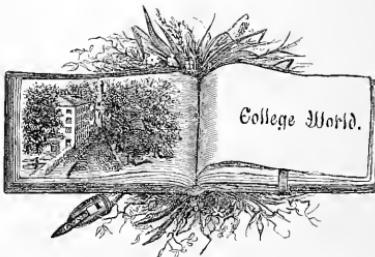
'91.—Gould Porter spent November 14th in Brunswick.

'92.—E. H. Wilson is in the law office of Symonds, Snow & Cook, of Portland.

'92.—L. K. Lee will teach this winter at White Rock, Me.

'92.—F. V. Gummer has finished his school at Livermore Falls. Mr. Gummer's present address is Brunswick, Me.

'92.—H. R. Gurney is recovering from typhoid fever, and will soon be able to take his position as instructor in English, at Poughkeepsie.



COLLEGE VERSE.

"I used to cwease my trousers,
And I got quite used to that;
But now, baw Jove," said Cholly,
"I have to cwease my hat."—*Yale Record*.

William Astor has promised \$1,000,000 to found a negro university in Oklahoma.

University of Pennsylvania is to have a new dormitory, costing \$125,000. It will be the largest in the United States.

Harvard was the first of the American colleges to open a graduate school. The first degree of Doctor was given in 1873.

The University of Minnesota has adopted a plan of electing speakers for Commencement. There will be a series of oratorical contests during the Senior year, and the ten having the highest standings in these represent the class on Commencement day.

WOMAN'S VIEW.

It takes a maid to help a man
To execute his glorious plan;
Columbus's dream had been in vain
But for one woman's aid from Spain.

—*Mount Holyoke*.

Cornell is mentioned as a possible successor to Wesleyan in the Intercollegiate Foot-Ball League. The latter team is altogether too weak for the other elevens.

Says the *Brunonian*: "Foot-ball at Brown is now at an important crisis. This season's work will either arouse lasting enthusiasm of such a nature as

to advance the sport here greatly, or it will give the game a serious set-back of long duration. Now is the time to realize this fact and to accomplish the former of these two possibilities."

Ann Arbor and Williams keep their libraries open on Sundays.

Stagg has organized all the male members of the undergraduate department of the University of Chicago into foot-ball teams.

Of the sixty-five thousand students in American universities and colleges four thousand are preparing for the ministry.

Yale has students from fifteen foreign countries.

THE COLLEGE GIRLS.

Would I call them sweet? Ah, no,
They would laugh at me for my pains,
Call them winning, witty, and wise,
Or whatever else takes brains.
Yet thou knowest they're sweet? Ah, yes,
But you're only a Freshie, my boy;
In a few more years you'll confess
Their sweetness is mostly alloy.

—Unit.

The *Brunonian* has the following to say with regard to college professors and politics: "The narrowness which condemns a college faculty to silence on political issues is utterly incongruous in our present age. Devotion to party need not imply

contempt of your opponents. Nor should the mature conclusions of cultured men meet with aught but respectful treatment. The sneers of the press at professorial theories are childish and unjustifiable."

In the University of Chicago one floor of the graduate dormitory contains representatives of Clark, Cornell, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Rochester, and Colgate universities.

It is reported that Cambridge University, England, is crowded for want of funds. It practically has no endowment. It could not make a necessary addition to the library building of \$1,500. The English papers are putting out strong appeals for its support.

TO A RURAL BELLE.

My dear, thy music-breathing lips
Two red assassins are,
For when King's English 'twixen them slips
'Tis murdered then and there.

What though they tortured every word!
I'd love thee none the less,
If from them one sweet sound I heard,—
Just one, a whispered "Yes."

—*Brunonian*.

Prof. A. A. Stagg, physical director at the University of Chicago, is lecturing throughout the West on "The Modern Athlete."



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 14, 1892.

No. 11.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

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Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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There is sometimes seen in college a tendency, apparently handed down from fitting-school ideals, which glories in getting the best of the Professor. "Sticking it into the Professor," is the technical name which it goes by. It consists principally in neglecting to master some branch of study supposed to be for the advantage of the student to know, and then, by concealing the true state of the case from the real or apparent knowledge of the Professor, experiencing the satisfaction of knowing the consequent detriment to the Professor and gain to the student. This tendency is more marked at some times than at others. Review and examination weeks are the periods most opportune for its widest spread. Some classes are more prone to it than others. In some an earnest spirit gets the better of this shirking habit. The conquest of one or the other of these tendencies marks the success or failure of the class. Whichever is uppermost in the institution determines whether it shall be a college or a play-house. It is possible for the Professor to exert a great influence for good or bad, but it depends on the united intelligence of the students to determine which spirit is to prevail, and the result is of greater importance than the curriculum to the standing of the college.

HERE has necessarily been some grumbling at the high rents of rooms in Maine Hall. It certainly seems to an outsider, on comparing these rents with rents of city offices, or even whole houses, that the price could be lowered considerably if the college funds are to be used solely for the advancement of education. If a reduction is not possible without loss, it will hardly pay the college to make such expensive improvements on the other dormitories, unless a wealthier class of students is expected in the future.

COMPULSORY chapel, when considered with too much stress upon the "compulsory," has sometimes met with strong opposition from the students. The large attendance at chapel this term, larger than at any time for at least three years, and the general contentment seems to indicate that the oppressive tyranny of the system is mainly imaginary.

THE small audience at the lecture given recently under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., suggests an inquiry as to what are the proper methods of advertising an event of that kind in college. It would probably be surprising, to anybody who has not considered the question, how difficult it is to bring such an event to the attention of even so small and compact a body as the students. We venture to say, however, that not one-half of the students knew that there was to be an illustrated popular lecture on Africa, by an officer of Stanley's on the Congo, and that it was to be delivered in Memorial Hall, December 1st, at eight o'clock, admission 25 cents. Fewer still of the town people knew anything about it.

Press notices are of no value, as nobody reads them. Flaming placards are better, but personal solicitation of subscriptions, and

that in the most thorough manner is, in the absence of a daily paper, the only reliable method of advertising a lecture. If the Y. M. C. A. is to give a series of lectures this winter, it must make up its mind to advertise thoroughly, and not repeat the mistake of the Foot-Ball Association by relying upon spontaneous generation for the production of audiences.

WE publish in this number an interesting contribution from President McKeen, of the Bowdoin Alumni Association. It would be very pleasing if more of our alumni should favor us with contributions.

WE WISH all our subscribers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We wish it thus early in order that our greeting may include the joy which comes from the anticipation of pleasant times.

SEVERAL of the colleges seem to be having trouble with their reading-rooms in one way or another. Brown, Williams, and Colby in particular have lately been complaining, through their publications, of several evils attendant upon the reading-room management. The universal trouble seems to be the "swiping" and mutilating of the papers by the students, and the neglect of the management. In the *Williams Weekly*, attention is called to the "extensive clipping of the papers, some of them being reduced to a mere collection of margins, as if they had served the purpose of exchanges for the *Weekly* board." The *Brown Herald* complains of the management and suggests "that notices be sent to the officers of their election, as some of them seem not to be informed of their honors." At Colby there is trouble all round. The practice of stealing the papers has become so common that the illustrated weeklies are never seen in the room, and the manager has given up the

attempt to put these papers on file and keeps them himself. This gives the *Echo* a good opportunity to give both students and manager a thorough dressing down, and it even ventures to deny the divine right of the students to use the reading-room for a foot-ball field.

The moral seems to be that college reading-rooms should be put more closely under the management of the college. One phase of the question which is troubling the reading-room management in some of the colleges is not experienced at Bowdoin. That is the matter of finance. At Bowdoin the reading-room subscription goes on the term bills and is paid as a matter of course by every student in college. At least in this matter, in which the college takes the responsibility, our reading-room is secure from trouble.

IN THE Psychology class this term, President Hyde has introduced the topical method of instruction. This consists of placing on the blackboard the several topics or divisions of the lesson next following; and then giving an oral explanation or synopsis of the lesson, taking up the topics one by one. This gives a framework for the student and is of great value in facilitating the mastery of the lesson. The system seems to have worked to the satisfaction of all, at least in so intricate a study as Psychology. Whether it would not in some studies be demoralizing to the attention of the student is a question which cannot be answered until further experiments are made. President Hyde is an earnest supporter of the method, and intends to deliver several addresses upon it before teachers' associations in the State.

HAS SOON as the Christmas vacation is over the captains of the base-ball and foot-ball teams should be elected in order that there may be no delay in getting the

men to work in the Gymnasium. The same may be said of the Sophomore and Freshman crews, and if there is any of a college crew, the question should be settled immediately at the beginning of the winter term.

Old Harvard Rules.

To the Editors of the Orient:

SOME recent observations of one of your contributors on the subject of college customs and class etiquette suggest that the readers of the *ORIENT* may be interested in some of the provisions found in the old laws of Harvard College. As a member of the committee to revise the laws of Bowdoin, I have had occasion to look at some of the early statutes of other colleges as well as our own.

By a rule enforced in Harvard College in 1650, it was provided: "No scholar shall take tobacco, unless permitted by the President with the consent of their parents or guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." So late as 1722, the extravagance of Commencements was checked by an ordinance prohibiting students "from preparing or providing either plum cake, or roasted, boiled or baked meats or pies of any kind." And some years later action was taken by the overseers to prevent "going about to evade this law by plain cake." It is worth noting that Harvard College sought to preserve the English language undefiled by enacting a law, early in the seventeenth century, as follows: "The scholars shall never use their mother-tongue, except that in public exercises of oratory, or such like, they be called to make them in English." In 1674 it was enacted that those guilty of "blasphemous language be publicly whipped before all the scholars, and then expelled," the whipping to be preceded by a prayer by the President. Among the rules of etiquette

was one not repealed until as late as 1797, as follows: "No freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard, unless it rains, hails or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full; and no under-graduate shall wear his hat in the College yard when any of the Governors of the College are there; and no bachelor shall wear his hat when the President is there. No freshman shall speak to a senior with his (that is, the freshman's) hat on, or have it on in the senior's chamber or in his own if a senior be there." This will probably explain why it was made so uncomfortable for Quakers in Massachusetts. It may be mentioned that throughout the Colonial period the "fagging" system prevailed in full force. Minute regulations and college laws prescribe the duties in this matter of the college freshman. For example, "No freshman when sent on an errand shall tell who he is going for, unless he be asked; nor shall he be obliged to tell what he is going for unless he be asked by a Governor of the College." Some of those customs which it was thought necessary to restrict may be conjectured from the list of fines inflicted for their indulgence. One might be absent from prayers for two pence, or tardy for one penny; whereas the offense of going to meeting before the bell rang was sixpence. (This is commended to the too-previous people of our own time). To play cards cost two and sixpence; to swear profanely cost two and sixpence: whereas a scholar could be drunk for one and sixpence; the same price it cost him to gratify his heavenly aspirations by "going upon the top of the College," or "keeping prohibited liquors."

JAMES McKEEN.

Only a Slight Break.

WHAT Jack Turner was a "star," no one had ever denied. From his early days of knickerbockers and roundabouts when he had been the despair and delight of his

handsome mamma, till when, while pursuing a course of study at C—— College he was the plague and pride of his father's heart, his career had been one of unmitigated deviltry, so far as that could exist in connection with unflinching honesty and sterling integrity. From the disgusted "policeman" of the little college town, to the host of love-lorn maidens who looked romantic and sighed plaintively when Jack went by, all gazed on him with a sort of vexatious admiration which was none the less strong than it was surreptitious.

Jack was a great heart-winner, and had flirted desperately with every girl in town ere he had been in college two years.

But this toying with the fates seemed to produce no harmful effects on him mentally or physically, and when he returned in the fall of 1890 from an amorously spent season at Bar Harbor, he was fresh and ready to meet the champions of feminine charms in the tender tourney of what this handsome young scapgegrace was pleased to call "love."

As before they tried all their arts to capture the gay Senior, but as he himself said, "he weighed them every one, and every one he found wanting," so he cast about for a new fishing ground.

Now, instead of boarding with his club, Jack took his daily bread at the house of a pretty, young widow, who, being left alone in the world by the death of her husband (a noble fellow who had willingly given his life for a fellow-man), had taken a few student boarders to help to "make both ends meet," and to keep from falling into a habit of mournful depression over the memory of the departed.

Mrs. Palmerston (the aforementioned widow) employed as her assistant a certain country lass, trim figured and rosy cheeked, bearing the euphonious name of Millicent Smith, and with eyes of blue, and hair of gold, such as would have captured many a

mASCULINE heart less susceptible than that of Mr. John Harvey Turner.

When Jack became a member of Mrs. Palmerston's family, just as he was beginning his Senior year in college, and had the dainty maid pass him his daily ration of corned beef and cabbage, his somewhat leathery heart gave an ominous jump that boded no future peace of mind until another conquest had been made.

As the days went by Jack grew more and more enamored of the rural maid, and, after the manner of young men, firmly believed that unless his graduation should see his 18 k. love token on her finger, life would ever thereafter be for him but a horrible, torturous void, etc., etc., *ad libitum et ad nauseam*. Accordingly he used all his wiles to win to him the object of his affection, but limited opportunity, and an unwonted and unaccountable diffidence when in her presence sadly hindered his progress, and four dreary months of Maine winter, saw little more than a formal but pleasant acquaintance between the two.

Meanwhile Jack was growing desperate. In order to get a chance to meet his *inamorata* he had to get into the house long before meal time, and this he did so diligently that his landlady, who had had experience with students before, wondered what made this easy-going young gentleman the very soul of promptness.

At last affairs reached a climax. It was on a stormy March afternoon, and Jack had managed to arrive at the house a full hour before tea time.

After some cautious reconnoitering he discovered "Millie" perched cozily on the sitting-room sofa reading the current number of *Puck*, her pretty lips parted in smiles at Mr. Oppar's best effusions, and a bewildering display of dainty foot and thoroughly patrician ankle peeping out from beneath her tasty gown; for you must understand

that this same young lady, though country bred, had grace of form, and elegance of manner that would have fitted a Newport *soiree* or Fifth Avenue ball, which very idea was at that moment in Jack's somewhat muddled brain.

They chatted lightly for some time and Jack tried to gently approach the tender subject, but Millie deftly parried each attempt to get on to this line of conversation, and for once he found himself baffled.

At last just as the town bells rang five-thirty, he "made a break," as he afterwards told us, and made a fair confession of his state of mind, and would have followed it up in the manner usual to this kind of young people, when Millie, with a merry laugh, but with a look that set the young man's heart afame, jumped lightly up, and ran into the dark parlor beyond to light the gas preparatory to the return of Mrs. Palmerston, who had spent the afternoon with a neighbor.

Jack in his excitement had not heard the front door open and shut, and seeing Millie go into the dark room, and believing himself to be alone with her in the house, he made a dash for the dark door-way, bent on forcing the campaign to an issue on the spot.

Just as he reached the door and stepped within, in the other end of the room he heard the long-drawn-out scratch of an "Orono Standard," and in the dim light which it shed around a dark figure with arms upraised was endeavoring to turn on and light the gas.

"Now is my time," thought Jack, and bounding forward he clasped close the dark-robed figure and leaning affectionately over its shoulder was on the point of imprinting a very tender osculatory caress on its upturned lips when, whiz-z-z! went the gas, and in the flood of light Jack Turner looked down into the scared but pretty face of the plump widow.

What his feelings were it is not my prov-

ince to state. But certain it is that when he suddenly released the troubled lady from his embrace, and, turning, saw his sweetheart strnggling in vain to keep down a laugh, words came to his lips, and feelings swept over his heart that cannot consistently be described in these pages.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said Mrs. Palmerston, with a tragedy-queen air of injured virtue, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Poor Jack started sheepishly on an apology, broke down, made a fresh start, once more lost his head, and finally blurted out the whole story of his love for the pretty handmaiden; how he had followed her into the parlor on the strength of that killing glance, and in short, the scamp argued so well, and so dexterously turned the blame upon Millie that Mrs. Palmerston could but forgive, while the girl who had in this negative fashion been obliged to listen to his suit, told him blushingly and with a manner that tried to be haughty, that he was "very rude and ungentlemanly in his conduct, and that she should deem it a favor should he consent never to speak to her again."

When, a moment later, the appeased widow left the room to doff her street garments, Jack did not find speech at all necessary, although the house-cat, who had taken refuge beneath the piano, told me confidentially that his, *i. e.* Jack's, lips were in active service for some minutes, and that he was aided and abetted by Miss Millie in a most shocking and unmaidenly manner.

Well, they were married, of course, a year after Jack's graduation, and I lost sight of them for some time.

The world is small, however, and just a week ago, as I was standing in the great Union Station at Sherreyville, on my way "down East," gazing absent-mindedly on the lively panorama of bustling humanity passing before me, a hand was laid not too lightly on my arm, and turning, I stood face to face

with Jack Turner himself. He was the same dear old fellow, a trifle older, perhaps, and if possible a trifle handsomer, as with beaming face and happy shining eyes he introduced me to his pretty wife, the one time table-girl, in whom I soon discovered such a pure heart, and gentle life, and withal thoroughly womanly character as the world could wish to see.

Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.

THE forty-sixth annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity met in Chattanooga, Tenn., Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 15th, 16th, and 17th. The convention was important, as it was the first one ever held south of Washington, D. C., and the southern chapters were more fully represented than ever before.

On Tuesday eve the delegates from the different chapters were tendered a reception by the Pan-Hellenic Association of Chattanooga at the house of the Mountain City Club, of which most of the Pan-Hellenic men are members. Wednesday forenoon was devoted to official business, and in the afternoon the entire convention went to the summit of Lookout Mountain, so well known to all from the famous battle fought there during the civil war. Six states are visible from the top, and the course of the Tennessee river can be followed by the eye for many miles; the battle fields of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge are also in sight. A photograph of the delegates and visitors was taken here on the steps of the inn.

Wednesday night the public exercises were held. Among the speakers were Hon. A. H. Pettibone of *O.*, '56, who delivered the annual oration; the Rev. Dr. Price, of Nashville, and the mayor of the city.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to a fraternity session, and in the evening a ban-

quet was served at the Read House. Here the delegates were entertained with genuine negro songs and plantation melodies by some of the old Fisk Jubilee Singers, who had been engaged for the occasion.

The convention was one of the most successful held in the South since the war, and was a very enjoyable one.

The delegates from $\theta \Delta X$, of Bowdoin, were R. C. Payson, '93, and W. W. Thomas, 2d, '94.

Theta Delta Chi Annual Convention.

THE forty-sixth annual convention of $\theta \Delta X$ was called to order in the parlors of Young's Hotel, Boston, on the morning of November 16th, by President Holmes of the Grand Lodge. About sixty men were present at the opening meeting, which was devoted largely to routine work. In the evening the *I Charge*, of Harvard University, entertained the delegates at their new club-house.

The meetings were continued during Wednesday and Thursday with an average attendance of almost one hundred, about half of them delegates. Petitions for charters were read from Leland Stanford Jr., University, Chicago University, Union College, Colby, and several smaller institutions, but were rejected. It was decided to hold the next convention in New York City. The following officers were elected for 1892-3: President, A. G. Benedict, Clinton, N. Y.; Secretary, E. M. Wilson, Cornell, '94; Treasurer, Mr. Van Zandt, New York.

The annual banquet, Thursday, was the crowning event of the convention. Nearly a hundred and fifty Theta Deltas sat down to the bountiful repast, representing every chapter from Minnesota, in the West, to Bowdoin, in the East. The speaking was of unusual excellence. Hon. Seth P. Smith, of Boston, acted as toastmaster; Rev.

Thomas M. Hodgdon, of Hartford, Conn., delivered the poem, and Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., of Philadelphia, the oration. The responses to the dozen toasts were hearty and witty and enthusiastically received, President Capen, of Tufts, making the speech of the evening.

The Bowdoin Charge was represented by Webster, '81; Alexander, '85; Linscott, '88; Newbegin, Wright, Porter, '91; Barker, Bucknam, Haward, '93; Pickard, '94; Bryant, '95.

"Up."

AN EDITOR'S life is a dreary desert, but there is an occasional oasis, like the following, from an ex-scissors editor:

ANDOVER, November 30, 1892.

To the Editors of the Orient:

As a companion of yours in the afflictions of an editor's life, I wish to give you a word of good cheer. Of course the ORIENT has a peculiar interest to me and I follow its ups and downs with interest. Let me congratulate you that this year it has been "up," and is still traveling in the same direction. The last number was one of the best ORIENTS I have ever seen edited. That story, "A Traitor to Peacock," was the *bon mot* of the whole. The writer ought to be proud. I did not see a better written story in any college paper last year. I feel that I do but express the feelings of all the Bowdoin boys here.

A cheering word helps. Let me give you my heartiest wishes for continued success this year. You have commenced right nobly. Let me add an appreciative word for your new department also.

Yours for old Bowdoin,

HARRY W. KIMBALL, '92.

The University of Michigan has a Japanese Student Association with a membership of thirteen.

The Pessioptimist.

WITH the closing days of the term comes the usual stress of hard work, and the college dormitories for the past week have been veritable hives of busy students, performing the last sad rites of a collegiate term. Most of us are obliged to do considerable extra work at this time, the result of that procrastinating tendency so common to student life.

Back work that should have long ago been made up is left until the "eleventh hour" and then requires all the energy and reserve force that the human brain is capable of in order to have our accounts balance on the professors' books. But it is all the consequence of that fatal habit of putting off, and putting off, until we come to the end of our listless existence and wake up to the realization that something must be done. A moderate amount of extra time devoted to wiping out old scores now and then through the term would transform the usual last days of mental suffering of many of us into a reasonably peaceful and unsolicitous time of review.

* * * * *

Speaking of habit reminds the Pessioptimist of a peculiar characteristic of a certain Senior's recitations, that is so marked as to be plainly noticeable to every one. The person in question has a great abhorrence of making any statement on his own authority and whenever called upon to recite the inevitable beginning of his remarks is, "I think." It makes no difference whether these two little words are necessary or not, they are the never failing starting point of all the enlightenment he gives the professor.

The recitation room contains a perfect fund of examples of the power of habit, but of all sad states spare, O, spare us from the habitual "dead."

* * * * *

Psychology teaches us to knit "the new onto the old," and the Pessioptimist heard a most practical illustration of this fundamental principle from the lips of one of the professors the other day. The Geology class was discussing the different kinds of veins, and more particularly those formed by segregation, which the professor illustrated by likening their appearance in rock to "a faint blush on a maiden's cheek." Although few members of the division have seen such veins, what individual has existed so long in this age of leap years and maidenly bashfulness that he has not beheld some charming example of the professor's illustration, and immediately the gloomy and lifeless rock took on a hue of beauty never conceived before being animated by this fitting simile?

* * * * *

Are we going to have any dances this winter? The Pessioptimist cannot say. He can only indulge in the illusion of hope, and that hope is that a sufficient number of devotees to Terpsichorean lore may be aroused to a degree of enthusiasm that will assure some social gatherings during the long months to come.

A high social standing for a college is an object as much to be striven for as supremacy in athletics, or any other department. Ivy week and Commencement week are given over to just this thing. The college is visited by more strangers at these times than at any other, and the impression of the institution which they carry away with them is almost wholly of its social status. An athlete must train for his field-day events, for his base-ball and foot-ball games. Can we not say with equal truth that the society man must prepare himself for the occasions upon which he is to display those qualities of politeness, which, though inherent in some, are only attained after a long contact with the social world, by others?

In other words, if we are to have strang-

ers carry away favorable opinions of Bowdoin etiquette at Commencement and Ivy, we must give our dormant manners a little airing before those events take place. We must have dances during the winter.

For the past few years the annual Junior assemblies have been little more than failures, owing principally to lack of patronage. They have been in charge of a self-appointed committee, and the college at large has felt that it had no part in the management, consequently have taken little interest.

The Pessioptimist sees no reason why it is not possible for a college organization to take the matter in hand, and arrange a course of assemblies which would do credit to the college. Every man who has the slightest interest in dancing and the social welfare of the college, ought to give the subject serious thought, for surely the prospects for dances this winter are meagre indeed unless some concerted movement is made toward reform in the methods of conducting them.

* * * * *

With the advent of cold weather comes the inevitable cold recitation-room, and notwithstanding that there is considerable improvement over last year, there is still plenty of chance for better service. Even the temperature of the chapel a few sabbaths ago was so near the freezing point that one would have thought he had wandered into an extensive refrigerator, rather than an edifice for divine worship. There is not the slightest excuse for such a condition of affairs, and the college authorities will doubtless take the proper measures to have no repetition.

* * * * *

When this number of the ORIENT reaches its college readers they will be in the midst of a furious struggle with valises, trunks, etc., in the vain attempt to take home with them about twice as much as can comfortably be stored in the ordinary traveling receptacle.

But a limited time will elapse before we will find the college buildings assuming the quietude of a tropical desert, and its life will be scattered to every part of the State.

* * * * *

Do you ever stop at the end of a term's work and ask of yourself, "How many new ideas have I acquired this term?" Very few of us do. We drink in our knowledge day after day in such imperceptible doses that we seldom realize what we are intellectually gaining or how much we are mentally growing. It is all vague and uncertain. Why not make it more definite by giving ourselves a little catechising, and determine in some small measure how this mental structure of ours is progressing? We may discover some of our failings as have architects, and put ourselves on the right road for improvement.

Rhyme and Reason.

Sea-Shells.

Upon the shore I found a shell,
A little shell, washed by the sea ;
I stooped and took it tenderly,
And lo ! it seemed to speak, and tell
In low, sweet tones, like silver bell,
A thousand mystic tales to me,
Of things which in the ocean be,
Far down below the billow's swell,
And then it ceased ; and as before,
Was but a shell within my hand ;
And of its tales I knew no more
Than this : The shells upon the sand
Contain a mighty mine of lore
We do not, cannot, understand.

Witnesses.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

I was alone beside the waves, there in the star-lit
night ;
No cloud was there in all the sky, no sail within my
sight ;

Yet more than things material did seem to meet my eye.
And then the woods and mountains, and all the world around,
Did seem to speak, and question, with whispering, murmuring sound,
The waves that rock upon the deep, and stars that burn on high.
And then the mighty countless host of all those stars of gold,
With voices high and voices low in harmonies untold,
Spoke out, and lowered in reverence their gleaming crowns of fire;
And all the dashing waves of blue, which never pause or rest,
Spoke out, and shook the shining foam from off their star-lit crest:
"There is a God! Our maker, God, who doth all things inspire!"

Junior Reviews.

After Wordsworth.

Hard work is too much with us: late and soon,
Plugging and waiting we lay waste our powers;
Little there is of leisure that is ours,—
We're given synopsis days! Oh, grndged boon!
The parallax and orbit of the moon,
That make us feel like howling at all hours,
Are not ingathered mentally. He sours
Who has such Jnior ease; it's out of tune.
I like it not. Great Scott! I'd rather be
A Freshman poring over tongues outworn.
So might I, shunning this delusive lea,
Have lessons that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of first-class standing;—ah! the sea
Will drown old Triton, with his wreathèd horn.

The Chapel Bell.

Long years have passed since I was hung
In this dark nook, 'twixt earth and sky;
Where white-winged doves at evening fly,
And build their nests and rear their young.

Alone I've swung from beam to beam;
There, hung in silence in my place;
Alone, but for the dove's fair race,
And winds that round me whirl, and scream.

For years to come, here will I ring
For joy at midnight's witching hour.

Or mayhap to my granite tower
The morning's congregation bring.

Strange things I've heard in times gone by.
More have I heard, than I have seen.
For, hid behind my close-shut screen
I look nowhere, but up on high.

So when you hear the chapel bell,
And listen as I loudly ring,
Think, how in solitude I swing,
How changeless here, alone I dwell.

Perhaps.

Why should Christmas be called Xmas?
That, indeed, my mind perplexes,
Though perhaps this is the reason,—
Then one needs a mass of X's.

In Chicago.

When we met it was love's May time;
When we married 'twas love's Jnne;
But our love year had no Summer,
Frosts and cold-snaps came so soon.

Mistaken Identity.

She looked so young, so pretty, so coy,
Sweet lips, just the place to steal kisses.
Vain delusion, false hope, transient joy,
Her traveling bag bore the word "Mrs."



Flagg, '94, who has been teaching in Princeton, returned to college before Thanksgiving. Owing to the illness of Professor Robinson the two upper classes had no recitations in Chemistry during the three days preceding Thanksgiving.

Cilley, '91, paid the college a visit recently. W. B. Kenniston, '92, visited college lately. Merritt, '94, has been elected *Bugle* editor for the Δ Y fraternity.

Mallett, '91, visited us last week.

Sewall, '87, was in town not long ago.

Prof. Lee lectured in Castine, December 7th.

Ackley, '96, will teach this winter in Easton, Me.
A. L. Hersey, '92, was in Brunswick December 3d.

F. H. Haskell, '95, has taken a school at Falmouth.

C. M. Brown has taken a school in Freeport this winter.

Crosswell, '91, spent a few hours on the campus recently.

Hull, '92, spent several days in Brunswick recently.

F. O. Small, '95, will wield the birch in Lubec this winter.

Tutor Hunt, who has been home ill with a fever, has returned.

J. B. Pendleton, '90, spent December 3d and 4th in Brunswick.

L. K. Lee, '92, spent a few days on the campus a short time ago.

E. B. Young, '92, spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Brunswick.

Horseman, '94, will be in charge of the Princeton High School this winter.

The Cecilian Quartette gave a very good concert in the Pythian Hall last Friday evening.

T. C. Chapman, '94, has taken a mission school on Long Island, Me., for a twelve weeks' term.

Stone, '96, who is at his home in Bridgton seriously ill of typhoid fever, is not yet out of danger.

The Freshmen had their examination in Algebra December 5th, with the usual number of "executions."

Stone, special, was unfortunate enough to dislocate his shoulder while wrestling in the Gym. last Tuesday.

Dudley, '95, and Meade, '95, have taken the high and grammar schools in Pembroke for an eight weeks' term.

Prof. Lee gave an exhibition of about one hundred new stereopticon views in the Universalist Church, November 29th.

The English History division has been listening to essays by its members upon various subjects connected with the term's work.

One of the Juniors brightly declared recently that the "Light-year" was the time it took light to go a year.

Hutchinson, '93, has a pet pigeon which he keeps in his room. He is at present instructing it to fly, as it will have to shift for itself soon.

Among the amusing election bets was the wheelbarrow ride that Knowlton, '95, gave Dennison, '95, just before the Thanksgiving recess.

A gradual evolution has been taking place in the audience at President Hyde's Bible classes. Time will show whether it is an example of "survival of the fittest."

Owing to the serious indisposition (delirium tremens) of the fireman, the inhabitants of Maine Hall were obliged to take turns in the basement for several days last week.

The Junior German Division will read Prof. Johnson's edition of Schiller's Ballads next term. Weekly lectures on German Literature will also be one of the features of the course.

Gymnasium work for the winter began Monday, December 5th. The hours of the various classes for last week were arranged in rather a complicated manner, but next term will be made more regular.

December 7th the Universalist church of Freeport gave an entertainment, followed by a dance, which was largely attended. About a dozen from the college were present and report a pleasant time.

Regular class work in the Gymnasium was begun December 5th. As usual, the Seniors use the foils, the Juniors the single sticks, the Sophomores take the dumb-bell drill, and the Freshmen, club-swinging.

Rev. Mr. Seward, of Waterville, addressed the students in chapel a week ago Sunday. The address, which was very fine, was interrupted by a disgraceful pounding of the steam pipes on the part of one or two men. Where is the jury?

The outside of the Art Building wants only the finishing touches of the stone cutter. The roof and dome have been plated with copper and the great derrick has been sawed down. On the inside the work has been carried on at a corresponding pace, but a good winter's job and more still remains to be done yet.

E. J. Glave, a companion of Stanley, gave a lecture upon "Africa" in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 1st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. After speaking for about an hour in a most interesting way upon the various striking features

of the "Dark Continent," he exhibited some stereopticon views illustrating other points not brought out before. There was but a small house and the receipts scarcely paid expenses.

The Bowdoin College Glee and Banjo Club will be made up as follows: Clifford, '93, and Clough, '96, first tenors; Lord, '94, and Peaks, '96, second tenors; May, '93, and Dana, '94, first bassos; Thompson, '94, and Willard, '96, second bassos; P. M. Shaw, '93, Baxter and Bryant, '94, Coburn, '96, and Dyer, of the Medical School, banjos; Bliss, '94, and J. T. Shaw, '95, guitars. George Duncan, of Portland, is instructing the singers.

Prof. Wells has been trying a new method of conducting the reviews in his studies, which has not proved very popular. He has required each day a synopsis, written connectedly, covering all the principal points in the lesson. The Juniors, most of whom were spending from four to six hours on each exercise, handed in a petition that the synopsis be omitted. The Professor explained that he did not wish more than two hours to be spent on the work of each day, and the Juniors were thus appeased.

The time is approaching when it will be necessary for the Boating Association to decide whether Bowdoin shall be represented by an eight-oared crew next spring. The understanding last year was that boating should not be given up entirely, but postponed until the college should contain sufficient material for a first-class eight. Many believe that there is no reason why a crew should not be put on the river next spring, which would worthily represent the college, and claim that if it is not done boating will be permanently withdrawn from the list of our athletic sports. With Carleton, Haskell, Dyer, Shay, Ridley, May, Stevens, Kimball, Dewey, Bates, and half a dozen others to choose from, it certainly seems that a good, fast crew could be chosen which, with proper training, would add to the already long list of Bowdoin's boating honors.

and Quimby. For '96, Libby, French, and Davis, did excellent work. French was injured in the last half, and Baker was substituted. Carleton was referee and Baldwin was umpire.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>'Ninety-Five.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>'Ninety-Six.</i>
Wiley.	Right End.	Baker.
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	Plumstead.
Jackson.	Right Guard.	Newbegin.
Dennison.	Center.	Minot.
Dewey.	Left Guard.	{ French. Curtis.
Hicks.	Left Tackle.	Soule.
Quimby.	Left End.	Libby.
Fairbanks.	Quarter-back.	Ordway.
Mitchell, } Stubbs, }	Half-backs.	{ Merrill. Pearson.
Knowlton.	Full-back.	Davis.



At this season of the year reviews are in order. Doctors, lawyers, and business men draw up their accounts; clergymen consider and summarize the work of their church, and college men rejoice over the season's foot-ball record or estimate their probable chances in the exams. Let us follow the universal example and impartially review the work we have done during this, the first term in the college year.

In some ways the association has progressed materially. A hand-book has been gotten out for the first time. Committee meetings have been held quite generally, which certainly is a step forward. The Bible class has been better attended than ever before. Missionary books have been added to the library for the use of the missionary committee and others interested in foreign missions. The attendance during the week of prayer averaged higher than in previous years, and our representation at the convention was excellent. These are marks of progress.

But in some ways we are at a standstill, or even worse. In the first place, the average attendance at the meetings has not surpassed that of last year; for while the attendance Thursday evenings has increased, the Sunday afternoon addresses are not heard by so many as formerly. So here is a chance for improvement. Then, too, the interest in the meetings has remained about at par, having fluctuated slightly only in convention time and then fallen back to its normal condition. The neighbor-

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

'Ninety-Five, 74; 'Ninety-Six, 0.

November 19th, '95 beat '96 in a very uninteresting game of foot-ball, 74-0. The halves were 25 and 20 minutes. '95 played very strongly. The best individual work was done by Fairbanks, Hicks,

hood work has been done about as usual. There has been but one missionary meeting during the term. The work for new students has lagged, and consequently our membership has decreased. And, finally, our finances are low.

This, in brief, is our condition. It is on the whole better than it was last year at this time. Therefore, we have improved. But the improvement has not been so marked as it should have been, nor have we the standing in college nor the hold upon our fellow-students that we should have. With the committees lies the responsibility. Let us see if we cannot get a little more enthusiasm—we all know where it can be obtained—and the result will be what we desire.



'36.—Ex-Governor Alonzo

Garcelon may be seen any day driving on Lewiston streets a spirited young horse. The ex-governor is now 85 years old, but he handles the ribbons as skillfully as is possible for a much younger man. He has twenty-three young horses in his stable, and has not yet reached the age when the steady-going old Dobbins is necessary to his safety, and he knows a good horse when he sees one.

'60.—The following is clipped from the *Dartmouth*: "The lecture on 'The Progress of Humanity,' which was given by Ex-Speaker Reed, in Bissell Hall, on the evening of the 14th, was listened to by a large and interested audience. The Maine congressman has a national reputation as a bright speaker, and in his consideration of this great subject he displayed his powers in a masterful manner. He disengaged mainly upon the steady movement of the people from the ignorance and weakness of the first ages to the extent and power of our present civilization, maintaining that the intrinsic force of the people, and not the genius of leaders, has caused the advance. His idea was illustrated by many historical references aptly made, and the period of many centuries was covered in a thoughtful and enjoyable manner."

'62.—At the meeting of the Maine Historical Society held in Portland, Rev. Henry O. Thayer had a very interesting paper on "The Ancient Settlement of Cork on the Kennebec." Among the speakers were Rev. E. C. Cummings, '53; Gen. John M. Brown, '60; Dr. Geo. A. Wheeler, '56, and Dr. A. K. P. Meserve, Medical School, '59.

'77.—Lieut. R. E. Peary is contemplating another trip to the interior of Greenland.

'80.—Henry A. Wing is the editor of a new Democratic newspaper soon to be published in Lewiston, Me.

'81.—Edgar O. Achorn, Esq., was born in Newcastle, Lincoln County, Me., August 20, 1859. He was educated at Lincoln Academy and Bowdoin College. After two years of teaching Mr. Achorn took up the study of law at Boston University Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. In 1891 he became a member of the widely known firm of Child & Powers, of Boston, where his skill as an advocate has been very marked. In 1887, and again in 1889 and 1891, Mr. Achorn visited Europe, where he met and married the distinguished singer, Sophie Zela. Mr. Achorn is prominently associated with many social organizations. In politics he is a Republican, and has appeared on the stump in a number of campaigns, both in Maine and Massachusetts. He is secretary of the Scandinavian Republican League of Massachusetts, a body that bore a commendable part in the late campaign. His residence is in Brookline.

'81.—W. W. Towle was elected Representative to the Legislature in the last election in Massachusetts.

'81.—Daniel J. McGillicuddy spoke during the Presidential campaign just ended in Music Hall, Boston. Many Bowdoin men were among the large number of friends who surrounded him at the close of the meeting.

'82.—Edwin Upton Curtis has been mentioned as a promising candidate for Mayor of Boston on the Republican ticket.

'85.—J. F. Libby is practicing law in Boston.

'87.—Married, November 23d, at First Congregational Church, Brunswick, Me., W. L. Gahan and Miss Louise Merrill.

'87.—O. D. Sewall, who recently stopped in Brunswick, is one of those young men who are trying to raise to a higher standard the religious and educational motives of northern Maine.

'88.—George A. Ingalls is engaged in the real estate business in Boston.

'88.—R. W. Goding has been admitted to the bar and is practicing law in Boston.

'88.—M. P. Smithwick is studying medicine at the Harvard Medical School.

'88.—Frank K. Linscott passed a successful law examination, last June, and is now admitted to full practice in Massachusetts. He has settled in Boston, and entered the law office of his father, D. C. Linscott, '54.

'89.—A. E. Neal has opened a law office in Boston where he intends to practice hereafter.

'89.—Charles H. Fogg, of Houlton, and Miss Rosina H. Kidder were married December 7th.

'89.—F. C. Russell has been elected as superintendent of schools in Rockland, Me.

'90 and '91.—The Rockland *High School Echo* says: "Mr. Thompson, our handsome principal, is a red-hot Democrat; while Mr. Smith, our society sub-master, is a true "blue" Republican.

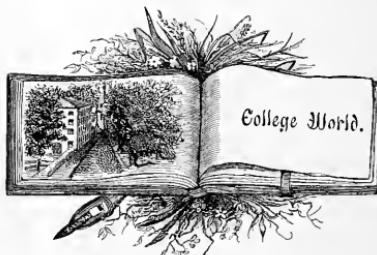
'91.—Gonid Porter is assistant cashier of First National Bank in Farmington, Maine.

THE BOWDOIN ALUMNI OF OXFORD COUNTY.

A year ago the Bowdoin College Alumni of Oxford County and vicinity, met at Beal's Hotel, Norway, and formed an association. Thursday evening, December 8th, the Association held its second annual reunion and banquet at the Bethel House, Bethel, twenty of the alumni being present, and a most enjoyable and fraternal evening it was. At nine o'clock the company was ushered into the dining hall and sat down to tastefully arranged tables, where an excellent *menu* was served in a manner to do credit to Landlord Lovejoy.

After the cigars were lighted, the meeting was called to order and in the absence of the president, Hon. Seward S. Stearns, '79, Hon. A. E. Herrick, '73, was chosen chairman of the evening. Judge Enoch Foster, '64, was toastmaster, and in a happy vein called upon gentlemen present to respond to various sentiments. The subject of the endowment of fitting schools by the college was discussed by Professor Sargent, of Hebron Academy, J. F. Libby, Esq., '82, Hon. A. E. Herrick, and others. The following officers for the ensuing year were chosen: President, Hon. Enoch Foster, '64; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. F. A. Packard; Executive Committee, J. F. Libby, '82; Dr. F. I. Brown, '85; J. A. Roberts, '70. Among others present were Dr. C. A. Stephens, '69, of Norway Lake, the popular writer; Dr. C. D. Hill, Medical School, '80, Bethel; Dr. Rounds, South Paris; Dr. French, '82, Norway;

and J. A. Roberts, '70, Norway. It was voted to hold the next meeting and banquet at the Alpine House, Gorham, N. H.



HANDS.

We played at cards one summer night
My hands were good—hers very light
"Let's trade," she said—said I "all right,"
She held my hands.

We played at love another day
And this time luck was all my way
I won because—Oh, must I say
I held her hands.

—*Inlander.*

Michigan University has 2,962 students, 34 more than Harvard.

Vassar has Republican and Democratic clubs, but no report has come out of a woman suffrage organization.—*Unit.*

For the first time in the history of the college, Amherst has won the championship of the triangular foot-ball league. Last year it went to Williams.

Billiards is a dangerous pastime at DePauw University. Twenty-three students who "clicked the ivories" were recently expelled.

MY WISH.

Many men have wished for riches,
While few power some hearts yearn ;
Beauty many a mind bewitches,
With wisdom numbers turn.
But I do not ask for great things,
A little boon my soul would please.
It is only that my trousers,
May not bag so at the knees.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Yale University opens its doors to women only upon the condition that they are graduates of some reliable institution and can present documentary evidence of the same. This rule holds good also for men; no man can take a strictly post-graduate course on any other condition.

The chapter house just completed for Psi Upsilon at Wesleyan is said to be equal in point of architectural design and finish to any similar building in the country. The total cost of house and grounds will be about \$40,000. It will be formally dedicated next June.

The World's Fair will need from 1,200 to 1,500 guides, who are to be chosen from college students.

MUTABILE FEMINA.

A lass, alas, is often false!
Of faults the maid is made;
So waste no time about her waist—
Though stayed, she is not staid.

—Cynic.

The oldest fraternity in the United States is the Kappa Alpha (Northeru), which was founded at Union in 1825. The oldest ladies' society was founded in 1867, at Monmouth, Ill. The oldest local fraternity is the Iota Kappa Alpha, which was founded at Triuity in 1829. The fraternity system has grown and extended all over the country and become a part of the American colleges until we now have over fifty different fraternities.

During the Christmas vacation a chess tournament will be held in New York between representatives of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. A handsome trophy cup, provided mainly through the efforts of a Yale graduate, will be given to the winner.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

565 Congress St., - PORTLAND, ME.

A CHANGE.

In cap and bells the jester once,
Amused the laughing town,
But now we see this pastime fall
To those in cap and gown!

—Williams Weekly.

There is a deficit of \$36,000 in the finances of Cornell University.

The University of Nebraska has abolished the names of Freshman, Sophomore, etc., and the only distinction will be in the case of the Freshman who will be known as in the first year of residence. All others will be accredited by the number of hours a week taken.

COMPARISON ODIOUS.

Praises to sir Walter's weed
Is the college poet's creed.
Rings that upward roll and break in air,
Pipes of polished wood and amber rare,
Runs the college rhymer's rede.

What do college maidens tell?
Where their happiest fancies dwell?
Paper parcels tied with silver string,
Maker's name and seal. 'Tis this they sing
Nothing but a caramel.

—Trinity Tablet.

New York State has brought suit against the Fayerweather will for taxes on colleges outside of the State, which include Yale and Princeton.



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VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 18, 1893.

No. 12.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGiate YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The explanation in another column by a member of the Y. M. C. A. indicates that the efforts exerted by the association in advertising the Glave lecture were such as deserved a bigger audience. The fact, however, is not disputed that a large number of the students were ignorant of the character of the lecture. This state of things indicates, as we said before, the great difficulty of impressing even a few simple facts on the public mind. While it is certainly unjust to accuse the Y. M. C. A. of neglecting to advertise the lecture, and we have not intended to imply such an accusation, we wish to emphasize our opinion that personal solicitation and the sale of tickets in advance is the only efficient method for drawing out a large audience here at college, and we are quite sure a better result would have followed a more extended canvass of the students.

We trust that the Y. M. C. A. will not be deterred from giving its annual course of lectures this winter. In former years these have been of great interest and profit to the students. If such a course of lectures is contemplated, the ORIENT will be glad to do what it can to assist in advertising them.

THE musical phase of college life has been sadly undeveloped at Bowdoin during the last few years. Singing of college songs

practically ceased with the departure of '91. Instrumental music died even earlier. The excellence which some colleges attain in both vocal and instrumental music does not, we are inclined to think, so much depend on the advent of distinguished musical geniuses as in the steady persistence of the glee clubs, banjo and guitar clubs, and other musical organizations, which act as an impetus to those interested in music, and not only discover but produce talent. A musical organization, if it has no faith in its own powers and no ambition to improve, will drag along a miserable existence and bring no credit to the college, but under enterprising management, and with a willingness for hard work its possibilities are unlimited.

Both the Glee Club and the Banjo and Guitar Club have started out this year to raise the standard of musical skill. The great improvement of the singing in chapel this year indicates that there is excellent material in college for a glee club this season, and a year or two of concerted effort should produce excellent results. The Banjo and Guitar Club has not many players of experience, to be sure, but it is organization and practice which is to make the experience. Each player has devoted himself to his playing regardless of the execrations of his neighbors, and in a few weeks the club will be in form for a tour of the State.

We hope that all this sweetness will not be wasted in distant lands, but think that it is the desire of the students that they may have the opportunity of attending a concert by the Glee and Banjo and Guitar Clubs in Memorial Hall.

THE report of the finances of the Athletic Association, which was given at the annual meeting, indicates a most successful management of the athletic exhibitions last

winter. The proceeds were considerably larger than have ever before been realized by the association.

No other treasurer's report was presented at the recent series of annual meetings of the several athletic associations, and we understand that no other report has been submitted to the auditor, although the constitution provides that the finances of the several associations shall be audited at frequent stated intervals.

The neglect to present reports of the financial standing of college associations is nothing new and we are sorry to say is nothing uncommon. Either from the fact that everybody's business is nobody's business, or from a totally unbusiness-like notion of modesty which prevents inquiry into the financial management of the associations, there is usually not much attention paid to these things by the students. This has been known to produce an easy going and neglectful condition of the financial accounts. The unfortunate result of the foot-ball management of the season of 1890 is an emphatic reminder of this truth. As a further example, it may be remembered that when the management of the following year had retrieved the misfortune to some extent, the financial report of this management was delayed till the end of the winter term, and then it was voted by the association to accept the report through the columns of the *ORIENT* when the accounts should have been completed. The report has never been given to the students either through the *ORIENT* or in any other manner.

The new *régime* of the General Athletic Committee has provided the several associations with officers who enjoy the confidence of the college. We believe that they will not misunderstand this allusion to financial matters, and that they are preparing to finish their business in a business way.

The Wanderer at Christmas.

THE Wanderer slowly opened his eyes, shivering with cold as he did so. To be suddenly transported from balmy Italian retreats to the more commonplace shores of the Great American Republic would be a change even for a well-clad mortal, but to The Wanderer, flimsy spirit that he was, it was well-nigh unbearable. He had spent the months of October, November, and early December at Najalos, the famous Mediterranean resort, and had rested in the fond hope that he was to spend at least one winter in peace and quietness. But alas for his hopes! Just as he had gotten snugly settled down he had felt the spell coming on him again, and when he regained his senses, found himself perched on a step-stone in a great city, the cold December winds blowing through and through him, as the hurly-burly crowd of mortals poured heedlessly by on business or pleasure bent.

Of course they poured by heedlessly so far as The Wanderer was concerned, for he was only the spirit of a departed mortal (a story-writer 'tis said), doomed, for sundry and divers sins against a long-suffering public, to roam the world for ten ages, watching the movements of the men about him and making yearly reports of what he saw to the First Devil of the Chancery. He was given his board, which, of course, was nothing, and his "milage," being transported instantaneously from place to place while in a state of insensibility.

Well, as I started to say, The Wanderer slowly opened his eyes and gazed about him. The great streets seemed fairly alive with a mass of humanity. Men, women, children, even the dogs and poor over-laden car-horses, every living thing seemed on an excited move. The millionaire stood side-by-side with the beggar, the "I am blind" man peeped cautiously over the rims of his blue glasses and gave the Wall Street magnate a hearty dig in

the ribs, in the vain hope of turning the flow of filthy lucre his way; dainty tailor-made gowns rubbed good-naturedly against the dingy silks from Bunganuck Corners; while the newsboy and the bootblack, excitedly calling their trade, sang shrill, ringing duets to the rumbling bass of the L-road train and passing street-car.

At the crowded crossings stalwart policemen were piloting over timid pedestrians, while here and there along the curb-stone seedy individuals with cold-blue noses bore proudly aloft the advertising banners of enterprising merchants. From the shop windows streamed out a blaze of vari-colored light, and the first glance within made The Wanderer sigh as he thought of the forbidden heaven which they seemed to imitate. Inside the shops the jam and crowd seemed to be even worse than on the street. All were fired with a mad endeavor to get at the broad counters, on which was displayed a dazzling array of dainty articles of seemingly intricate workmanship and priceless value.

The Wanderer gazed on all this, but not with surprise. Many and many a winter's day had he been in just the same situation; often had he formed one of that swaying crowd, joyously jostling each other in the pleasure which humans get from touching elbows with fellow-beings, and experiencing the delightful electrical shock of contact with the world's people which one gets in the street alone, and in the American street above all others.

The Wanderer looked, and said to himself only one word, "Christmas-tide." Then he closed his eyes wearily, wishing that he might fly back to "sunny Italy" and once more rest in peace. A passing swell swung his cane right through the spirit's airy head, but he was too preoccupied with his thoughts to notice such a common occurrence as that, and never even winked. He was tired of the gay scene. He knew it all by heart.

He—but now the spell comes on again; once more he is carried and set down by invisible power.

When this time The Wanderer opens his eyes he at first thinks himself back in his gentle Italian climate, but no, he is wrong. Ah! now he sees. It is all so natural. He is in a large, high room; on the hearth burns a cheery open fire, lighting up with dancing beams the rich furnishings on floor and wall. A little group is gathered in the farther corner about a tall white-robed object, which, presently unveiled, shows forth a glory of dazzling torch and virgin green and glittering tinsel, the family Christmas tree.

The gifts thereon being quickly distributed, the family gathers about the open fire to listen to Grandpa's story. What a lovely picture they make! The aged sire, his white hair glowing in the flickering fire-light like a lambent halo about his head, sits thoughtfully in his easy chair, while all over and about him cling the youngsters of the family, impatiently awaiting the beginning. A little at one side stand the pretty mother and her manly husband, holding fast between them a fair youth and maiden, the pride of their lives, and looking with tears of joy on the happy home about them; and The Wanderer notes that both are silently praying to God in earnest thankfulness and supplication.

Now the grandsire begins his tale. His voice is low and gentle, and his eyes look far away beyond his glowing hearth as he tells sweetly and simply the wonderful story of the Christ child. The Wanderer listens now. Ah! he has heard it so often before in the by-gone days. If he had but listened *then* what might not have been. But it is too late. And now again he feels the mystic spell coming over him. His chief realizes the importance of the season and is keeping him busy.

Once again The Wanderer opens his eyes. How cold it is. Before everything was light and gayety; here all is damp and dark and unclean. This scene is new to The Wanderer. Never before has he seen such squalor and utter wretchedness.

"This is another country," he says, but not so. As that blue painted wagon filled with blue coated men clangs noisily down the narrow street he reads on the side of it, "City of New York, No. 78," and knows that he has not gone far. What a change is this from the first scene! Instead of gay shop windows and sparkling lights there is seen only dirty bar-rooms and filthy tenements, from whose steamy windows glimmer forth only the faintest bit of oil-blaze, and from whose doors comes the rough racket of vulgar carousing, and drunken by-play. Instead of gay gown and happy face the passers-by show shuffling step, and ragged garb, and smirchy, crime-lined feature.

The Wanderer looks up to seek something pure in the stars of Heaven; but only the narrowest strip of God's blue can he see between the high and closely packed tenements. A child cries in a room over his head, but instead of gentle words and kind careess, knocks and curses greet the infant sorrows.

With a light bound The Wanderer gains the window ledge, and passes into the room, finding a little difficulty in getting through the dirt-encrusted glass. As he looks about he becomes almost satisfied with his hateful Purgatory, so horrid is the scene before him. At the back of the room lies what must be called a man, breathing heavily in a drunken stupor, and occasionally muttering an oath in unwitting reply to the screaming execrations of the woman who is cooking some ill-smelling mess at the rickety stove. She is a loathsome object. Short and stooping, her bloated red face, seamed with debauchery and dissipation, framed in a dirty neckerchief

that, like her soul, was once white; and an old and ragged dress hanging loosely about her, displaying a pair of unsteady feet encased in shoes without soles,—bah! The Wanderer, emotionless spirit that he is, can bear to look no longer at her. But the child. The child crouches fearfully in a corner, weeping softly. She is clad as badly as the rest, and makes a fitting accompaniment to the air of general moral degradation which pervades the place. And must she grow to womanhood in such a home as this; a place where the word "home" is a cruel mockery? At the risk of punishment for inattention The Wanderer gazes at her no more. No Christmas here. No happy hearts or warm fireside, or pretty love tokens, or gaily decked tree. Only utter misery, with no hope of salvation, no joy in life.

As he turns to go the man rises unsteadily to his feet, and catching up a heavy shawl, which hangs on a nail in the wall, would leave the room with it; but the woman flies at him and they struggle for the possession of the article. The Wanderer understands it all now. The man has no money. He must have drink. So he is about to place in pawn his wife's only warm garment, and thus get the paltry price of a few drinks. The Wanderer is almost excited and leaves the room, but ere he gains the street, with a rattling stagger the man fumbles down the narrow stairs, and followed by the curses of the creature he once called wife, hurries gleefully off with his prize.

The Wanderer knows that his yearly work is done. He has seen the Alpha and Omega of life in the Great City. Oh, the touching contrast of the two homes he has just visited! Thinking sadly of the earth, which men call beautiful, and of that coveted Heaven, which for many a long decade he must not see, he starts drearily back to the realms of the condemned and passes again

through those gates whose guard is Remorse, and whose chains were forged in Eden by Neglected Opportunity and Unresisted Temptation.

A Snow-Shoe Club.

WHAT is the matter with having a snow-shoe club in college? There are plenty of fellows who would immediately join such a club were the opportunity presented to them. Are there not some energetic upper-classmen who will organize such a club and give the many fellows who wish to do so a chance to join?

To the initiated there is no end of pleasure in being an *active* member of an *active* club. Other colleges far less fortunate than we have their snow-shoe clubs. Why cannot old Bowdoin have one?

Zeta Psi Convention.

THE forty-seventh annual convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity met on December 28th and 29th in Boston, under the auspices of the New England Alumni Association of Zeta Psi. The headquarters were at Parker's, where the delegates began to gather on Wednesday and were decorated with neat silver badges marked with the Greek initials of the fraternity and given by the New England Association as souvenirs of the occasion.

At 10.30 the convention was called to order by the Phi Alpha, William Platt Pepper, President of the University of Pennsylvania. After a short prayer the business of the convention began and was continued during the afternoon session. Among other matters attended to was the re-establishment of the old Beta Chapter at the University of Virginia. Delegates were present from seventeen of the twenty-two chapters.

Wednesday evening the Zetes went in a body to the Globe Theatre to see the imimit-

able Hopper in "Wang." The delegates were seated together and made the theatre ring with applause and Zeta Psi yells. After the theatre party an excellent collation was served at Parker's and the rest of the evening was spent with conversation and fraternity songs.

The Thursday session was spent in fraternity business and ended with the election of officers for the Grand Chapter, as follows: Phi Alpha—Col. Henry Walker, Boston; Alpha Phi Alpha—Judge R. T. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.; Sigma Alpha—W. A. Hoe, Jr., New York; Alpha Sigma Alpha—John Eyerman, Easton, Pa.; Gamma Alpha—Albert Buckman, New York; Sigma Rho Alpha—Jules Notable, New York; Delta Alpha—Edgar O. Achorn, Boston.

At 7 P.M. 120 loyal Zetes assembled at Young's and sat down to the annual banquet. After the viands had disappeared Mr. Edgar O. Achorn arose and introduced the speakers of the evening, who spoke in witty and brilliant words of the glories of the old Zeta Psi in the past and prophesied even greater prosperity in the future.

The toasts were as follows:

Grand Chapter.	Win. Platt Pepper.
Oration.	Hon. Charles J. Noyes.
The Bench.	Hon. H. W. Bookstaver.
Tau Kappa Phi.	Hon. John A. Miller.
Poem.	Prof. D. L. Maulsby.
Zetes at the South.	Hon. R. T. W. Duke.
Zetes at the North.	Seth L. Larrabee.
Vive le Roi.	Col. Henry Walker.

Owing to absence the places of Prof. Maulsby and Mr. Larrabee were filled by others. At a late hour the brothers adjourned in "most ancient order," with hearty congratulations to the New England Association.

Bowdoin was represented by the following: Geo. L. Chandler, '68; Dr. A. S. Whitmore, '75; Dr. F. P. Virgin, '75; Prof. Horace E. Henderson, '79; Dr. John W. Achorn, '79; Edgar O. Achorn, '81; Dr. F. C. Moul-

ton, '87; Burton Smith, '89; F. M. Tukey, '91; W. P. Chamberlain, '93; J. W. Anderson, '94; H. L. Bagley, '94.

A Word About the Advertising.

THE editorial in the last *ORIENT* in regard to the lecture of Mr. Glave might lead the readers of the paper to think that the advertising of the lecture was left to take care of itself. We do not think any misrepresentation was intended by the writer. While we agree with him in thinking that the lecture was not sufficiently advertised (mainly owing to lack of time), yet we feel that a statement of a few facts will place the Y. M. C. A. in a better light before the *ORIENT* readers.

Arrangements for the lecture were not made until Monday of the week in which it occurred. Bills were immediately printed and circulated in the town. Thirty 12x16 pictures of Mr. Glave, on the margin of which were printed, in quite large letters, the place and date of the lecture, the price of admission, and the fact that Mr. Glave was an officer of Stanley, were placed in the windows of the stores. One of these pictures was on the chapel bulletin-board from Monday night till Friday morning. At the chapel exercises on Tuesday morning President Hyde announced the lecture, mentioning that Mr. Glave came to us highly recommended and prophesying that it would be one of the very best lectures of the season. Three of the "ends," and perhaps more, were canvassed. Members of the association also made a personal canvass of the town. In view of these facts it hardly seems possible that students, who could see or hear, could fail to know that the lecture was to be given. While the Y. M. C. A. was disappointed in the financial result of the lecture, we are glad that the lecture was worthy of better

support, being pronounced by several residents of Brunswick one of the best lectures ever given in town.

Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York.

WHE Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York gave its twenty-third annual dinner at the Hoffman House, January 11, 1893.

About twenty-five graduates were present. Previous to the dinner the annual election was held. The following officers were chosen: President, Wm. A. Abbott; Vice-Presidents, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, John Goodnow, W. J. Curtis, Dr. F. W. Ring, and F. R. Upton; Corresponding Secretary, Lincoln A. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. F. H. Dillingham; Executive Committee, A. F. Libby, Chas. L. Clarke, Dr. W. O. Plimpton, Geo. E. Moulton, P. P. Simmons, E. H. Cook, and D. A. Easton.

At the dinner Wm. A. Abbott presided. There were no set toasts, but informal speeches were made by nearly all who were present. A poem, written for the occasion by Isaac McLellan, the sole survivor of the class of '26, was read by the secretary, Dr. Dillingham.

The Pessioptimist.

WHIS is the time of year when flourishes the Shakespeare clubs, the psychical society, and this, that, or the other organization devoted to delving into the dark and hidden recesses of the unknown. Except for a conscientious band of literary lights, ardent in their efforts to fathom the depths of Shakespearean mysteries, the Pessioptimist knows of no self-conducted body of searchers after knowledge in college. Why are there not more?

The end and aim of a college existence is

not merely to recite perfectly the lessons assigned from day to day. There must be some original research and thought for a man to broaden his views of perplexing questions. To be sure we can read and can think, but it is also necessary for us to take some particular line for our thinking. Nothing can make us surer of our position regarding debatable subjects than to present our conclusions before a body of men who have given time and attention to the same subjects.

* * * * *

Rejoice and be exceeding glad, ye occupant of Maine Hall, for verily I say unto you, ye are in luck. No dashing out doors in the crisp, frigid air of a January morning for a pail of water, only to find the hydrant frozen so solidly that it would take a Hercules and all the king's oxen and all the king's men to start it running again. No coming back after Christmas vacation into a room whose temperature is so deplorably low that it takes nearly the whole winter term to coax it back to the condition in which it was left. But another year, and we shall all be enjoying the benefits of modern civilization. May heaven speed the time!

* * * * *

"It is as necessary to forget as to remember," says some great man, whose name I have forgotten. That may all be very true, but some people in this world are rather apt to apply the rule in rather too many cases. It is all very pleasant to lend a man something which he deems very necessary to his present needs, receiving in return a faithful promise to return it with the utmost promptitude; but when the days and weeks slip by and nothing of the missing article is heard of the pleasure becomes almost painful.

A number of tools have been lent by the men engaged in constructing the art building, the prompt returning of which would have saved any amount of annoyance to those to whom they belong. This is only one exam-

ple of a negligence which is particularly prevalent about college.

* * * * *

Some astounding facts are often brought to light in the recitation-room, and the most recent example of the statement rather discounts anything the Pessioptimist has heard for some time. It was in logic, and the student had an idea that the following syllogism was false:

All planets revolve in elliptical orbits.

The earth is a planet.

.The earth revolves in an elliptical orbit.

The professor questioned the unscientific Junior, who, by the way, had just finished a course in astronomy, and elicited the following information: The earth isn't a planet, does not revolve in an elliptical orbit, nor do any planets. The unhappy youth took his seat amid loud applause, secretly muttering curses upon Copernicus and the whole line of astronomical geniuses.

* * * * *

"There are none so blind as those who will not see." Some people have an idea that because they do not believe or understand a thing it must necessarily be wrong. The Pessioptimist heard of an accusation of bigotry of a certain man who lives not so very many miles from Bowdoin College simply because his ideas were broad and because he would not stick to the old ruts of belief, the relics of by-gone days. A person making such a charge as this should look well to his own little self before circulating his opinions too freely upon the public. Let him ask himself a few questions and, in nine cases out of ten, the candid accuser will find that the bigotry lies far more with himself than the accused.

There are seven college dailies in the United States, 1 tri-weekly, 2 semi-weekly, 55 bi-weekly, 44 weekly, 288 monthly, with over 100 bi-monthly, quarterly, etc.

Rhyme and Reason.

Too Cold a Day.

I can stand some coldish weather,
But I'm no Antarctic hero,
And can't stand the combination
Of a Prof.'s and merenry's zero.

A Vision of Life.

Life's that sweet beauty in the way,
I found at morn one merry May.
With happiness I walked the road,
The whole wide world my heart's abode.
The busy birds were chanting clear,
In mossy lanes and orchards near;
The mountains stood in grand repose;
When lo! there dawned this blushing rose.

Life's that pure spirit that I met,
When cold December's days were set;
I struggled in the evening shade
'Gainst blasts of wickedness, afraid.
I saw no track amid the snow,
And where my path I did not know;

When like grand music came a voice
Which made my fearful heart rejoice;
It led me to a beauteous plain
Where I was full of joy again.
It seemed another morn in May
Had found me in the darkest way.
And this is Life, whose vision fair
Knows God and Heaven are everywhere.

The Old House.

Back from the busy street it stands,
Under the dear old elms,
And the city's bustle is on both hands,
The noise and the jostle of toiling bands,
And the rattle that never ends.
But the old house stands with its red brick walls
And a quiet peace is in all its halls,
As it seems to echo still
The memory of the old, old days,
Visions of stately old-fashioned ways,
And the things of long ago.

The knocker of bronze on the old oak door
Could tell full many a tale

Of fair women and gallant men of yore,
Of children's voices now no more,
As it bows a grave salute
To the great rusted key in the ponderous lock,
While the iron latch replies to the knock,
Seemingly pondering yet
Memories of the old, old days,
Visions of prim, old-fashioned ways,
And the things of long ago.

The flower-pots on the window sill,
So old and quaint and red,
Hold quiet, old-fashioned flowers still,
Fern and primrose the windows fill,
And dainty mignonette,
And a strange, sweet odor fills the room—
Forgotten flowers, all in bloom,
That whisper and murmur still
The memories of the dear old days
Till you seem encircled in a maze
Of happenings long ago.

In the broad and long oak-panelled hall,
Toward the garden door at the end,
Prim portraits look down from either wall,
Breathing men and women all
In the days of long ago.
And the creaking stair beneath your tread,
Still gracefully winding overhead,
Repeats and echoes again
Dainty steps of fair maidens of other days,
And you feel yourself amid a haze
Of faces of long ago.

Old house with thy nameless, fathomless charm,
Under the dear old elms
So peaceful, so serenely calm,
Oh, may the future stretch its arm
Protectful o'er thy head,
And still a restful haven seem
Where one might ever sleep and dream
Of days of long ago,
Of women grand and maidens fair,
Of dimpled cheeks and golden hair,
And days of long ago.

President Adams of the University of Wisconsin recently called a meeting of the faculty and the students to form a boating association. A corporation with a capital of \$4,500 was formed and instructed to build a boat-house and to make arrangements to put a crew on the water.



Portland has just instituted a system of free evening schools. The three male teachers are all Bowdoin graduates—Barton, '84, Turner, '86, and Gately, '92.

F. A. Swan has joined '96.
Spillane, '90, was in town last week.
Jackson, '91, visited the college recently.
Horsman, '94, is teaching in Princeton.
Ledyard and Curtis, '96, have left college.
The class in Bible study has begun again.
Davis, '96, will not return to college this term.
Swett, '92, spent several days in town last week.
Gummer, '92, is a frequent visitor to the campus.
A new assistant has been added to the library force.

Some of the students tried canvassing during the vacation.

Stone, '96, who has been at home with typhoid fever, has returned to college.

The picture of the foot-ball team, which was taken by Reed, is very good.

Smith, '96, has left college and is attending one of the Portland business colleges.

The number of Juniors who have assumed glasses is alarming. "History did it!"

The plans for the new scientific building have been submitted to the contractors.

Elias Thomas, '94, has been spending the last fortnight with friends in Washington.

Pierce, '96, has an interesting article on Bowdoin in the last number of *P. H. S. Racquet*.

Badger, '95, who has been teaching at Anson, is spending a two weeks' vacation in college.

Professor Robinson spent a few days recently in examining the scientific departments in Yale.

Minot, '96, has accepted a position in Connecticut and will not return to college until next term.

There was an auction down town last week, in which some of the students got very badly cheated.

The $\Delta\Upsilon$ Society have a club at Mrs. Stetson's this term, and have fitted up a society hall in the Rines Block.

Prof. Wells gave a lecture in Alfred last Tuesday evening. In consequence he gave adjourns Tuesday and Wednesday.

Owing to the absence of Professor Lee, Assistant Hunt has had charge of the Biological Department for the last two weeks.

The library was one of eighteen similar institutions which received an official copy of the octavo edition of the 1892 standard prayer-book of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The directors of the Base-Ball Association have re-elected Hutchinson, '93, as captain of the team for the coming year. Practice has begun, the squad having a dumb-bell drill at four o'clock.

During the vacation Professor Houghton delivered an interesting lecture at Bath on Japan, and Professor Wells read a paper before the Fraternity Club, of Portland, on "Man as a Social Product."

The Gym. hours for this term are nearly the same as last winter. The Sophomores are at 11.30, the Freshmen at 3, the Juniors at 4, and the Seniors at 5. Machan, '93, assists in the instruction of the Freshmen.

The unusual good skating on the river has been a source of much enjoyment. Several have made quite long trips on the ice, the most popular being that to Bath and return, a distance of nearly twenty miles.

At the Meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held in Lewiston two weeks ago, President Hyde read a paper on "The Topical Method in Teaching," and Professor Whittier gave an instructive address on "Physical Training." President Whitman, of Colby, was also among the speakers. Orlando M. Lord was elected President of the Society for the coming year.

It is reported that one of the Juniors will shortly publish a pamphlet on several new discoveries in astronomy. Just what they are has been kept a secret, but it leaked out in the Logic recitation, last week, that he is prepared to prove that the earth is not a planet, that planets do not revolve in elliptical orbits, and that, therefore, the earth revolves in an ellipse.

Rev. C. S. Waite, of Brunswick, has presented the library with a two years' subscription to "The New World," one of the ablest and most progressive of the quarterlies started during the last few years.

The current number contains an able article by Professor Egbert C. Smyth, on "Progressive Orthodoxy." Professor Smyth, who graduated from Bowdoin in 1848, is now a professor in Andover Theological Seminary.

During the winter term not an evening passes without its game of whist. Probably 50 per cent. of the men in college have some knowledge of the game, and the number of good players must be fairly large. Why not arrange a whist tournament for the latter part of the term, either between the fraternities or by entries as in tennis? It would certainly be interesting to those playing, would increase their knowledge of the game, and cost nothing.

Entertainments are coming this winter thick and fast. Last Thursday "Our Boys" was played by a Portland company with a most distinguished cast of characters; Friday, Johnson's Quintette Club, with Isabel Pengra as reader, gave a delightful entertainment in the Town Hall; and Saturday, Louis Cyr, the strong man, exhibited his muscular prowess. January 23d Paderewski will again be in Portland and doubtless will draw his usual crowd of the students. And still other companies are billed for the immediate future.

The subjects for the first themes of the term, due January 18th, are as follows: Juniors: 1—France and the Panama Canal. 2—Shall the College Have an Eight Next Spring? 3—A Railroad Journey. Sophomores: 1—Do We Need Better Roads? 2—A Vacation Episode. 3—Longfellow's Evangeline. In the future all theses written for other departments, and afterwards handed in as themes, must be cut down to suitable length. The Juniors will have the privilege this term of substituting a story of not less than sixteen hundred words for the customary four themes.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held Saturday, January 9th, the officers of the Base-Ball and Foot-Ball Associations for 1893 were held as follows: Base-ball—Clifford, '93, 1st Director and Manager; Andrews, '94, 2d Director and Scorer; Farrington, '94, Roberts, '95, and Dane, '96, Directors; Jenks, '93, President; Simpson, '94, Vice-President; Doherty, '95, Secretary and Treasurer. Foot-ball—Sykes, '94, President; Stubbs, '95, Vice-President; G. Simpson, '95, Secretary and Treasurer; Bagley, '94, Manager; Stetson, '95, Knowlton, '95, French, '95, Brown, '96, Directors.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation came off December 15th and was a very successful affair.

The programme was as follows: "The Skleton's Story," by Wood; "Toussaint L'Ouverture," by Webber; "The Honored Dead," by Jackson; "Bunker Hill Oration," by French; "Oration Over the Body of Senator Broderick," by Moore; "The Loss of the Arctic," by Stetson; "Speech at a Dinner to Mr. Finlay," by Parker; "The Vision of War," by Doherty; "War," by Kimball; "The Black Horse and His Rider," by Bryant; "Extract from Speech," by Holmes; "Edinburgh After Flodden," by Churchill. Bryant won the first prize and Webber the second.

A second meeting of the athletic associations was called January 11th, and officers of the Boating and General Athletic Associations were elected for 1893 as follows: Boating Association—Commodore, Shay, '93; President, Stevens, '94; Vice-President, E. Thomas, '94; Directors, Mitchell, '95, Dane, '96; Secretary and Treasurer, Professor Moody. General Athletic Association—Manager, Ross, '94; President, Lord, '94; Vice-Presidents, Lord, '95, Churchill, '95; Directors, A. Chapman, '94, Foster, '95; W. Haskell, '95, Smith, '96; Secretary and Treasurer, Doherty, '95.

Y. M. C. A.

In the last issue of the ORIENT was given a review of the term's work of the Y. M. C. A. Though as a whole it compared very favorably with that of previous terms, yet there is still a chance for improvement. The question before us at the beginning of this, the last term of the association year, is, Shall we do work enough to make this year the most prosperous and successful of any in the history of the association? It is the term which has always been regarded as the best of the year for our work. It is useless, however, to expect large results unless each one takes hold of the work in earnest and resolves to accomplish something himself. Though the officers and chairmen of committees are expected to exercise more care and thought than the other members, and attention to their duties is of the utmost importance, yet they cannot do the work alone. The few may be able to keep the association from taking backward steps, but if any real progress is to be made each one must feel a personal responsibility and do his share of the work.

We all know that our opportunities for Christian

work are sufficient to give each member of the Y. M. C. A. all he can do. Experience has shown that personal work is the most important factor in bringing men to Christ, and we cannot have too much of it among us. It is a branch of the work that cannot be carried on by committees, but must be accomplished by the members of the association doing hand to hand work among their fellow-students who are unsaved. During the present term let each one of us resolve, with God's help, to lead at least one soul to Christ.

In the annual report of the intercollegiate movement of the Y. M. C. A. for the college year of 1891-92 some encouraging facts are presented. During the year new associations have been formed in sixty-nine institutions. This constitutes the largest number ever organized in one year. The Holy Spirit has, through the college associations, led over 2,400 students to become followers of Jesus Christ.

At the close of the report are presented problems of the work for the present year. Among them the following can profitably be considered by us here at Bowdoin:

"Shall the work of the association continue to be done by less than one-third of the members?"

"What is the explanation of the statement made by the representative workers from the colleges of one of the foremost association States that there are less than four habitual personal workers in each college association of that State?"

"Shall but one in four hundred of the Christian students enter the general secretaryship which is to-day calling so loudly for men of education and ability?"

"Shall only one-thirtieth of the Christian students devote their lives to work among twenty-seven-thirtieths of the population of the world?"

And finally:

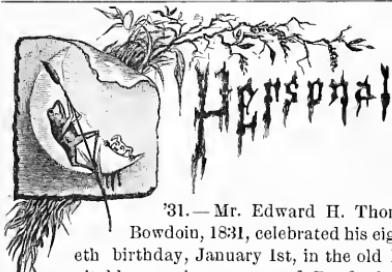
"Have we sought *first* the kingdom of God?"

"Have we been workmen that need not to be ashamed?"

"Do we know the power of prayer?"

"Have we received the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service?"

In the intercollegiate chess tournament Columbia won first place. Wilson of Harvard defeated Bumstead of Yale in a short and decisive game, thus giving Harvard the second place. Yale came next and Princeton last. The best individual play was that of Hymes of Columbia and Ballou of Harvard.



'31.—Mr. Edward H. Thomas, Bowdoin, 1831, celebrated his eightieth birthday, January 1st, in the old hospitable mansion, corner of Danforth and State Streets, Portland. A good many friends were present, and, as may have been anticipated, music under various forms entered largely into the observance of the day.

'43.—Rev. Henry S. Loring, for more than forty-five years a Congregational minister, died at Sidney, December 17, aged 73 years. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1843, and from the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1846. He was ordained in 1850 and continued in the work of the ministry until forced to retire by failing health. During the period of his active ministry he was settled over several pastorates in various parts of the State, always sustaining himself as a preacher with credit to himself and the church to which he belonged. Wherever he was located Mr. Loring took a deep interest in all matters pertaining to education, often serving as a member of school committees, or as supervisor. His will provides for a bequest of \$200 to Bowdoin College.

'44.—Judge William Wirt Virgin is critically ill at his home in Portland.

'44.—Horatio Gates Herrick, for twenty-seven years sheriff of Essex County, Massachusetts, has been tendered a complimentary dinner in recognition of his long and honorable service, by ex-Chief Justice Lincoln F. Brigham, and other members of the Essex bar.

'55.—Hon. William L. Putnam, Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court, is mentioned for minister to the Court of St. James.

'56.—Galen C. Moses, of Bath, has been elected one of the directors of the Maine Mile Track Association.

'58.—Judge Richard S. Tuthill, in a letter to the Chicago Tribune, speaks of the connection of a Bowdoin man, Alexander S. Bradley, with the famous Lake-Front litigation which has recently come to an end by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was a

very important one, as involving the question of state control over public lands beneath harbors. The opinion of the court, which was in favor of the city of Chicago and against the claims of the Illinois Central R. R., was given by Mr. Justice Field. Chief Justice Fuller, '53, took no part in the hearing, having previously represented the city of Chicago in the same suit before a lower court. Judge Tuthill says of Mr. Bradley: "The public press has been liberal in the bestowal of credit to several of the lawyers concerned in behalf of the city and the public in the Lake-Front litigation now at an end. Without derogation to any of the eminent gentlemen whose names have been mentioned there is certainly one other whose services were, as it seems to me from a reading of the opinion of the court, beyond question preëminent; in fact, invaluable. I allude to Alexander S. Bradley, Esq., of the Chicago bar. I had occasion while United States District Attorney, by direction of the Attorney-General, to examine into this whole Lake-Front question and made a full report (printed), and advised that the United States became a party to the suit just decided, and thus I became professionally interested in the case and have since kept track of it and followed the various steps taken and have become familiar with the different arguments filed in the case. The decision is based upon the position first taken and elaborately and ably presented by Mr. Bradley in thirty-six (36) pages of his printed argument which was submitted in 1887; that the State's title to the soil under the navigable waters of Chicago Harbor was as a sovereign in trust for the public for the purposes of a public harbor, and that this title so held in trust could not be transferred by the Legislature to a private corporation, as was attempted by the act of 1869. This was a, if not the, vital point, and is that upon which the Supreme Court decided against the railroad. The doctrine respecting it has been heretofore in an undeveloped state. Mr. Bradley from the first devoted his principal work and most of his argument to that point, having first procured an amendment of the pleadings averring the special nature of the State's title to the submerged soil of the harbor. The opinion of the court singularly coincides with Mr. Bradley's argument, as a comparison of cited authorities, the arrangement and the language of the opinion clearly show. Furthermore, the briefs of the counsel, which have been on the shelves of the Law institute for five years, appear to warrant the statement that Mr. Bradley alone cited the authorities and made the argument

on that point. It has been my understanding that when the distinguished counsel (now chief Justice) who represented the city before Judges Harlan and Blodgett was retained, he was well satisfied to leave the formal presentation of the doctrine to Mr. Bradley, his long-time friend and fellow State and college man, merely affirming it, as stated by Mr. Bradley to him, in his own arguments.

'60.—Col. A. W. Bradbury was admitted to the bar of the United States Circuit Court in Boston, January 10th.

'60.—Hon. Lemuel G. Downs was re-elected member of the Governor's Council.

'72.—Geo. M. Sieders, Esq., has been appointed a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Maine Senate.

'66.—Dr. Charles E. Webster died in December, after a brief illness. Dr. Webster was born February 9, 1841, and was therefore nearly fifty-two years of age. He was a native of Portland, and got his early education in the schools of that city. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1866. Three years later, in 1869, he graduated from the Medical School of Maine. He began practice in Portland, and has been located there ever since. He was a quiet, unassuming man, eminently successful in his profession and having a very large practice. He belonged to Beacon Lodge and Machigonne Encampment of Odd Fellows, and both the relief organizations. His wife, who survives him, is the youngest daughter of Hanson M. Hart, Esq. He also leaves one son.

'76.—In the recent Boston city election Alpheus Sanford was elected alderman in the eighth district by a plurality of 500 votes over his Democratic opponent. Mr. Sanford is a Republican, and has been a prominent worker in the party in Boston. He is a native of North Attleboro', and was born July 5, 1856. He received his education in the Boston Latin School and Bowdoin College, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1876. He has been a member of the Common Council, serving in that body in 1886. He served in the lower branch of the Legislature in 1888 and 1890, where he made an excellent record. He has been Secretary of the Republican City Committee for the last several years, and has done excellent work in that position.

'77.—Carroll W. Morrill, Esq., has been appointed a member of the Committee on Legal Affairs in the State House of Representatives.

'81.—Mr. Llewellyn Barton will be a candidate for the position of State Assessor, made vacant by

the resignation of Hon. B. F. Chadbourne. He has been prominent in the educational field, having been principal of Bridgton Academy for five years.

'84.—Franklin P. Knight, Carrie S. Johnson, married, Saturday, December 31st, Woodfords, Me. At home, Meehanic Falls, Me.

'89.—A very pleasant wedding took place at Rockland recently, when Mr. Mervyn A. Rice and Miss Ella Frances Dow were married at the Thordike Hotel. Rev. W. M. Kimmell, pastor of the Universalist church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Rice left for a two weeks' wedding trip. After their wedding trip they will return to Rockland and will make their residence at the Thordike. Mr. Rice has just been admitted to the Knox County Bar.

'91.—J. P. Cilley, Jr., has lately made his debut as a lecturer. He spoke on Labrador, before the Pine Tree State Club of Cambridgeport.

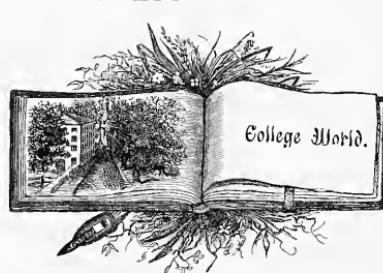
Book Reviews.

(*The Song of the Ancient People*, by Edna Dean Proctor, with preface and notes by John Fiske, and commentary by F. H. Cushing. Illustrated with eleven aqua tints by Julian Scott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is interesting to us as a people to know that America, though called the New World, yet has within its borders not only well-defined proofs of the fact that a prehistoric race has existed, but also that there are now living among us in the great Southwest direct descendants of this people. The civilization of this race corresponds to that of the earlier Greek and other early European civilization, and in the same manner their religion is founded upon many beautiful myths and superstitions jealously guarded and handed down by word of mouth. Miss Proctor in her poem clearly shows an ancient spirit and feeling fitting for the subject, and has brought herself into sympathy with the thought and lore of the primitive people. She touches lightly but pleasantly upon their simple myths and legends, making them the principal subject matter of the work. When Miss Proctor first wrote this poem it was entitled the "Ancient People." But the late poet Whittier, upon hearing it read, was so pleased that he insisted upon its being called the "Song of the Ancient People,"

"as we hear their voice and feel their heart-beat in every line." The preface by John Fiske is a fitting introduction to the work, giving what is known concerning the history of the Pueblo Indians and the more probable theories concerning their origin. His notes explain fully the allusions made in the text and also the aqua-tint illustrations. The commentaries by F. H. Cushing show a perfect knowledge of the subject and set out more at length the traditions of the people. The work throughout shows the touch of the master workman. Even the binding is characteristic, being in old-style rough leather with unfinished edge.

(*Prose Idyls*. By John Albee. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) There has been and is now such a demand for short stories, sketches, and essays by the press that the reading public have had a chance to become experienced critics in that style of literature. So in order for any work of that kind to be a success it must be of the best, both in style and thought. Mr. Albee in writing his "Prose Idyls" seems to have undertaken a work not well suited to his style. His subjects and thoughts many of them are of the best, but they too often lose their force and beauty by the manner in which they are expressed. The outward appearance of the book is very attractive in its modest white and green binding, and it is evidently intended for a gift book.

(*La Chute*. Victor Hugo. Edited by H. C. O. Huss, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price, 30 cents.) This interesting selection is taken from Hugo's "Les Misérables," furnished with introduction and notes. Bound in paper.



AT THE BALL—ON THE BALL.

The rusher was strong in his foot-ball strength
But in dancing was not at all clever,
He'd no cleats on his shoes to keep his feet firm
But wax on the most slipp'ry leather.

In the German he fell in an awkward way
And about him his arms flew in vain.

His partner quite calmly, remarked with a smile;
"First down for the 'Varsity, two feet to (re)gain."
—Williams Weekly.

The sum of all the salaries of college professors in annually \$80,000,000.

President Harper declares that the University of Chicago will not have made its first step in history until it has secured \$10,000,000.

There are 549 students at Brown University.

The latest high school publication in Maine is the *Oracle*, published by the Bangor High School. It contains a number of interesting articles, and the ORIENT wishes it success.

University of Pennsylvania has hired a professional manager to look after its athletic teams.

A \$2,500 endowment to hire coaches for teams has been raised by the alumni of Northwestern.

DISMAYED.

He took her out for an ice-cream treat,
His pretty, blue-eyed Sal,
But fainted when he read the sign,
"Cream, ninety cents a gal."

—Ex.

Frank A. Hinkey, left end, will captain Yale next year.

There are at present 600 students and 119 professors and tutors at the University of Chicago.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. at the University of Pennsylvania \$1,600 was raised on the spot for a religious building. Since then about \$5,000 has been raised.

Taylor, first baseman on the Louisville league nine last year, has entered the Cornell law school.

Prof. Albert Harkness, of Brown University, has resigned the professorship of Greek at that institution. He has held the position for thirty-seven years.

The Wellesley Shakespeare Society intends to build a club-house on the model of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

WINTRY JOY.

Now, the junior and the co-ed.
O'er the snow they fly in haste.
Close they press their curly heads
While his arms entwine her waist.

—Nebraskan.

The question of putting a crew on the water this year is being discussed at Brown.

The tickets for the joint debate between Harvard and Yale, to be held in Saunders Theatre, Wednesday evening, January 18th, will be complimentary.

Twenty-seven married men attend the University of Wisconsin.

The Princeton-Yale debate takes place on March 15th. There will be three speakers from each college, each one of these to speak twice, the speeches to be ten and six minutes in length.

Jno. D. Rockefeller made the Chicago University a Christmas present of one million dollars. This makes three million six hundred thousand dollars he has given and the total endowment of the University, \$6,500,000, including land and buildings.

Connor, who played right tackle on the Exeter team, has been elected captain for next year.

Dartmouth has received by the will of Dr. Butterworth, '39, property worth \$180,000 for the purpose of "founding and forever maintaining a professorship for general instruction in archaeology, ethnology, and other kindred subjects, and for the erection of a building, to cost not less than \$30,000, for a museum for these branches."

Claude F. Wright of London, England, who was for three years a pupil of the late Mme. Blavatsky, is trying to form a theosophy club at Yale. He has instituted one at Harvard.

One of the most princely gifts to the cause of education was that made by Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, who recently gave that city no less than three millions of dollars, including an elegant five-

story building for a manual training school. It is expected that the school will open September 1, 1893. Meanwhile everything possible will be done towards making it the greatest institute for manual training, science, and art in this country.

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired in college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.—*Ex.*

The Russian imperial government has granted \$200,000 for a medical school for women, to be established in St. Petersburg.

Two Chinese women have entered the medical department of the University of Michigan.

The total membership of Greek letter societies in the American colleges is estimated at 77,000.

Recitations at Oberlin are prefaced by prayer or singing.

Among the new courses introduced at Harvard this year is one on physical culture, of four years' duration. Its object is to give instruction to those students wishing to teach that subject, and particularly as an introduction to the study of medicine.

Alumnus—"Miss W., what is Psychology?" Miss W.—"Psychology is the scientific explanation of what every fool knows."—*Ex.*



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

No. 13.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

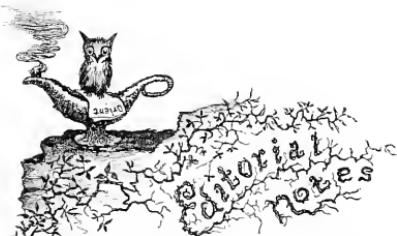
Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The treasurer of the Foot-Ball Association informs us that he is prepared to present his report, but is delaying because some of the students have failed to pay their subscriptions yet. It is very unfortunate that every year there remains upon the books of the athletic associations a more or less formidable list of delinquents who, in a careless manner, have pledged certain amounts to the association and have not fulfilled their promises. The treasurers know that it is folly to count these pledges as assets until the money has been collected, and if they drag over into the next season they are good for nothing. It has sometimes been suggested that a published list of those who refuse to pay their promised subscriptions would facilitate matters. We do not know what may be the intentions of the several managements this year, but we would urge those students who have neglected to pay their subscriptions to either of the associations to do so at once. They should be considered debts as binding in their nature as those contracted in any other way.

IT IS not too early for every man who is going to appear in the Athletic Exhibition to fall to work in earnest. Do not wait for the manager to urge and beg you to join in this work, but if you can do anything for the

good of the cause consider it your duty to do it, and do not act as if you were conferring a favor upon the manager. The class drills should be attended to earlier than has been the custom in previous years. Every class should begin now to work for the cup, and by entering cheerfully into the contest make sure that this important feature of the exhibition will be a success.

THE question of field athletics must soon come up. The attitude of the other colleges in the State regarding an intercollegiate field day will probably be the same this year as last, namely, they will probably decline to join issue with us in general athletics unless we consent to abridge our numbers by barring out the Medical School. As for holding a field day by ourself, with nothing further in view, experience has proved that not enough interest can be aroused to make even a creditable show of records. Where Bowdoin belongs is in the New England Association. We have been told by persons who are familiar with the question that if Bowdoin could enter this association she would immediately take a comparatively high position among the colleges represented. It is true that the experiment was tried a few years ago without much success. We should, however, like to see it tried again, and believe that with a few years of hard work Bowdoin would be among the leaders. It is true we are wanting in some of the facilities for out-of-door athletics, such as a running track for instance, but these things are more likely to come when it is seen that they are absolutely needed. The matter of the expense of belonging to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association cannot be a very important consideration. We can see but one serious objection to joining this association. That is the difference in climate which permits the more southern members of the association to begin their out-of-door training

several weeks ahead of us. But the more northern colleges cannot be much better off than we in this particular. We suppose other arguments might be brought for and against the proposition. At any rate it will pay to consider if it would not be better for Bowdoin to seek admission into the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association rather than to fool with the small local colleges another year.

CONTRIBUTORS should bear in mind that the election of a new ORIENT board takes place in a few weeks, and in electing new members the quality and quantity of the work done by contributors will be considered.

Competitors for the prizes are requested to have their work in before the first of March.

THE Day of Prayer for Colleges has been regarded by too large a proportion of the students as merely a precious opportunity for enjoying a holiday, with even less thought upon its significance than it is customary to bestow upon some of our more venerable but degenerating days of recreation. As Fast Day opens the base-ball season and Thanksgiving Day winds up the foot-ball season, it is fair to suppose that as a consequence of this indifference the college world of sport will eventually associate with this sacred day some all-important event of mind and muscle.

Those, however, who give thought to the subject recognize the true meaning of the day. After such an object lesson as that of the services of last Thursday it becomes more apparent to them why the churches of the country should take so much interest in colleges. The influence which a college-bred man can exert in whatever community he is situated is being more and more clearly understood. As one of the speakers of last

Thursday aptly illustrated, education is now not interpreted as a means of raising one above and aloof from his fellows, but of giving him a foothold from which he can exert an uplifting power upon the race. This will be better understood, both in college and out of college, by studying such examples as that presented by the five young men who spoke to us of the work they have undertaken together and are so successfully accomplishing in the secluded towns of this state. The Day of Prayer for Colleges, if it is to engage the interest and sympathy of college students, is best observed in just the way it was observed here last Thursday.

Jack.

IT WAS a beautiful day in the summer of '69 that I embarked in the bark Annie, bound for China. The captain of this trim-looking craft was a very pleasant old man, and he possessed one of those even-tempered, sunny dispositions, which never fail to win the confidence as well as the hearty good-will and respect of a crew. After getting everything ready preparatory to the long voyage before us, we set sail, and soon I began to get acquainted with the rest of the crew, who were to be my companions and messmates.

It did not require a great while for me to find out who would be likely to become my friends. There was Sandy McGrath, who was a Scotchman as his name implies, and Bill Glines, with whom I became fast friends. They were both rough men, Sandy being a big, good-natured man who had lived on the sea for sixteen years, and Bill being a tough and burly fellow, who was at times somewhat addicted to drink.

We had considerable leisure time in which to get acquainted during the first week, the weather being fine and the winds favorable. On the third day out, however, our troubles commenced. The previous day in the fore-

noon, one of the men found a stowaway and brought him before the captain, who was as kind to the boy as he could be under the circumstances. The life of a stowaway on board ship is not a very pleasant one generally, and that of Jack, as he was called by all, was no exception to the rule. He was a slight, well-formed boy, who could go up the ratlines like a cat, and in a few days proved himself to be quicker than any man on the ship. He took a fancy to me from the very first and I soon learned all about him from his own lips. He had left home because he was abused by a drunken father. His own mother, he told me, was dead, and his stepmother did not seem to care for him. He had a photo of his own mother inside his Bible, neatly done up in his pack, and a handsome woman she must have been, judging from her picture. Jack was a handsome young fellow himself, with dreamy blue eyes and light hair. He was very quiet and spoke to no one except me, unless he was first spoken to. I found him now and then reading the Bible, and once I caught him looking at his mother's picture and crying,—he was only a boy fourteen years old, but I tell you when I saw that boy looking at the picture and crying, it set me to thinking, and somehow a big lump rose in my throat as I thought of her who cared for me and brought me up in that distant New England town where I was born. After that I became the boy's fast friend.

On the third day out the captain was taken sick with a sudden attack of fever, and notwithstanding the constant care and careful nursing of the ship's surgeon, he died. It was a sudden blow to all; the ship was silent and the whole crew looked at each other in sadness. We buried the captain in the sea and then our troubles began in good earnest. The first mate, who had always seemed rather a surly, gruff man, soon showed us that we were going to have far from a pleasant voyage

under his rule. He was domineering and ugly, and seemed to vent the most of his bad temper on the boy Jack. I stood up for him as much as I dared, but it did not do any good. He was kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and yet no one heard a word of complaint from his lips.

One day, when the wind was coming up strong and there was every indication of a storm, the mate was feeling especially ugly, being somewhat under the influence of drink. The foretop-gallant sail had to be furled, and he sent the boy, with a kick, to do it. He ran up the lines faster than any of us could have done, but still the mate swore at him for being so slow. In trying to hurry he missed his footing and fell; then we saw a slight form fly through the air,—a splash, and our stowaway was no more. We were flying along in front of the wind, and it would have been useless to have tried to get back, with a boat, where the lad struck the waves. We all felt badly except the mate, who did not seem to care. After he had stormed around a while he went below.

Things went on quite smoothly during the remainder of the voyage until our return trip. We had nearly reached the place where the boy Jack went overboard, when another gale struck us, and we were ordered to get everything into shape. All the sails having been furled except the flying jib, the mate ordered one of the sailors aloft. He ran up a little way, but came down again quicker than he went up. The mate cursed him, but he refused to go up again. As he was a quick-motioned fellow and a good sailor the others were reluctant to try it, when they saw him fail. The mate then called for volunteers, and after a few moments Sandy McGrath stepped forward. He was an old sailor, but the wind was blowing at a high rate, making the ascent rather risky for an old man. He did not get as far as the first man did, however, and came back with

a white face, and I noticed that he was breathing hard. Then I stepped forward, resolved to go up any how, not understanding the reason why the others did not do it. I got about half way, when, upon looking up, I saw the boy Jack sitting on the yard and motioning for me to go back. He kept saying, "Don't come up—Don't come up," and when I saw the look in those eyes, I went down again in a hurry. When I came back, as the others had done, the mate cursed us all for a set of landlubbers. No one stirred or offered to furl that sail, however, and the mate swore he would do it himself. When he was half way up we saw him pause, and then we could all distinctly see the figure sitting on the yard, beckoning to the mate, and heard it saying, "Come up—Come up." The mate kept on, and when he reached the yard we saw him totter; the next instant there was a splash, and the mate was gone. We were a silent and awe-struck crew, as we gazed upon the waves that closed over him. Whenever any of us spoke of that voyage in '69 afterward, he thought always of the boy Jack and the mysterious sight he saw during that memorable gale.

The Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Boston Alumni.

THE Boston Alumni Association held its twenty-fifth annual meeting and banquet at the Parker House, Wednesday, January 25th. At the business meeting, held shortly after five o'clock, these officers were elected: President, E. P. Loring, '61; Vice-President, D. C. Linscott, '54; Secretary, A. T. Parker, '76; Assistant Secretary, E. U. Curtis, '82; Executive Committee, Henry Stone, '52, F. A. Hill, '62, G. L. Chandler, '68, D. O. S. Lowell, '74, W. E. Hatch, '75, F. V. Wright, '76, W. W. Towle, '82.

Immediately after adjournment seats were taken around the banquet board. There

were present as guests Professors H. L. Chapman and F. C. Robinson of the Bowdoin faculty.

It was the largest meeting of the alumni since the organization of the association, and among those present were a number whose locks were of snowy whiteness and whose forms were bent beneath the weight of many years. Among these were G. S. Newcomb, '48; George O. Robinson, '49; Henry Hyde Smith, '54; Henry Stone, '52; H. E. Eastman, '48; D. C. Linscott, '54; W. W. Rice, '46; and Egbert C. Smith, '48.

The after-dinner exercises were begun by the singing of "St. Martin's," after which the president addressed the alumni. He gave an historical sketch of Bowdoin.

He was glad to announce that the college was never in a more prosperous condition. One of the best tests, he said, of the standing of a college is the number of men it sends out noted for their capacity and ability. In this regard Bowdoin stands almost without a competitor.

Prof. Robinson, class of '73, of the scientific department, in responding to "The College," spoke of the new scientific building that the college has in prospect, which would be second to no similar structure in the country. Work will begin as soon as the plans are ready. This structure will be complete in all its details, and far superior to the scientific building at Yale and many of the larger colleges and universities.

The art building is now finished, so far as the exterior is concerned, but no provision has been made for the furnishings and fittings, and the speaker threw out a stray hint that the alumni could keep this fact before their minds.

While Prof. Robinson was speaking, Judge Putnam, '55, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, entered the room and was received with hearty and long-continued applause. He was escorted to the head of the table by Mr. W. W. Rice.

Mr. Edward Stanwood, class of '61, well known to the literary world as one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, was enthusiastically received as he arose. He said: "If one wishes to see good all-round men, then look at Bowdoin graduates. Our college makes it a point to give her students such a training that when he goes out into the world as a man of letters, a lawyer, a doctor or the follower of any other profession, he is enabled to make his mark in the world."

A letter was then read by the president from the oldest living alumnus, Thomas T. Stone, who was born in 1801 and graduated in the class of '20. He was at one time a well-known minister and had lectured in the Howell Institute. Other letters of regret were read from Cyrus A. Bartol and C. C. Everett.

The speaking was continued by Mr. W. W. Rice, George R. Swasey, Esq., Prof. Chapman and others, and the exercises closed with the singing of college songs.

Like the Street Car.

"HELLO, Prime!" said a young Harvard graduate to a former classmate, who had entered a Brookline electric car just before him. "Haven't seen you for six months. How are you Jack? What are you doing?"

"Nothing," replied Jack, sadly. "I can't find anybody who needs my talented help."

"Well, now, I say that's odd. You, the first scholar in the class, can't find anything to do! Why, I should have expected that you would have been bored to death refusing applications for your services."

"No, Jim. I have come to the conclusion that a college class is a good deal like this street car when it starts up at the Tremont House. There are a good many more get honors than get offers."

An Inter-Fraternity Whist Tournament.

THEDreary winter term, with its short days and long evenings, is now well begun. The ever active brain of the student is taxed to its utmost to devise means by which to relieve the monotony of the hours from eight to eleven in the evening. Rare are the first-class entertainments which he finds it convenient to attend. Skating, practically, is over. Society night is but one in seven. The inevitable for many seems to be several evenings of each week spent in the "end" with promise of a dull time. But not so. Up the stairs goes a stentorian voice, "Freshie, come down for a game of whist." And why not? This is decidedly one of the best and most attractive of our few popular games. Of endless variety, ever new and ever interesting, affording ample opportunity for deep study and thought, it well merits the great popularity in which it is manifestly held throughout the rooms and at the clubs. It has been estimated that about one-half of the students understand the game to a greater or less extent, and among these are many fine players.

What is needed is a well-arranged tournament. As a means of promoting fellowship among the fraternities, this would be of no inconsiderable value. To increase still more the interest in the game itself, nothing could be better. Friendly competition always enlivens and augments the interest of an occasion. Other benefits to be derived from such an arrangement are apparent to all, and need not be reviewed here. Various plans for the tournament might, of course, be suggested, but the one which would seem to offer the most advantages, and which would, I believe, prove by far the most interesting is that of an inter-fraternity organization. From each society there should be chosen, either by vote or by competitive playing, two persons to represent its members; also the

non-society men should choose two students to represent them in the tournament. A schedule should then be arranged, and each pair of players compete in turn, with all the others, the two being declared winners who have scored the highest per cent.

All that is needed to make this tournament an assured thing and a great success, is that a few Seniors or Juniors, who feel an interest in the game, should select a committee to interview the various fraternities, and make the few necessary arrangements. That much interest will be manifested among those who play the game, when the subject is once properly introduced by this committee, may be safely assumed. The affair should not be looked upon as an experiment from which disastrous results are to be expected, if everything does not work exactly as anticipated. It is merely a question of whether or not it is desirable to create a greater interest in the game by immediately taking the initiatory step towards a tournament which will not only prove interesting to its participants, but lead to a better game of whist for the future.

The Pessioptimist.

HAVE you ever been obliged to do anything you didn't want to, when you were feeling rather less than half alive, and wished that the task which loomed up before you was miles and miles from your reach? Of course you have. Everybody has. That is the predicament of the Pessioptimist just at present, but he realizes how imposingly and unsympathetically his Nemesis, the Managing Editor, will frown upon him should he fail to grind out the usual amount of literary gems, grits his teeth, knits his brow, and with an unrelentless stab at the inkstand, sets about his task.

The Pessioptimist had a chat with one of the members of the Senior class the other day. You know it is always pleasant to tell what you would do were you to do a thing over again.

"I don't believe in specializing in college," said the aforesaid Senior, who by the way has made a specialty of one study throughout his course. "I believe I could have gotten far more out of my course if I had made a different selection and taken studies of a more general nature."

The Pessioptimist agrees with him perfectly. To my mind college is the place to broaden the mind. The man when first he enters is not liable to be overburdened with ideas. The object of his course is to add new ones to those which he already possesses, not to select one from his old stock and say: "I will go to work on this line. I know something about this and I don't about the other." And he never will if this is the way he reasons. The Pessioptimist's rule is: Broaden yourself while in college; specialize afterward.

* * * * *

A chemically-inclined Senior undertook more of a job in the laboratory recently than he could carry out. He was attempting to obtain a solution of tin, and had worked long and faithfully without the faintest results. After he had labored for a sufficient length of time explanations were in order, and it was discovered that his mischievously-inclined neighbor had put a goodly dose of Brunswick sand into the test-tube upon which the victim of the joke had so assiduously been heating.

* * * * *

Bowdoin songs are conspicuous only by their absence. The only characteristic song that Bowdoin can lay claim to is "Phi Chi," and that has a place in other colleges. Moreover, it is a "back number." "Phi Chi" is dead, or if not already dead is so near it that

we only hear now and then of a spasmodic heart-beat. The yell question has been agitated to no purpose. The song question has not received so much attention, although no less deserving. Can't some brilliant genius find a way to solve both and make of Bowdoin's rejuvenation one in outward appearances as well as inward fact.

Rhyme and Reason.

A Common Query.

There is a simple question
That fills me with chagrin,
'Tis this interrogation:
"When does your *school* begin?"

We All Know Her.

I know a maid as fair and sweet
As any half-blown rose;
Her cheek would put a peach to shame,
(Or any fruit that grows).

Her teeth are pearls, her eyes are stars,
Her chin divinely wrought.
Her name? Ah no, you don't, my boy,
I'm not so easy caught.

You know as well as I this maid
Whom I have painted here,
Or else you've never felt the pang
Of Baby Cupid's spear.

A Woodland Echo.

Within the forest's arms, asleep,
I lay where shadow'd waters ran,
And lost in mystic dreaming deep,
I heard the woodland pipes of Pan.

Then one by one, the nymphs, fair-haired,
And twin'd with sunny garlands gay,
Troop'd forth from unseen caves and shared
The burden of the Satyr's lay.

And glist'ning bands of those who dwell
Beneath the bosom of the stream,
Stole out, o'ercome 'neath music's spell,
To add their voices to my dream.

The rustling leaves, the waving fern,
Half hid a Dryad or a Faun;
While high in heaven the dim stars burn
'Mid flush of rosy-fingered Dawn.

The wandering huntress' mellow call
Awoke the slumbering hills from rest,
And foot-prints were, 'mid grasses tall,
Where Venus' snow-white feet had
pressed.

The roaming Zephyr's, whispering low
Of loving gods whose tender care
Still shielded earth from pain and woe,
With gentle murmurings stirred the air.

Thus Fancy's sparkling robe was flung
O'er me in sylvan dreaming wild;
The tuneful stars of morn were young,
And mother earth was yet a child.

Disappointment.

Maiden modest, mild and gentle,
Teeth of pearl, and lips of rose-bud;
Form divine, and face bewitching;
What's the song that you are singing,
Wafted to me through the zephyrs?
Surely 'tis the song of sirens,
That of old wrought wreck and ruin.
Sure, my heart will be a ruin
If I listen to it longer.

Ah! I catch the mellow chorus,
Dying softly as it echoes.
Gods! can't be my ears hear rightly?
These the words her sweet lips utter?
These that drive me to distraction?
"I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

What Puzzled Her.

To pass away a pleasant hour,
Inclined to reminisce,
I tried, with tales of college life,
To please a winsome Miss.
I told of many a frolic wild,
Mad escapades galore;
Of "grinds" put up on fellow-men,
Of thirst for Freshman gore.

To all my wild, soul-stirring tale
She lent a charming ear,
And as I finished, thus she spoke:
"I wish you'd tell me, dear,

Where are the teachers of your school,
That you should laugh and play,
And never of your lessons think,
Through all the live-long day?"

Nightfall.

I floated on the tide at close of day—
The ripples softly lapped the sandy shore,
The quiet water held the listless oar,
The sunset crimson faded slow away.
Now drowsy quiet falls upon the bay,
And evening, thrusting twilight on before;
A chill steals silently the pavement o'er
Of darkling waters and of sea-sand gray,
And, one by one, faint glimm'ring lamp-lights reach
Their thin rays forth from huts upon the
beach.
Warned by the lights I lift the lazy oar
And pull, o'er waters black and ebbing
tide,
In thoughtful silence to the further shore,
To cheerful home and glowing fireside.



Jones, P. Shaw, and
F. M. Shaw, '93, and J. T.
Shaw, '95, all went home ill last week.
Dana, '94, had an acute attack of
tonsillitis last week.

Profs. Robinson, Chapman, Honghton,
Farnsworth, Hutchins, and Lee, all gave one
or more adjourns during the past fortnight.

The Medical term begins to-morrow.

Professor Chapman lectured at Farmington
January 20th.

Fairbanks, '95, has been elected captain of the
foot-ball team for 1893.

President Hyde and Mrs. Hyde spent several
days in Boston recently.

Swan, '96, was taken into Θ Δ X at a special
initiative two weeks ago.

Professor Farnsworth's illness recently
gave the Junior German division an "adjourn."

Bliss, '94, went home, last Thursday, ill with the mumps.

A ΔΦ has refitted its hall and duly celebrated that event on the third Friday of the term.

The Junior German division has finished Schiller's Ballads and is now reading William Tell.

Burnham, '96, has taken a school in Biddeford, and began his pedagogical career last Monday.

The A ΔΦ Club has changed its boarding place from Mrs. Kaler's to Mrs. Eaton's on Noble Street.

Professor and Mrs. Little gave an enjoyable party at their home January 20th. About a dozen students were present.

The Boston Alumni Association held a very pleasant reunion last week. Professors Chapman and Robinson were among the speakers.

The Ammen Harbor Defense Ram will be launched at Bath, soon. Extra trains will be run and an immense crowd is expected.

Professor Robinson has been at Chicago, the past few days, getting ideas for the scientific building from that at the University of Chicago.

Professors Wells and Houghton delivered lectures recently in the Phi Rho Course at Bath. Professor Houghton's lecture was illustrated by Professor Lee with his stereopticon.

Paderewski's piano recitals drew very large houses during his Portland engagement. Nearly a hundred were present from Brunswick, a large proportion of them from the college.

The College Quartette, consisting of Lord, Peaks, Dana, and Willard, has arranged for three concerts. January 31st they sing at Strong; February 1st, at Temple; February 2d, at New Vineyard.

Owing to the absence of President Hyde Professor Chapman had charge of the chapel exercises Sunday, January 22d. He spoke on the topic, "Is Education a Failure?" and gave one of the most interesting and valuable talks of the year.

The latest addition to the college associations and clubs comes in the shape of a German Club, meeting weekly. Only German is spoken, and the few meetings which have been held have been full of interest. Mr. Farnsworth is among the dozen members.

Mr. Tolman, whose illness proves to be due largely to overwork, has decided to take a rest, as advised by his physician. He will spend the remainder of the term in the eastern part of the

State, and hopes to be able to return to his college work during the spring term.

The third themes of the term are due February 1st. Subjects are as follows: Juniors: 1—Ought Foreign Immigration to be Restricted for One Year? 2—Shall Bowdoin Enter the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association? 3—Benefits to be Derived from the Study of Logic. Sophomore: 1—The Sunday Opening of the World's Fair. 2—A View of the Gymnasium During a Class Drill. 3—Bryant's Thanatopsis.

The matter of joining the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association has begun to be talked of. Track athletics are not nearly so expensive as some other branches, yet are productive of fully as much glory to the successful college. Doubtless a meeting will soon be called to take action concerning this matter, since the representatives of the college belonging to the association meet some time this month.

The Banjo, Guitar, and Glee Club, assisted by T. H. Gately, Jr., '92, yodler, of Portland, will give a concert at Freeport, Wednesday evening, February 8th. Tickets 35 cents. This will afford an excellent opportunity for any of the students who desire to hear them. Reduced rates have been obtained on Maine Central between Brunswick and Freeport, for those holding concert tickets. Tickets can be obtained of A. P. Ward, '96.

The Glee and Banjo Club is organized as follows: Lord and Peaks, first tenor; Clifford and Clough, second tenor; Dana and May, first bass; Thompson and Willard, second bass; P. M. Shaw, Baxter, Bryant, Coburn, M. S. Dyer, banjos; Bliss and J. T. Shaw, guitars. Lord is leader and Clifford business manager. The club will appear at Freeport, February 8th, and at Saco, February 15th. It will also probably give an entertainment in Bath in the near future.

The work for the Athletic Exhibition has begun in earnest. In some departments matters do not look quite so hopeful as they might. We shall miss some of the men we had last year, but there is material enough in college to fill their places if there were sufficient enthusiasm to develop it. The leaders of the various squads are as follows: horizontal bar work, Foster; parallel bar work, Machan; tumbling, Bucknam; Pyramids, Machan; and boxing and wrestling, A. Chapman.

Last Thursday, being the Day of Prayer for Colleges, was observed as a holiday. In the morning the celebrated "Andover Baud" spoke in Lower

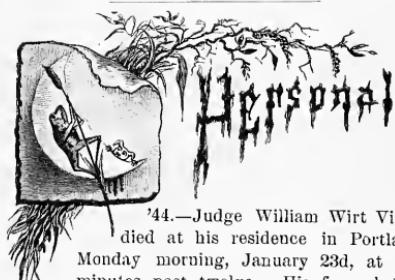
Memorial concerning their work in Franklin County. The band consists of two Bowdoin men, O. D. Sewall, '87, and E. R. Stearns, '89, and three Williams men, J. C. Gregory, E. R. Smith, and W. W. Rainey. In an interesting way they described the different phases of the problem that they are trying to solve and the ways in which they are working. The college choir furnished music.



Thursday, January 26th, being the day set apart for prayer for colleges, recitations were suspended and the day observed with appropriate exercises. It is a good time for us to consider the significance of the day and what it means to us as college students. We can profitably examine ourselves and ask if we are each doing our part towards extending or even sustaining the Christian influence here at Bowdoin.

In the morning the Y. M. C. A. held a short prayer and consecration meeting, at which an earnest, prayerful spirit prevailed.

The forenoon exercises were a departure from the usual custom of having a single address. Instead we had the pleasure of listening to an account of the work that is being done in the towns of Franklin County by the Andover Band. The several addresses gave us a clearer view of the excellent opportunities for work all around us, and of the advantages and power of genuine and personal Christian fellowship.



'44.—Judge William Wirt Virgin died at his residence in Portland, Monday morning, January 23d, at five minutes past twelve. His funeral took place at Congress Square Church, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Blanchard. All the remaining judges of the Maine Supreme Court acted as pall bearers. The funeral was attended by the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army, the Cumberland Bar Association,

and representatives from the other bars of the State, from the Masonic bodies of the city, the Governor and Council, and a committee representing the Maine Senate and House of Representatives.

William Wirt Virgin was born at Rumford, September 18, 1823. He fitted for college at Bridgton and Bethel Academies, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1844. Judge Virgin studied law with his father at Rumford, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He began practice in Norway, where he had his office until 1871. During the War of the Rebellion he took an active interest in the Union cause, and in 1862 he raised the 23d Maine Regiment, five companies from Oxford and five from Androscoggin County. This regiment he commanded through the nine months of its service, which was spent in the defense of Washington. He gained a high reputation for the discipline and efficiency of his command, although no very trying service fell to its lot. While practicing in Norway, Judge Virgin was three times elected county attorney of Oxford County, and was a member of the State Senate in 1865-66, the latter year as its President. The same year he was appointed reporter of decisions, a position which he held until 1872, when he was appointed one of the judges of the State Supreme Court. He has been upon the bench almost constantly since that time, his last appointment having been made March, 30, 1887, for the term of seven years. As a judge he has always been distinguished for a dignified and courteous deportment, and independence and impartiality in his decisions.

The *Eastern Argus* says of him: "Of William Wirt Virgin it can with truth be said that he was an upright judge. During the 21 years in which he sat upon the Supreme Bench of Maine he was continually giving proofs of his ripe legal knowledge, calm judgment, and unswerving love of justice. Outside of the court room he was one of the most affable of men, easy to approach, and always interested in the welfare of others. In the fullness of years and well-merited honors he has heard and answered the inevitable call, and passed to the higher life. The memory of him will be fondly cherished by the multitude of friends he leaves on earth."

'44.—The complimentary dinner to Hon. Horatio Gates Herrick, for twenty-seven consecutive years sheriff of Essex County, Mass., came off at Young's Hotel, Boston, Saturday night, January 21st. The

dinner was tendered Mr. Herrick by the Essex Bar, and one hundred gentlemen, including many judges and ex-judges of the Massachusetts courts, were present. During the evening, the ex-sheriff was presented with a magnificent silver service.

'64.—The *Biddeford Standard* says: "Judge Enoch Foster, who is presiding at the present term of Court, is said by his admirers to be one of the best presiding justices of the Supreme Court. He is quick in catching a point, well read and energetic, and his intimate friends declare that a man with a kinder heart never lived. He comes into court with a smile and a 'Good morning' for the lawyers and court officials, and stops to chat a few minutes with these gentlemen. His black hair waves artistically over a broad forehead, and he does not look to be over forty years of age. He is a reserved and dignified judge and his opinions are not only sound in law but forcible in expression. His Honor is a terror to rum-sellers, and woe to the dealer who gets in his clutches, for he will be punished to the full extent of the law."

'74.—Albion G. Bradstreet died in Phoenix, Arizona, on Tuesday, January 17th. Mr. Bradstreet was born in North Bridgton, January 30, 1852. After graduation in the class of 1874, from Bowdoin College, where he took high honors, especially in mathematics, he was for several years engaged in civil engineering in connection with the Maine Central and the Eastern Railroads. Leaving the employment of these roads he became principal of the High School at Gardiner, remaining there a little over a year. He then began the study of law in Portland, in the office of Hon. J. H. Drummond, and subsequently took a two years' course at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Cumberland Bar, and opened a law office in Portland, with a branch office at Bridgton. In 1879 he was elected a Representative to the legislature from Bridgton, and was re-elected in 1880. In 1881 he was appointed acting general manager and chief engineer of the Tehuantepec Inter-Ocean Railroad Company, a large and important organization that was engaged in building a railroad in Mexico across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Mr. Bradstreet remained in Mexico about five years and during that time accumulated a handsome property chiefly by fortunate investments. Returning to this country he went into the banking business in New York City, also acting as agent for the sale in the United States of the famous Mexican beverage known as pulque. But failing health caused him to sell his interest in the bank and seek a change

of climate. He had been living in Arizona over a year prior to his death. He leaves a widow, the daughter of Hon. D. C. Palmer, formerly postmaster of Gardiner, and one child, Alice, about five years old.

'77.—Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, saw bumble-bees as far north as latitude $81^{\circ} 37'$ in Greenland, and stated that bluebottle flies were as common that far north as they are in Philadelphia around a butcher shop. The latitude mentioned is within about 580 miles of the North Pole. Lieutenant Peary has been giving a very successful series of lectures on his Greenland expedition.

'85.—Rev. Frank W. Davis and Miss Helen Webster were married Wednesday morning, January 25th, at the home of the bride in Castine. They left at once for Cumberland, where Mr. Davis is settled as pastor of the Congregational church. Mr. Davis is a graduate of Bowdoin College and of Bangor Theological Seminary, and has been principal of the high school at Gorham, and later of that at Woodford's.

'88.—Professor D. M. Cole has been giving illustrated lectures on the Labrador expedition.

'89.—Emerson L. Adams and Miss Effie C. Dascombe were married at Wilton, on the 30th of November, 1892.

'91.—The following appears in the *Bangor Commercial* of last Friday: "The marriage of Mr. Thomas S. Burr, of this city, and Miss Kate Patterson Smith, of Patten, at the bride's home yesterday, is announced. Mr. Burr, who is a graduate of Bowdoin College, has been located in Patten some time as the principal of Patten Academy and has met with unusual success there, while the bride is a very bright and talented young lady, the daughter of Mrs. B. L. Smith, formerly of this city. No particulars of the happy event have been received, but Mr. and Mrs. Burr will receive any number of congratulations and best wishes from Bangor friends." The ORIENT extends congratulations to its former editor.

BOWDOIN IN THE 1893 LEGISLATURE.

The following is a brief sketch of the Bowdoin graduates who are members of the present Maine Legislature :

SENATE.

'72.—George M. Seiders, senator from Cumberland County, resides in Portland; a Republican; lawyer; age, 48; born in Union; educated at Lincoln Academy; graduated from Bowdoin in 1872. He was principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland, and of

Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass., and professor in Episcopal Academy of Connecticut, Cheshire, Conn. He read law with Hon. Thomas B. Reed, '60. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1878, and on judiciary committee. He was afterwards United States assistant counsel in Alabama court of claims. He was County Attorney for Cumberland two terms, 1885-7.

73.—Addison E. Herrick, senator from Oxford County, resides in Bethel; a Republican; lawyer; born in Greenwood; age, 45. He was educated at Gould Academy, Hebron Academy, and at Bowdoin, where he graduated in 1873. He studied law with Hon. Enoch Foster, of Bethel, and was admitted to the Oxford Bar in 1877. He practiced with Mr. Foster until the latter was appointed a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. He is treasurer of the Bethel Savings Bank, and one of the trustees of Gould Academy. He is much interested in educational matters. He represented his district in the last Legislature.

HOUSE.

77.—Carroll W. Morrill, representative from Portland, is a Republican; a lawyer; age, 39; born in Falmouth; fitted for college at Westbrook Seminary, and graduated from Bowdoin in the class of '77. He studied law in the office of Hon. M. P. Frank, in Portland; was admitted to the bar in 1882, and has practiced in Portland. He is president of the Lincoln Club, one of the largest and most influential political organizations in the State.

77.—John A. Roberts, representative from Norway, is a Republican; a farmer and book-keeper; age, 40; born in Gardiner; educated at Oxford Normal Institute, and Bowdoin, where he graduated in 1877. He has been supervisor of schools and selectman. He read law with Hon. M. T. Ludden, of Lewiston. He was admitted to the bar in Oxford County and practiced a year and a half. He gave up the law and went into farming on account of his health. For the last two years he has been book-keeper for C. B. Cummings & Sons, Norway.

80.—John Scott, representative from Patten, is a Democrat; a lawyer; age, 41; born in Clifton; educated at Maine Central Institute and at Bowdoin, in the class of '80. He has held various town offices, and was a member of the Legislature in 1887-8.

82.—George C. Weeks, representative from Fairfield, is a Republican; a lawyer; age, 31; born in Fairfield, and educated at the High School, and Bowdoin College, class of '82.

90.—Thomas C. Spillane, representative from Lewiston, is a Democrat; a Catholic; lawyer; age, 24; born in Lewiston; educated in the public schools of that city, and graduated from Bowdoin in 1890. He studied law with Savage & Oakes, and was admitted to the Androscoggin County Bar in September, 1892. He is at present a member of the Common Council of Lewiston. He is one of the two youngest members of the Legislature.

Book Reviews.

(Historic and Political Essays. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Lodge, more widely known as the author of the "Force Bill," has been for some time a prominent figure in politics. His abilities as a statesman have been recently recognized by his native State in making him one of her two representatives in the United States Senate. In his essays upon Wm. H. Seward, James Madison, and Gouverneur Morris, he has made a faithful portrayal of their character and public career. Upon "Patronage in Office" he traces the rise and development of the "Spoils System," and its attendant evils, and shows himself an ardent supporter of Civil Service Reform. "The Distribution of Ability in the United States" has excited much comment, and has even been translated into the Japanese language. It contains tables classifying the prominent citizens of the United States according to occupation, birth-place, and race extradition.

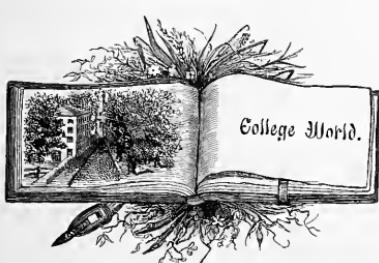
What he has to say upon "Parliamentary Obstruction and Minorities," leave no chance for doubt as to what his opinion is upon those subjects, of which he is clearly the master. The last essay, "Party Allegiance," is of special interest to college men, as it was written especially for students. He states emphatically that every man should take an interest in politics and be an active member of that party, the principals of which correspond nearest with his own.

(Prometheus Unbound. By Shelley. Edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A. Boston. Heath & Co. 65c.) This drama is but little read, even by lovers of Shelley, because of its difficulty. The introduction of this edition discusses the work at length, and the notes are made up for the most part of extracts from the best critics. Bound in cloth, for class use.

(*L'Arrabbiata*. Von Paul Heyse. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.) A neat paper edition for school use, with notes and German-English vocabulary.

(*Le Duc de Beaufort*. Par Dumas. Edited by D. B. Kitchen, M.A. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.) School edition in paper, with notes.

(*La Mare au Diable*. By Geo. Sand. Edited by F. C. de Sumichrast. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.) One of the most successful works of this author. Paper bound for school use.



IN BASE-BALL.

"Will you drop into my mitten?"
Said the fielder to the fly.
"No I thank you," said the spheriod
As he passed the fielder by.

"My skin is very tender
And your mitten's hard and tough,
And though I fear you may object
I think I'll use a muff."—*Williams Weekly*.

The Vassar *Miscellany* says that forty per cent. of the alumnae manage to find husbands.

The Brown Glee Club expects to go as far South as Florida on its Easter trip.

The American school at Athens will soon resume excavations at the Heraeum of Argos and Sparta.

Last year the entire Junior class in the engineering department of the University of Virginia failed to pass their examinations.

Clark, '95, has been elected captain of the Tufts College foot-ball team for the season of 1893.

A \$200,000 building will be erected for the use of the department of electrical engineering at Lehigh.

Five hundred and twelve men receive free tuition every year at Cornell.

The University of Chicago will publish from its own press three periodicals, on University Extension, Economics, and Geology.

DIFFERENT CAUSES—SAME RESULT.

"'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,'
These words we often hear;
But the same phenomenon is found
In drinking wine with beer. —*Yale Lit.*

John C. Clarkson, the well-known pitcher, will coach the Yale nine this year.

Twelve men have been suspended from Brown for not being measured by the gymnasium authorities.

At a meeting of the trustees of Dartmouth College it was unanimously voted to unite the Chandler School as a department with the academic.

The Sigma Phi Chapter house at Williams College was recently destroyed by fire. It was valued at \$35,000.

The University of Oxford has appliances for printing one hundred and fifty languages.

The presidents of the following colleges are graduates of Yale: Yale University, Johns Hopkins University, Rutgers College, University of Minnesota, Pennsylvania State College, Beloit College, Atlanta University, Tulane University, Southern University, and Doane College.

The oldest college graduate in America is James Kitcheus, of Philadelphia, who was in the class of 1819 at University of Pennsylvania.

Dartmouth has obtained the use of the New Hampshire building at the World's Fair for a specified day, when a college reunion will be held.

The College of the City of New York will soon move to another building which is to cost \$750,000.

IN VACATION.

He went to—well—a score of balls,
And multitudes of dances,
At least full fifty lunches;
And he fell in love (he fancies)
With full five "buds"! To this excess
His weary frame attested;
"Ah well," he sighed, "I now will have
A whole term to get rested!"

—*Williams Weekly*.

Bethany College, West Virginia, has the peculiar custom of observing April 1st, All Fools' Day, as a holiday.

The faculty at Princeton have decided to put men on their honor during examinations. There will be no supervision, each student simply, at the end of his paper, subscribing the following declaration: "I pledge my honor as a gentleman that, during this examination, I have neither given nor received assistance."

Harvard won in the joint debate with Yale at Cambridge, January 18th.

WAIT FOR THE LOST.

"Umbrellas re-covered while you wait."

In the window read the sign;

From all my friends who have borrowed them,
O, pray, recover mine. —Brunonian.

The college endowments of Massachusetts are said to amount to \$10,650,000, and the value of college buildings and grounds is \$5,013,000.

The new Northwestern Methodist College at Albany, Mo., was burned Saturday. The loss is estimated at \$45,000. It is thought to be the work of an incendiary.

An electric clock has been put in the registrar's office at the University of Chicago which will automatically ring the bells throughout the building at the beginning and close of recitations.

DEVOTIONAL.

It is not at the close of their daily devotions, But at close of the "season's" gay follies and notions, That society maidens of thirty and ten, Look up sadly, and sighing, then whisper, "ah! men!" —Brunonian.

The catalogue of Williams College has just appeared. It shows a total registration of 338 students at that institution.

At its annual Commencement next June the Johns Hopkins University will bestow the first degree ever given to a woman by that institution.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

No. 14.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

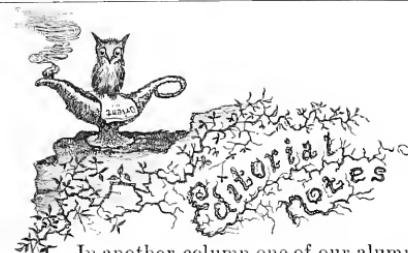
Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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In another column one of our alumni takes from the table the venerable question of a college yell. The one of which he speaks was suggested last year and certainly has the merit of being original. A serious drawback to it is the difficulty of enunciation. A large proportion of the sounds being labial it is a question whether the carrying power of the yell would be at all commensurate with the strength put into it. The subject of a yell, however, ought to be agitated again. It has been very skillfully argued in years past that we need a new one; so instead of going over the argument again it would perhaps be better to proceed to business at once. If a number of yells are presented through the ORIENT the Athletic Association will doubtless be willing to take some action on the matter later on. Who has another one?

THE question of the admission of Maine State into the base-ball league comes up again, of course. The sentiment at Bowdoin is decidedly against it. We should be sorry to see any change in the satisfactory arrangement of last season. Colby, Bates, and Bowdoin, within easy distance of each other, can play with comparatively small expense and little trouble. With the addition of Maine State College there becomes necessary, for Bowdoin at least, an increase

of expenditure and inconvenience totally out of proportion to the benefit derived. This matter of expense is a very important consideration, especially now that we have joined the Athletic Association. Our neighbors who have recently gone into the foot-ball business will soon appreciate, if they do not already, that when a college is supporting several athletic enterprises it is not wise to drain the pocket-book for any one of them.

HT A meeting of the committee on the Scientific Building, held in Boston last week, the plans were submitted to Mr. Searles's attorney, General Hubbard, and approved by him to the fullest extent. That nothing will be spared for the sake of economy is indicated by the offer of tile floors for the chemical laboratories in place of the asphalt or hard wood floors which the committee had been considering. The great advantage of tiles in a chemical laboratory can be easily appreciated. No other scientific building in the country, however, has this kind of floor. Not only in details like this but in general it is confidently asserted that the Searles Building carries out the original intention of beating everything of the kind in the country. Now that the necessary arrangements are completed the plans will be immediately submitted to contractors for bids.

PRÉSIDENT HYDE is investigating the subject of a common dining-hall for the college. It is believed that the cost of board could be materially lessened by such an institution under judicious management, and probably a large proportion of the students would prefer it to the present system of eating clubs and private boarding houses. A perfect club is the ideal way of boarding, but if the frequent changes of some of those in Brunswick signify anything it is evident that only one or two have come very near to

this condition. Most of them would probably succumb upon the establishment of a general college dining-hall. We do not think, however, that all of them would.

THESSE alternate sloppy and slippery days are "the times that try men's soles." In the process of a week or two some of the principal thoroughfares have been sparingly sprinkled with saud and ashes, but at the time of this writing several, including the *via sacra*, have not gone into mourning, but reflect the noon-day sun with a smile that is child-like and bland and at the same time exceedingly deceitful. Since the final destination of the ashes seems to be on the college paths it might be well to make a more generous use of it during the present month. It is much pleasanter to have it under foot in the winter than in the spring when the frost is coming out of the ground.

IN THE account in the last number of the banquet of the Boston Alumni Association Professor Robinson is erroneously credited with speaking of the furnishings and fittings of the Art Building. The error first occurred in the *Boston Herald*, from which we took in substance the account of the meeting. It was impossible to verify it at the time, as Professor Robinson was in Chicago.

THE ORIENT is very sorry to learn of Mr. Tolman's forced absence from his college duties. It is the earnest wish of all that he may return next term with renewed health.

HAT THE annual meeting in Boston, last Saturday, Bowdoin was admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Now we are in it, let us show them what Down East is good for. A large num-

ber has already signified an intention to train. That is "the stuff." If they cannot all take prizes some of them can at least serve as running mates for the record breakers. Two or three men are already spoken of as likely to hold up the honor of the college. Everybody who is going into this must get about training at once, for Bowdoin has several years of back work to make up.

HERE seems to be a "tempest in a tea-pot" in Freshman politics this year. Prior to the class election two factions were formed, one of which, under the experienced leadership of a couple of Augusta politicians, succeeded in grabbing all the literary parts. This was just a little hoggish. Now the other faction says it "doesn't care, so now! but it won't go to the old banquet," etc. It is strange, but Freshman honors seem now to be considered more important than those of any other year. It used to be the desire of everybody to let some one else officiate at the Freshman banquet and wait yourself for Ivy Day or Class Day; but times have changed. What a blessing it is, however, to belong to a class where the societies are all friends, a class whose only disadvantage lies in its being so small that the offices go around twice.

The Psi Upsilon Reception.

HE Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon gave its fourth annual reception on Friday, February 10th, at Memorial Hall. The guests began to arrive about half-past eight o'clock, and shortly after nine were received in the upper hall by the patronesses, Mrs. William DeWitt Hyde, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Stephen I. Young, Mrs. Henry Johnson, and Mrs. William A. Houghton. As is customary at the Psi Upsilon parties the rooms on either

side of the stage were filled with comfortable seats for those who wished to "sit out" or rest, and a post of observation was established on the left of the stage. The orchestra occupied the corresponding elevation on the right, as the stage itself was given up to tables for the orders, and during the reception rendered a selection or two by way of concert. Dancing began about 9.30, and the following was the order:

1. Waltz, Danube Waves.
 2. Schottische, Push dem Clouds Away.
 3. Lanciers, Minstrel Dreams.
 4. Waltz, Songs.
 5. Polka, Assembly.
 6. Schottische, Dear Ones Far Away.
 7. Waltz, Toreador.
- INTERMISSION.
8. Waltz, Wang.
 9. Schottische, Break of Day.
 10. Polka, Pr-Ca-Pia.
 11. Waltz, Psi U. Girls!
 12. Portland Fancy, Operatic Airs.
 13. Schottische, Selected.
 14. Waltz, Auf Wiedersehn.

At intermission all descended to the lower hall, where refreshments were served by Murray, of Waterville. After intermission dancing was resumed and kept up until nearly two o'clock, when the strains of "Auf Wiedersehn" warned the company that the time for parting was at hand. Among those present from out of town were: Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Patten, Miss Hyde, Miss Sewall, Miss Fletcher, Miss Worth, Mrs. John Patten, and Miss Higgins, of Bath; Miss Long, Miss Johnson, and Miss Spear, of Portland; Miss Locke, of Bradford; Hon. J. B. Redman, of Ellsworth; Messrs. Brooks, Mann, and Young, of Boston; Messrs. Warren and Pratt, of Fryeburg; Mr. Hutchinson, of Portland; Mr. Hill, of Bath; Mr. Drake, Eben W. Freeman, Esq., and wife, Mr. Downes, Mr. Simonton.

The committee of arrangements was: A. H. Hussey, '93; H. E. Andrews, '94; F. W. Blair, '95, and F. B. Smith, '96.

The Fugitive.

HWAY up among the wilds of Maine, near the New Hampshire line, lies a remote clearing surrounded by forests, hills, and streams on every side. To the tourist's eye it is a wild and savage spot, and one is struck more by the grandeur than by the beauties of Nature in this secluded and lonely opening in the woods. It is situated on the south slope of one of Maine's rugged hills, and is carefully concealed, so carefully in fact that one is surprised when he comes out into this cleared place in the woods, and his first impression is that whoever settled here in the wilderness intentionally concealed his log cabin and clearing. Nor is he much mistaken in his first conjecture, for it has turned out that this small hut and opening in the woods belonged to a fugitive negro slave who escaped from his master just before the beginning of the Great Civil War,—that war in which all slaves were freed and the Union was preserved. With this negro fugitive my story has to deal, and is simply a narrative of his adventures,—adventures in which was exhibited all the courage, and, moreover, all that indomitable will and energy which this black, curly-headed man seemed to possess.

The sun was slowly setting over the mountainous, uncultivated regions, which are situated in the vicinity of the Roanoke, the James, and their tributaries in the state of Virginia. The sun going down behind these hills caused the shadows, lengthening along the fertile valleys, to chase each other over large plantations covered with immense fields of tobacco and cereals. This region, or rather the valleys between the parallel ridges, being well watered and yielding plentiful crops when properly tilled, is justly called the granary of the state. The shadows fell on

the form of a tall, well-proportioned negro; a figure, in fact, that would have made a fit model for a sculptor, one in which that rare beauty of form, born of brute strength, was combined with a certain manliness and determination of expression seldom met with in the face of a negro. He was returning from his hard day's labor, and bore on his face a look of sorrow, showing that something had gone wrong during the day. He went to his lonely cabin in the negro quarters and, lighting a half-burned candle, proceeded to read a few verses from a well-worn Bible, for this negro had early learned to read, having been brought up under a kind master. Massa Richard had from the first conceived a liking for the intelligent black face of Charles, as he was familiarly called, and had been perhaps a trifle more kind to him than to his other slaves.

The negro blew out his candle and threw himself at full length on the straw bed in the corner. "So Massa Richard is going to sell me," said he to himself, "I'd like to know what he's going to do it for;" then he fell asleep and dreamed of better days when he was younger and had romped and played in the fields.

Mr. Richards, the owner of the plantation, had become embarrassed in business and found himself obliged to part with some of his best slaves. That day a wealthy slave-trader had looked them over, and had picked out two or three, among whom was Charles, and this was the reason for the sorrowful expression which had possessed his face the night before as he had gone homeward in the glorious sunset.

Charles arose and went to his work as usual, early, but was very silent and scarcely spoke to those around him. He was deeply grieved to be compelled to leave the plantation where he was born, and which he had learned to love as his home. Soon after dinner the trader came and took away Charles

and the other negroes which he had bought. Mr. Richards was not anywhere in sight when Charles was led off, because it grieved him very much to part with his most intelligent slave, and he realized that, if he was present when the poor negro was taken away, he would exhibit his feelings too plainly.

The slaves followed the trader, who rode toward his own small farm. Charles was put in a hut, with his companions, for the night. He tossed until midnight, unable to get a moment's sleep. Arising, without awaking the others, he glided out into the night. The stars were shining brightly, but there was no moon. The negro paced back and forth in front of the hut, his head bowed and his honest black face wrapped in thought. Suddenly he raised his head, and, with a determined look, started at a rapid walk straight away from the place. He had determined to escape from this slave-trader, who would sell him in a few days, and he would probably be taken to a distant plantation and perhaps cruelly treated. The black man increased his pace, fully realizing the fact that he would be pursued in the morning, a pursuit, the end of which might mean terrible suffering for himself, if those trained hounds once caught him. About five o'clock in the morning he came to the James River. Instead of crossing, the negro started down stream, wading where the stream was shallow and swimming where it was deeper. His object in this was twofold: first, he wished to throw the hounds off the scent; and, second, to reach a secluded spot in the woods where he might pass the day until the welcome darkness of the long night should enfold the whole land in shadow, when he could again pass on, he knew not where, only somewhere out of the reach of the man who had recently become his master. The slave-trader discovered his loss early on the following morning and immediately started his dogs on the trail.

They followed the scent quite rapidly as far as the river, but there it ended. They went up and down the river, following the men, but could not find the trail. Then the trader, crossing with his dogs, went up and down the banks on that side. Meanwhile poor Charles was crouched in some bushes underneath a shelving bank far down the river. At last the trader concluded that the negro had drowned himself and went back to his place.

It would be a long story to relate all the adventures that befell the poor negro in his journey toward the North; suffice it to say that he reached Trenton, N. J., having begged all the food he ate at farm-houses on the way. He found employment there, his honest, manly face being a great help to him in securing work. He soon got frightened, however, at some reports he heard about the return of negro fugitives to their masters, and, buying a ticket, set out immediately for the wilds of Maine. On arriving at a small village near the New Hampshire line he bought fire-arms and an axe and started for the woods. He cleared the little spot spoken of in the first of the story and lived a hermit's life, making occasional trips to the village to sell the products of the forest and his little clearing, and buying the necessities for his lonely life in the woods. He lived until long after the close of the war, and was found one day by some hunters, dead on the floor of his log cabin.

Tom's Story.

"**H**IGGINS," calls out Mr. John Harvey Turner from the awning-covered quarter-deck of the yacht Augusta, of which he is sole owner and commander.

No answer.

"Higgins," he calls again, this time with just the least touch of asperity in his tone; and this time he is successful, for somewhere up forward he hears an impatient exclamation, a rattling scramble of a body to its feet, and

then at the door of the pilot-house stands a duck-clad figure with hand to cap, from whose tarry throat comes rolling out the conventional reply, "On duty, sir!" with unmistakable Hibernian accent and in a voice in which one hears mingled echoes of boatswain's pipe and roaring gale and ringing sea-song. For this same Higgins is a man-o'-war's man of the old school, a graduate of Uncle Sam's navy, who now holds the more lucrative and important position as sailing master of the steam yacht *Augusta*, of New York City. Higgins looks sleepy after his stolen nap, and his eyes blink curiously in the blazing sunlight of the July afternoon; but, asleep or awake, he is still the "old salt," and now he pours forth the orders to his subordinates with such good judgment and so discreet a use of his extensive vocabulary of sailor profanity that, at eight bells in the afternoon watch, he presents himself at the door of the after-cabin, with "Yacht under weigh, sir," and awaits his orders for sailing.

Mr. John Harvey Turner, of Turner, Nash & Turner, the New York brokers, is the same dear old fellow whom we knew at Colburn College as "Jack" when he was making ardent love to a certain lass who, we believe, is now Mrs. Turner. He and a party of four bachelor friends are making a flying trip to Bar Harbor and back, and now, just as they are leaving that gay resort on their return to the great metropolis, the entire party is gathered on the quarter-deck, prepared for a fine afternoon at sea.

For a time the steamer plows along, without a word from one of the party. Even Jack, usually so bright and talkative, is strangely quiet, and the others seem to have caught his mood. Jack's thoughts are beginning to turn tenderly toward a certain little golden-haired woman in a big house in Fifth Avenue, when Tom Van Comte, who is the quiet man of the party, breaks the

silence by suddenly knocking the ashes from his pipe and clearing his throat in a most suggestive manner.

The hint is sufficient. The "boys" settle down lazily into their deck chairs, and, taking the cue from Jack's murmured "Well, Tom," the latter begins his yarn.

"I don't know just why I tell you this. It is my life story. Some of you know it. I would tell it nowhere else. But to-day something happened that brought it all before my would-be-forgetful mind, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell it.

"Yon, Judge, will remember that when in college I was engaged to be married to—a certain young lady of our college town. I was then preparing for work in my chosen profession, and had before me what seemed like a bright future. Our engagement was announced just before my graduation, and then came a week of happiness, Commencement, and—separation, for I had secured a good position in the city, and left in early July to take it. I thought I was deeply in love, and hated to tear myself away from what had been so sweet a four years' companionship with Jennie.

"Ah, but she was lovely then! Tall, slim, a face of purest cast and transparent skin, crowned with a mass of dark, shining hair; and, as I told her once as she stood before me in a plain red gown, looking like nothing but a tender, dainty rosebud in her simple, yet regal, beauty.

"She was tender, faithful, and constant; I was ardent, impulsive, and indiscreet. When I left finally for New York I thought that I loved her; I know that she loved me.

"Well, it was the same old story. I got down to my work, and, in the exciting, restless life of a New York newspaper man, found myself slowly drawing away from my old friends and associations, 'way down east.

"At length another stage came. I met in my wanderings about town a pretty

shop-girl, whose seeming child-like innocence and charming artlessness won from me my truant heart, and, to my shame be it said, Jennie was well-nigh forgotten.

"For weeks I spent much of my spare time in the company of my new friend, and found that for one who had lived so long in the city, she was surprisingly ignorant of the ways of the world and the people therein. Did I love her? I don't know. I don't believe that I did. At least, I never dare to compare what was a passing passion with the trusting affection of Jennie Norton.

"And thus I lived on. By heartless and self-deluding conceit in writing my letters I succeeded in satisfying Jennie, and she knew naught of my sin. Time went on, and I drew slowly deeper and deeper into the toils of the siren whom I thought I loved.

"One day the crash came. An incident, or rather an accident, in the police department of my paper showed to me in her true light the woman whom I had supposed a simple shop-girl and for whom I had broken my plighted troth. I was horrified, and swore never to see her again, but one day, the day before Christmas, I met her face to face in Madison Square, and could not escape. To make matters short let me say that she swore I should marry her, steeped in infamy as she was, and threatened suit for breach of promise if I refused to comply.

"I knew not what to do. I would have died rather than have had my name coupled with that of such a creature either at altar or bar. Finally, to gain time, I asked her to step into a little Twenty-third Street restaurant, and with a hard laugh and some coarse remark that cut me like a knife, she acquiesced. She had thrown aside all her former pretence of being an artless girl, and stood forth shamelessly in her true colors; and when I entered the restaurant door I looked about us anxiously, fearing to discover friends. Knowing the place well, and desir-

ing to be hid from the public gaze, I led the way to a secluded alcove, well known to us both as the scene of many a pleasant *tête-à-tête*, where we could talk undisturbed.

"I was going on confidently enough, believing the coast clear, when as I turned the corner, there, the traces of long travel not yet removed, but chatting happily with her mother, sat Jennie, my betrothed.

"For a minute I was completely stunned. I thought that I should faint, and felt dizzy and sick. They did not see me, and I might have escaped had not my companion become impatient and with a rough exclamation pushed me on, half dazed as I was, till I was close upon them.

"Attracted by the stir Jennie turned, and with all her love shining up in her dear blue eyes, would have welcomed me as of old, when at the sight of my companion her cheek paled, and as she leaned heavily on the table for support, her voice trembled pitifully when she spoke to me in her gentle, timid, well-remembered tones. I was terribly embarrassed and was stammering out some stilted phrases, when the woman at my elbow, leering horribly at the two, cried out: "Hello, Tommy! What's this, some country pick-up of yours?"

"I tried to shut her up, but she would not be stopped and rattled on till, with a look of awful reproach and sobbing lips, Jennie hurriedly left the alcove, followed by her mother.

"At first I was dazed with a flood of remorse, guilt, and shame. Then the taunts of the fiend before me turned my shame to furious rage. I forced her into a corner, and heaped fiery maledictions on her head. At this she only smiled. But when, foaming with anger, I pulled from my coat pocket a glittering six-shooter and threatened to kill her then and there, she crouched before me for the moment subdued, cowed like all her class at sight of a deadly weapon.

"Now my anger commenced to subside, but realizing that I had her in my power I tore on, and with cocked weapon made as if to kill her on the spot. Then with an awful threat, I suddenly turned and left the place. I knew that for a time, at least, I was safe from her clutches, and blessed the night editor, by whose orders the revolver had been placed in my pocket.

"What directly followed I do not know. An hour later I found myself in my rooms at The Hilsey; I only knew that I had ruined Jennie's life and mine; that I had forfeited and lost the purest love that woman ever gave to man.

"But no need to talk of this; you must understand it all. Why I did not kill the creature who led me astray I do not know; neither can I tell why I did not take my own life in that awful spasm of horror and self-hate. But something kept me up. I suppose I had enough self-respect remaining to prevent further crime on my part. And then, as you know, I left New York and my work.

"That was four years ago. I have not tried to forget,—in fact, I have loved to keep in mind those happy, trustful days, when all the world was Jennie and me, and nothing came between.

"But, boys, that's not quite all. Have I seen her since? Yes, she was at Kodiek's yesterday. And I touched her hand and I looked into her eyes, and I think, yes, boys, I know, that she's never forgotten me. You think it is impossible. You say that my sin was too deep. But, ah, you don't know a woman's love in all its immeasurable power!

"And why do I leave? Why am I so ready to go out from the presence of my heart's desire? Ah, boys," said Tom, his strong face all aglow with his emotion, "as Jack knows, I am going back to my desk in the city; and when the first ray of spring sunlight woos from winter's icy clutch the

tender buds, at the holy Easter-time, I'm going back to the old Pine Tree State, and to—her."

The Yell Question.

NEVER, as long as the undergraduates of Bowdoin College have a reluctance to use the idiomatic words inseparably connected with her history, will they have a college yell worthy of the college.

The ORIENT has been trying for over four years to induce some appropriate yell to appear above the horizon.

The only yell thus appearing, rested its sonorous qualities and its appropriateness on words germane to college life and college atmosphere. Yet the half-formed Bowdoin boys objected to that yell because the word "Bugle" implied in some instances an assessment and the fear of jags, and the word "Orient" a small body of editors. Such objections might well be regarded as dishwater, and about as acceptable to a healthy appetite.

This fact should be recognized as standing clear and distinct above the horizon: that ORIENT, Bugle, Brunswick, Bowdoin, are parts of a glorious whole, and as full of meat as a roast ox.

The Pessioptimist.

IN ALMOST every issue of the ORIENT some enterprising individual has a plea of greater or less dimensions for some kind of a new organization. At one time it is a Press Club; at another, a Snow-shoe Club, and so on, as various and numerous as the changes in the temperature of a Maine winter season. This is all very good and the writer no doubt is doing his fellow-students a service of no mean value. But the enthusiasm of these beneficent personages never seems to carry them beyond scribbling down their ideas and

kindly passing the manuscript into the hands of the benign residing genius of the college paper. As a general thing the movement ends after it has found its way into print, and the college is no better off than before, although the writer may feel rather more at ease from having freed his burdened mind of those troublesome ideas, the propagation of which seem to promise such advantage to mankind.

But in reality this philanthropic individual has done only half his duty. If he is the chosen disciple for the expounding of the glad tidings of a newly-discovered thought, he ought to create himself the useful agent for the carrying out of what seems such a beneficial course.

* * * * *

No matter how necessary it is for a Bowdoin man to cut his recitation, a great fat and irrevocable zero goes down against his name. To be sure he has the privilege of making up the lesson, but the attendance rank is gone forever, unless perchance he remains away a week or is off on college business. In general Bowdoin students have little complaint to make of their treatment at the hands of the professors, but a little lee-way in the direction of attendance upon recitations would surely be received with good grace.

The number of "cuts" allowed in some of the leading colleges is as follows: Yale, 24 per year to Juniors and Seniors, to Sophomores and Freshmen, 18; Williams, 30; Dartmouth, 21. At Amherst and Wesleyan a student must be present at nine-tenths of the recitations. At Harvard, Ann Arbor, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins, the attendance is said to be optional.

* * * * *

The long winter term is a good time to get acquainted with your fellow-students. As a general rule there are very few purely

social calls made by the students upon each other, except in the end where they room. To be sure there are times when we are not at all anxious to receive, and don't feel the least bit social, especially after the caller has prolonged his stay into an afternoon or evening visit. Yet this happens only once in a while, and, in general, nothing is more pleasurable to the college man than a call from some of his friends.

* * * * *

The Pessioptimist understands that the coming week will see the '94 *Bugle* placed in the printer's hands, and that ere many weeks shall have passed the college will be devouring its contents with those voracious appetites such as only a *Bugle* can awaken. The only wish the Pessioptimist has is that too many of those appetites will not be satisfied with looking over one book. It isn't exactly fair on the man who has to pay for it. Moreover, the *Bugle* is a college publication, and the very least that can be done toward its support is for every member of the institution to buy one.

Rhyme and Reason.

The River.

Flowing swiftly from the mountains,

Rushing down its rocky way,
Springing out of hill-side fountains,
Rolls the river, night and day.

Now its currents, boisterous, whirling,

Now in peace, 'mid murmuring pines,
Then through some dark passage swirling,
Overhung by clinging vines.

Always forward, hastening, rushing,

Onward, onward to the sea,
Over falls and rapids gushing,
Ever mighty, ever free.

Now the wheels of labor turning,

Now the barques of trade it floats,

And its woodland channel spurning,
It is cleft by pleasure-boats.

Mystic river, mighty river,
What a tale your waves could tell,
If the good and gracious Giver
Should endow you with some spell;

Tales of bright and sunny dashes
And of weird and gloomy shores,
And the ghostly moonlight flashes
O'er the barren, lonely moors.

Would that you could tell such stories
Of the sights upon your way,
All the evils, all the glories,
Ever changing, day by day.

But your voice is not for speaking,
Only murmurs, vague and low,
And you do not, to our seeking,
Tell us aught we wish to know.

When Thou Art Near.

When thou art near to me, day lingers long,
And still gray twilight brings no shadow here,
For fairy hours are crowned with joyous song
When thou art near.

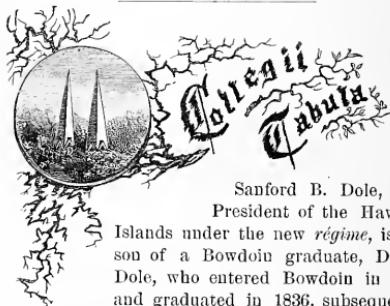
O'er hills of toil the sun gleams bright and clear,
The skies are fair, and all the gusty throng
Of piercing winds, with voices lone and drear,
Are hushed and still beneath thy scepter strong.
So life grows sweet, and unawares, a dear
And blessed peace steals o'er my heart erelong,
When thou art near.

My Guest.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."
So sorrowful and wan, the face appears
A deep, reflecting only sunless skies;
And strands of midnight hair hang low o'er eyes
Whose dusky depth seems wells of endless fears,
The resting-place of care and haunting fears.
Upon the pallid lips a trace there lies
Of smiles long dead, that grief has turned to sighs,
The hopeless longings for the vanished years.

Out of the shadowy caverns of the past
She glides, and seeks an entrance to my heart,
Her presence dark'ning paths where sometimes
stray

Forgetfulness and peace, and gloom is cast
O'er me, as sad I greet, while tear-drops start,
The memory of a joy long fled away.



Sanford B. Dole, now President of the Hawaiian Islands under the new régime, is the son of a Bowdoin graduate, Daniel Dole, who entered Bowdoin in 1832 and graduated in 1836, subsequently graduating from Bangor Theological Seminary, and going as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

Dana, '94, is again at home on account of illness.

Davis, '96, will not return to college until next fall.

Professor Lee delivered a lecture at Kennebunk, February 6th.

Mitchell, '96, will be taken into ΔΥ at a special initiation, within a few weeks.

The Junior ΔKE delegation had a group picture taken in Portland a few days ago.

Pierce, '93, recently had his thumb put out of joint while sparring in the Gym.

Russell, '89, and Parcher, '92, are attending the Medical School.

There is a rumor that the Bugle will appear this year before the end of the winter term.

Perkins, '80, now County Attorney for York County, was in town last week.

French and Haskell, '95, who have been out on account of sickness, have returned.

Wiley, '95, is at home seriously ill, and Wood, '95, is also away on account of sickness.

Dennison, '95, is teaching at Naples and will not return to college until near the close of the term.

A squad of foot-ball men, under the charge of Capt. Fairbanks, is taking daily practice in the Gym.

Seventy-three have been admitted to the Medical School up to this time, and others are coming daily.

Hereafter the captain of the ball team will be elected by the players immediately after the close of the season.

Owing to the absence of Bliss, '94, Professor Woodruff officiated at the organ in church and chapel week before last.

During the absence of Mr. Tolman, President Hyde will take charge of the Sophomore and Professor Little of the Junier themes.

Gibbs, '96, who will probably be one of Maine State College's representatives in this year's Tennis Tournament, visited the college last week.

The Juniors had a photograph of the class taken last Thursday in front of the chapel. The picture will appear as frontispiece in the '94 *Bugle*.

According to all accounts the Glee, Banjo, and Guitar Clubs, and their admirers that accompanied them, took the town of Freeport by storm last Wednesday.

Notwithstanding the cold weather the launching of the Ammen Ram, Katahdin, at Bath, February 4th, attracted an immense crowd from all parts of the State. About a hundred were present from the college.

According to copy recently received by the ORIENT, Dana, '94, sings "first base" and Willard, '96, "second base" in the college quartette. The ORIENT would suggest that a capable short-step be engaged immediately.

The Junior Squad will drill in the Athletic Exhibition this year with broadswords instead of the customary single sticks. The other class drills will be as usual. Work on the pyramids, tumbling, etc., is steadily going on under the supervision of the directors.

'Ninety-four's base-ball team had their pictures taken recently for the *Bugle*.

North Appleton boasts of quite an orchestra. A violin, several guitars and banjos, and a 'cello are included, and "Phi Chi" has been quite thoroughly mastered.

One of the professors in the midst of an earnest talk last week pushed his desk, heavily laden with books, off the platform. The expression of the learned man's face changed so suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous that the class nearly went into fits with laughter.

A Bowdoin College Orchestra has recently been organized by Ingraham. It is made up as follows: Ingraham and Crawford, first violins; Barker and

Knowlton, second violins; Clifford, first cornet; Morelen, second cornet; Pierce, '93, flute; French, '95, bass viol; Andrews, '94, pianist.

A prominent member of the Glee Club, in a fit of absent-mindedness, shined his boots with stove polish preparatory to going to Freeport, last week. A fine leader lustre resulted. Upon discovering his mistake his howls of rage echoed through the end and broke the stillness of the ORIENT sanctum.

The Junior election was held February 8th, and resulted as follows: President, Dana; Vice-President, Flagg; Secretary and Treasurer, Baxter. Ivy-Day Officers—Chaplain, Ogilvie; Peet, Andrews; Orator, Moore; Curator, Sheaff; Odist, Simpson; Marshal, Stevens; Committee of Arrangements, Thompson, W. Thomas, Sykes.

Last Sunday, in Chapel, President Hyde spoke at some length on the present moral tone of the college. On the whole he thinks a decided improvement has been made during the last few years. Mention was also made of a change in the plans of the new Scientific Building, making it even larger and more convenient than before.

Last Friday, Lieutenant Peary, of Arctic fame, Bowdoin, '77, delivered two lectures in Portland before immense audiences. Many of the professors and students improved the opportunity to hear the man who has done Bowdoin's name such honor, both as a government officer and as an explorer. It is understood that an attempt is being made to secure Lieutenant Peary for a lecture in Brunswick.

The Freshman Class election was held Saturday and resulted as follows: President, Gilpatrick; Vice-President, Foster; Secretary and Treasurer, Clough; Toast-master, Fessenden; Opening Address, Newbegin; Poet, Owen; History, Dana; Oration, Willard; Prophecy, Haskell; Committee of Arrangements, Swan, Libby, Robinson; Committee on Odes, French, Baker, Plumstead.

The subjects for the third themes of the term are as follows: Juniors: 1—Should the United States Annex the Sandwich Islands? 2—What Improvements Can be Made in the *Bugle*? 3—The Influence of Phillips Brooks. Sophomores: 1—The Political Career of James G. Blaine. 2—The Advantages of Secret Societies. 3—Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

The concerts recently given by the College Quartette, assisted by a reader, in Strong, Temple, and New Vineyard, proved that the quartette is capable of good work. Large audiences were present, and

all the numbers were very favorably received. Last Wednesday evening the Glee Club, assisted by the Banjo and Guitar Club, gave a concert at Freeport which attracted a good audience. Several from the college were present. February 15th the clubs will play at Saco.

Dr. I. T. Dana, of Portland, delivered the lecture at the opening of the Medical School, February 2d. The large audience completely filled Lower Memorial, and was rewarded by a scholarly and interesting paper on the essential characteristics of a good physician. Dr. Mitchell introduced the speaker, who had the closest attention of the audience throughout his address. Nearly all the Faculty of the college and Medical School were present.

The Senior class election was held February 1st, and resulted as follows: President, C. H. Savage; Vice-President, H. A. Owen; Secretary and Treasurer, F. R. Arnold; Orator, H. C. Fabian; Poet, C. W. Peabody; Historian, B. D. Barker; Prophet, M. S. Clifford; Toast-master, S. O. Baldwin; Opening Address, F. M. Shaw; Closing Address, A. S. Haggett; Chaplain, C. H. Howard; Marshal, E. H. Carleton; Odist, G. S. Chapin; Statistician, A. M. Jones; Committee, J. S. May, A. R. Jenks, J. W. Lambert.

It seems to be tacitly agreed that nothing shall be done, as a college, in boating this year, owing largely to the great expense and the difficulty in making satisfactory arrangements for races. There will, doubtless, be class races as usual, however, and these may suffice to keep up the boating spirit sufficiently to secure a crew for 1894. But if, as now seems likely, boating is to be permanently dropped from our list of sports, it would seem to be a wise plan to dispose of the shells as soon as possible.

Greatly to the satisfaction of a large majority of the college it has been decided to apply for admission to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, where annual Field-Day contests are held at Springfield, Mass., during the spring term. Our own Field Day has been steadily degenerating until year before last, when the climax was reached, some of the records being simply ridiculous. With proper training it seems probable that a good team can be picked to represent the college. A careful canvass shows that at least thirty men are ready to go into active training at once, and this number includes nearly all the promising men in college.

Just as we go to press the news reaches us that Bowdoin has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, by a unanimous vote of the delegates present at the meeting. The following are the officers for 1893: President, F. W. Beekman, of Amherst; Vice-Presidents, L. B. Bacon, of Williams, and H. A. Ross, of Bowdoin; Secretary, Harvard Grenlie, of Trinity; Treasurer, W. T. Dorrance, of Brown. Also an Executive Committee of nine members, one from each of the nine colleges: Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Brown, Worcester Polytechnic, University of Vermont, Trinity, and Wesleyan. The running broad and standing broad jumps and the tug-of-war were stricken from the list of competitions. The matter of selecting a place for this year's games was left to a committee. The championship is awarded to the college which scores the greatest number of points, first place counting five, second counting three, and third one point. As most of our men are unused to such competitions, the management expects to enter several of the most promising ones in the Harvard handicap contests in May. Prior to this it is hoped that an indoor meet can be arranged to come off in the gymnasium some Saturday or Wednesday afternoon, during the last of the term. These meets are common in nearly every college, and naturally are productive of great benefit.



Doubtless all of us began the year by making good resolutions. As the first half of the college term is now a thing of the past, and we are just entering upon the last half of the term, it is a good time to examine ourselves and see if these resolutions have been kept, and if we are really better off and have done more good on account of making them.

The making of good resolutions has advantages, but it also has its dangerous phase. To make a resolve is one thing, to keep it is quite another. They are usually made amid pleasant surroundings and under the most favorable influences. With no danger in sight and no temptation near it is easy to resolve, but the test comes later on. To make them is a sort of wholesale process, but the keeping of them must be in a retail way. If we keep them we shall be stronger at the close of '93; if we do not, we shall be weaker. Nor can we hope to win

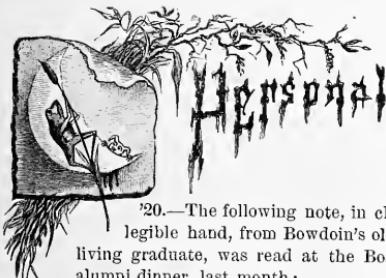
in the struggle before us if we rely upon our own strength. If that had been found sufficient there would be no need for resolutions. If we find we have failed in many things, as all of us doubtless have, let us read the sixth chapter of Ephesians, and let there be a true consecration of the whole man, all our powers, our possessions—our all, and then we shall have the right spirit and the power to keep our resolutions.

HOW TO ENJOY THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Attend regularly and punctually.
Study the subject in advance.
Come expecting a blessing.
Bring a friend with you.
Be one of the first to take part.
Join heartily in the singing.
Don't think about that engagement to-morrow.
Listen always like hearing a will—to see how much there is for you.

Finally, if you did enjoy the meeting, say so; see its good points and speak of them, so will you see more and more to approve and enjoy increasingly.

—Ex.



'20.—The following note, in clear, legible hand, from Bowdoin's oldest living graduate, was read at the Boston alumni dinner, last month :

BOLTON, January 17, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—It would give me great pleasure to meet once more my younger brothers—sons of Bowdoin. But I am sorry to feel obliged to decline the invitation. It may be that at some future time I can be with them, although I can hardly hope for the privilege. So again I hail them, and bid them my farewell.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS T. STONE.

'25.—Last week, at Augusta, Hon. James W. Bradbury spoke on the death of Blaine. Speeches were also made by Hon. Orville D. Baker, '68; Hon. Herbert M. Heath, '72; Carroll W. Morrill, Esq., '77; Thomas C. Spillane, Esq., '90. The difference of sixty-six years, between the ages of the first and

last speakers, Hon. J. W. Bradbury and T. C. Spillane, Esq., is not unworthy of notice.

'55.—The Boston *Home Journal* pays its respects to Judge William L. Putnam in the following appreciative manner: "Last week saw the beginning and the end in the Potter *cause célèbre*, and the public have taken great satisfaction in watching the course of Judge Putnam during the trial. His native strength and dignity of character shine, by contrast, with some of the proceedings we have recently seen in the United States courts in Boston. With one hand he checked the improper and unprofessional questions of the district attorney, and with the other he restrains the defence from causing vexatious delays by the use of transparent subterfuges. The appointment of Judge Putnam by President Harrison was acknowledged to be one of the best of even President Harrison's judicial appointments, and the record made by the judge in his present position has only strengthened this opinion.

'61.—Judge L. A. Emery, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical School of Maine, has been elected the legal member of the Permanent Commission of the American Medico-Legal Society. The commission has only two members, one legal and one medical, the latter being Professor Victor C. Vaughan of Ann Arbor, Mich. Judge Emery has also been invited to read a paper at the International Medico-Legal Congress in Chicago next August.

'70.—William E. Spear, the Boston lawyer, who was appointed United States Commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of H. L. Hallett, was recently qualified for his new office before Justice Putnam, of the class of '55, in the Circuit Court.

'71.—On February 10th, Augustine Simmons, of North Anson, was admitted to practice in the United States courts.

'76.—Franklin C. Payson, Esq., of Portland, has recently formed a law partnership with H. R. Virgin, Esq., and H. M. Davis, Esq. Mr. Payson is President of the Portland Athletic Club, which, though but recently organized, has a membership of nearly five hundred of Portland's most influential men. Among its members are several Bowdoin men.

'77.—Lieut. Robert E. Peary is meeting with great success in his lecturing tour. His lectures in Portland last week, as well as his famous team of Esquimaux dogs, with their driver from the far

north, proved interesting and attractive to his large audiences. The college faculty has invited him to lecture in Brunswick, but it is doubtful whether he can arrange to do so.

The proceeds from his lectures are for another Arctic expedition, which he is planning to undertake.

'87.—Mr. E. C. Plummer, of Bath, has great success in securing models of all kinds of vessels for the World's Fair, and is to superintend the collection in the Portland district. This is one of the most important districts in the State, containing the yards at Kennebunkport, where many of the famous old-timers were put up. Mr. Plummer expects to make this exhibit one of the most interesting of any Maine product, as it is one of the most important. It has been a very difficult thing to unearth many of these old, musty, worm-eaten articles stowed away in lumber sheds, with the present owners ignorant of their value.

'89.—Mervyn Ap Rice, who was recently admitted to the Knox County Bar, was last week nominated for mayor of Rockland by the Democrats of that city.

'89.—Albert E. Neal has formed a law partnership with L. H. Dyer, Esq., of Portland.

'92.—L. K. Lee has just closed a very successful term at White Rock, Maine, where he has been teaching this winter. An exhibition by the school was given Thursday evening, consisting of a varied programme of dialogue, farce, and music, which was highly complimented by the local press. Mr. Lee will return in the spring to his position of principal of Corinna Union Academy.

Book Reviews.

(Eichendorff's *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* has recently been added to D. C. Heath & Co.'s excellent Modern Language series, edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor Carl Osthaus, of Indiana University.)

This little book of 130 pp. seems well adapted to the purpose which led to its appearance in the series—to afford easy, light, and interesting narrative for use in college or high school, after the leading principles of the grammar shall have been mastered.

Eichendorff's best and most widely-known productions are lyrical; in fact, nearly all of his prose writings, novels, dramas, and works on literature suffer from certain defects resulting from his poetic

turn of mind. From these defects, however, his *Taugenichts* is free, and presents to the reader in graceful and well-written prose the experiences of a young German who, having been driven from home by his father for laziness, manages to make his way to and from Italy, meeting with a variety of adventures *en route*, and, good for nothing though he really is, appears to come out all right at the end of the story. Successful, from one point of view, as the "*dolce far niente*" mode of life seems to be in his case, still young readers will hardly be tempted by reading this book to emulate his example.

(*Webster's Select Speeches*. Edited by A. J. George. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price \$1.50.) The author has brought together in this volume a few of Webster's best speeches. It is his object to put these in a convenient form for school use. He has varied his selections by taking each one from a different field of the orator's genius. The edition includes the well-known "Reply to Hayne," "The Murder of Captain White," "The Bunker Hill Monument," and others. The notes explain the purpose and attendant circumstances of each. Neatly bound in cloth.

(*Andersen's Märchen*. Selected and edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Professor O. B. Super. D. C. Heath & Co. Price 90 cents.) This book is adapted for first reading, or for sight reading by those more advanced. The selections deal with matters of every-day life and are well suited in interest and vocabulary to conversation in class.

(*Loti's Pecheur d'Islande*. Edited by Merich. D. C. Heath & Co. Price 30 cents. Paper bound.



The receipts of the Athletic Association, at Harvard, last year, were \$12,115.16; the expences, \$10,991.10.

Connecticut has more college students in proportion to her population, than any other State in the Union.

Ninety-five universities and colleges are represented by their respective graduates at Yale.

Lafayette, Stevens, Rutgers, and Lehigh, are to form a foot-ball league.

EPIGRAPH FOR A POET.

The critics scorned to criticise,
The editors to analyze,
The poems I was wont to write;
And friends themselves showed no surprise
That men could be so impolite.

One man there was, however, who
Possessed a most exalted view
Of all I ever wrote or said,
Of all the men I ever knew,
He, only, had a level head.

He was a man intelligent,
Who from a better land was sent,
A poet of a high degree
Of fancy and of sentiment,
A perfect genius, namely, Me.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

That pipes have become very popular at Amherst is evinced by the fact that but sixteen out of one hundred and thirty-four men in the Freshman class are addicted to the cigarette habit.

At Princeton no student will be allowed to bring a watch into the rooms at the coming examinations.

Princeton College authorities have caused the arrest of two Freshmen on the charge of larceny—stealing sign-boards. The action of the grand jury is being awaited.

Cornell University celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary next October.

TONE COLOR.

Each tone has a different color, 'tis said;
A horn's tone, for instance, is "blew;"
And all tones, when played by musicians, are
"read,"
But *Yell-oh!* 'tis the Glee Club tone's hue. —*Cynic.*

Forty-five men are training for the Dartmouth athletic team.

There are forty-three candidates for the Cornell nine.

The University of Pennsylvania crew will use a tank this year.

The fund started about six weeks ago for a quarter of a million dollars, in the hope of incorporating the "Annex" as a department of Harvard University, has reached nearly \$63,000.

The late Judge L. Q. C. Lamar received the degree of LL.D. at Harvard, on the celebration of the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

President Harper, of Chicago University, pro-

poses to locate the great Yerkes telescope at Lake Forest, a suburb of Chicago, provided the trustees of Lake Forest University will make that institution a department of Chicago University.

More than one-third of the students at Williams College are from New York.

President Patton of Princeton, who has been absent about a year, will resume his regular duties soon.

SYNONYMOUS.

"The professor's just steeped in learning,"
'Twas the Boston maid thus spoke.
"Yes," answered the bright Junior, smiling,
"He's a regular old soak." —*Brunonian.*

It is said that women comprise 55 per cent. of the undergraduates of the country.

Of the three hundred and twenty-two members of the House of Representatives, one hundred and six are college graduates.

Instead of writing a short essay each week, the Sophomore class in English at Wesleyan will hereafter be required to write a short novel, to be handed in at the mid-year examination.

Professor A. S. Hardy, of Dartmouth, the distinguished novelist and mathematician, has obtained leave of absence and will succeed Howells as editor of the *Cosopolitan*.

Thirteen universities have been suppressed by the Italian government. There still remain, however, the old foundations of Padua, Bologna, Pavia, Pisa, and Rome; Naples, Genoa, and Palermo are spared.

AN EXPERIMENT.

No rose, I swear,
E'er bloomed so fair
As this one in the north wind bleak.
Your open eyes
Denote surprise,—
The rose is on my lady's cheek.

When snowflakes press
Their chill caress,
Its petals daintier shades will take;
Perhaps if I
The same should try
I could yet fairer colors make. —*Unit.*

A Southern Athletic Association has been formed by most of the leading colleges of the South.

The managers of the "Yale Commons" eating club, founded last year, make a report showing that about five hundred students were provided for at the average cost of \$3.96 per week.

Vice-President-elect Stevenson is a graduate of Centre College of Kentucky. This college has

graduated two vice-presidents, fourteen U. S. representatives, six U. S. senators, six governors of States, and one justice of the Supreme Court in the past fifty years.

Some professors at Evanston recently attended a dancing party. A committee from a mass meeting of the students will demand an explanation.

Although Chicago University has had millions donated for specific purposes, she is at present in need of money to pay running expenses.

Professor Tucker, of Andover, has finally accepted the presidency of Dartmouth.

Harvard alumni intend to raise the sum of \$300,000 for the erection and endowment of a building to be called the Phillips Brooks Home, and also to establish a fund for the voluntary services in Appleton Chapel. Professors Peabody, Paine, and Palmer will act as trustees of the fund.

The number of students at the University of Michigan has doubled since 1884.

Princeton Glee, Banjo, and Guitar Club made over \$1,200 on their recent trip.

Casper Whitney says, in *Harper's Weekly*, that Cornell is the leading college in aquatics in the country.

The Law Department of the University of Michigan supports over twenty mock courts, besides a Supreme Court and a United States Senate.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 1, 1893.

No. 15.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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Our whilom yell correspondent favors us with another communication in regard to the "Orient-Bugle-Brunswick-Bowdoine" yell. This time he indulges in a complete *exposé* of editorial ignorance and pretension, not without some hope, evidently, of stirring up our wrath. But be calm, O editorial inkpot, be calm! Notwithstanding the weighty objections urged against our criticism, we must confess that we still experience the same difficulty with the above yell that we remember of when we once tried to tell the school committee man that "the bold, bad boys broke bolts and bars." Though it may be mere prejudice, we still have a preference for yells that can be yelled with the mouth open.

IF PROPHECIES were in order we might predict that one of the next forward steps made by the students of Bowdoin would be the establishment of a literary monthly magazine. Nearly all of the leading colleges, especially in New England, now publish successful "Lits." Where these have been developed from the old bi-weeklies the result has been a division of the two departments, to the great improvement of each; making a monthly magazine devoted chiefly to literary work, but usually with an alumni department and a weekly paper devoted to local news and college items in general.

Of course two queries occur to the reader immediately; first, whether it is possible to find financial support for a literary magazine; second, whether literary work of sufficient merit can be obtained. In regard to the first query we will say that though it may not be the general rule, we know of cases where the literary monthly pays better than the weekly. It seems as if with an enterprising management and a first-class alumni department to assist in increasing the subscription list, a literary magazine could easily be made to pay expenses. As regards literary work we think that the ORIENT has succeeded in bringing out a few very creditable articles this year, and by no means have all of the good writers in college been heard from. Given men as good as there are at Bowdoin to-day and the experience which a few years of literary work would afford, there is no doubt but we could issue a literary magazine that would rank among those published by the other colleges of our class.

WE ARE indebted to Llewellyn Deane, Esq., for the report of the Washington alumni meeting and other favors.

IT IS understood that arrangements are being made for a thorough advertising of the Athletic Exhibition in Portland. We cannot repeat too often that a free use of money for this purpose will be amply rewarded. Special attention should be paid to the newspapers. It is not wise to slight any of them as was done last year. Do not forget the Sunday papers. Many details are thought of when it is too late. One item which we do not think was sufficiently emphasized in the Portland advertising last year was the number of performers. The large number actually appearing was commented on with some surprise at the time.

BOWDOIN has always had among her sons in Washington, men who have stood with the nation's leaders. With the Chief Justice of the United States, the most prominent man in the Senate, the most prominent man in the House of Representatives, and many other honorable names, she lacks to-day not a whit of her former glory. Is there a small college in the country which can boast of a Washington alumni association more creditable to her fame, or one that takes a more active interest in the welfare of its *Alma Mater*?

THE management of the Athletic Association complains of a lack of faithfulness in training on the part of many who are to take part in the exhibition this month. Its desire to excite more interest in the event among the students, and hence to insure a more successful exhibition, is most reasonable and should be seconded by all who have at heart the interest of the college and her reputation in the line of athletic exhibitions. When the exhibit is repeated in Portland and Bath, as it will be this year, every Bowdoin man will be interested to have it a success, sustaining if not increasing the reputation of the college. Now the only sure way of doing this is for every man who desires to take part to train honestly and regularly during the short time which remains before the exhibition; and for all those who are not to participate to encourage and not discourage those who are. We have excellent material in college this year, and there is no reason why this winter's exhibition should not be first-class in every respect.

WE PUBLISH in another column a somewhat pithy reply from an anonymous correspondent to the article on the yell question which appeared in our last number. He suggests a yell which, if not the best

possible, seems to fit the situation fairly well and is certainly worthy of consideration. At present the yell question is *par excellence* the question of the day.

IT HAS been the custom for the Athletic Association to give a hop each year at the close of the exhibition here in the town hall. Of course its object has been to increase the proceeds of the exhibition and at the same time to furnish entertainment for those visitors who are compelled to wait for the midnight train. For the past two or three years, however, the students have been gradually "throwing cold water" upon this agreeable custom by rushing on to the floor without purchasing dance tickets. Last year this was carried to such an extent that a sufficient amount of money was not realized from the hop to pay for the extra music necessary. It is obvious that unless a change is made the regular hop will soon have to be discontinued altogether. If this pleasing feature is to be continued, let the students assist the management by making the small additional payment required of those who participate. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

The Yell Still in the Air.

THE editorial criticisms, in the last ORIENT, of the only yell that has cracked its shell after four years of incubation, are an advance over the previous objections, which were never urged in print and would have defeated themselves had they appeared in tangible form.

These criticisms are in a certain sense very delicious. There is an air of scientific profundity worthy of the embriotic building soon to appear on the campus, and only equaled by the literary skill of tetering up on "the carrying power of the yell" and down on "the strength put into it."

Do the editors propose to put themselves

on record as implying that lingual or guttural letters are preferable to labials in calls designed to be heard afar or effectually? Do they ignore the fact that B is one of the most robust consonants in the alphabet? And when it comes to labial vowel sounds, do they claim that "Baa" will be heard further than "Bo"? The universal reaching hail is, Ho!

The Washington Alumni Annual Dinner.

WASHINGTON, February 15.

WAY down in Maine, in the town of Brunswick, there is a famous old college by the name of Bowdoin that has turned out some of the brightest and ablest public men from that part of the world. The college has never been a large one, and the graduating classes do not average much above half a hundred, but the men when they leave show the results of close personal contact with their instructors in a polish and thoroughness as well as in an intense love and loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. When they get together to sing of the days gone by they do it with a vim and enthusiasm that makes them all boys again for the night.

The Bowdoin Alumni Association of Washington is one of the most active and successful of all the graduate societies here, and numbers among its members many men who are well known in official, scientific, and business circles. Last night was Bowdoin night and was marked with a handsome banquet at the Cochran. Notwithstanding the fact that it came late in the season of alumni dinners it was one of the pleasantest of all this winter, and even the fact that it was run on good Maine prohibition principles could not dampen the ardor of the sons of Bowdoin or chill their enthusiasm. From the oldest member of the association down to the most recent graduate from the college,

all were boys together last night, and it was not until a late hour that they thought of getting tired of singing college songs and talking over together the pleasures, the hopes and fears of the good old days spent at college at Brunswick.

Prior to the more important event of the evening a business meeting of the association was held in one of the large parlors. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mr. Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, '53; Vice-Presidents, Senator William P. Frye, '50, and Llewellyn Deane, '49; Treasurer, Stephen D. Fessenden, '79; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. J. W. Chickering, '52; Recording Secretary, James C. Strout, '57; Executive Committee, Gen. Ellis Spear, '58; J. W. Whitney, '64; W. H. Owen, '51; H. L. Prince, '62; F. E. Dennett, '90, with the secretary and treasurer *ex officio*.

Dinner was served in the big banquet room of the Cochran, and covers were spread for upward of forty guests. The evening was begun with a benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. E. Whittlesey, formerly a professor at Bowdoin. Chief Justice Fuller, the president of the association, presided, and when the time for cigars and oratory had arrived he introduced Mr. Llewellyn Deane as the toast-master of the evening. Letters were read from President Gallaudet of the National Deaf Mute College, President Welling of the Columbian University, President Rankin of Howard University, President Hyde and Professor Little of Bowdoin. It was announced that the preliminary decision in the Merritt will matter in the San Francisco court was decidedly in favor of the college.

Happy and appropriate speeches were made by Senator Frye, Governor Dingley, Dr. Whittlesey, William P. Drew of Philadelphia, Hon. I. N. Evans (Medical, 1851), formerly a representative in Congress, Woodbury Pulsifer, James McKeen of New York,

President of the Alumni Association, S. I. Kimball, H. L. Pipér, E. F. Conant, F. D. Sewall, J. B. Cotton, and others.

Those present were Chief Justice Fuller, Rev. E. Whittlesey, D.D., Governor Dingley, Winthrop Tappan, Col. W. H. Owen, William P. Drew of Philadelphia, Dr. D. L. Wolhaupter, Assistant Attorney-General John B. Cotton, Woodbury Pulsifer, Charles H. Verrill, Edgar F. Conant, Frank E. Dennett, Frederick D. Sewall, George A. Fairfield, Llewellyn Deane, Senator William P. Frye, John W. Butterfield, Rev. Frank Sewall, Charles Chesley, Prof. John W. Chickering, Sumner I. Kimball, Samuel S. Gardener, James C. Strout, Ellis Spear, Horace L. Piper, Joseph N. Whitney, Stanley Plummer, Stephen D. Fessenden, Dr. I. N. Evans of Hatboro, Pa., and James McKeen of New York City.

One of the letters read at the Washington dinner was the following from President Rankin :

{ HOWARD UNIVERSITY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 14, 1893.
L. DEANE, ESQ.

My Very Dear Friend:—I did purpose to accept your kind invitation to be at the dinner of the Sons of Bowdoin to-night. There is none of our New England colleges that I honor more than your *Alma Mater*. There have been among her graduates an unusual number of men of the truest genius—notably in that class of 1825, in which were the household poet Longfellow, the magician Hawthorne, and the Elijah of the anti-slavery reform, Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever,—a cluster sufficient in itself to kindle any college firmament to glory! I know, too, what Bowdoin has done in the public halls of the nation and in the very highest place of the nation; for, strangely enough, this same class of 1825 had also three men who became members of Congress and another who was in the United States Senate; not to speak of Franklin Pierce of 1824, who once sat where Benjamin Harrison now sits, and in the chair on which already falls the shadow of that coming event—Grover Cleveland, the man of destiny!

“I say, I purposed to come, to show my love for New England and New England men, and my appreciation of your courtesy. But my pressing

duties prevent me at the last moment, and I send this instead of occupying the chair kindly allotted me.

Very truly,

J. E. RANKIN.

A Strange Sorrow.

LONG years ago, there dwelt in one of New England's most thriving villages a family whose ancestors were of the stern Puritan stock, who came to this country in order that they might worship God as they chose. This family lived in one of those old-fashioned houses that form so interesting a feature of America's older towns, houses which were probably built after the plan of those in the Mother Country from which the Pilgrims came.

The sun, which was slowly sinking behind the hills in the west, cast its last rays through a latticed window, full upon the beautiful face of a young girl; a face in which that purity, innocence and intelligence were blended, which tells one so plainly of the grand character and noble thoughts within. She lay on a bed of snowy whiteness and her pallid cheeks were nearly of the same color as the soft pillow under her head. Her pulse and breathing, which were scarcely perceptible, told her father all too plainly that his daughter was dying. His face and head resembled very much the one on the pillow, except those gray hairs and deep furrowed lines, which told that the physician had grown old in the practice of his profession, while the head on the pillow showed the loveliness and freshness of youth, for the young girl had been sick only a short time, and the ravages of disease had failed to leave that terrible deathly look which follows a long illness. The aged doctor bent nearer the white face on the pillow. The girl gasped once, and all was over. Her white and spotless soul had gone up with the waiting angel to the arms of her Master, just as the sun sank behind the hill in the west. Her

life had been one full of innocence and purity. Providence seems to take such souls from among us first. Should we ask why is it so? It would be of no avail if we did; no one could answer us. If God in his infinite wisdom sees fit to take such from our midst, we must be reconciled, for He knows best what is for our own good.

The father knelt beside the bed and wept like a child. He remained thus for a long time, his face covered with his hands. Near the bed on the opposite side stood a young man, who had just entered into the flush and strength of manhood. He held the hand of the young girl, as she was dying, and at that last gasp, he turned away his white and set face with a great sob of grief, which shook his whole frame. He walked from the room as if dazed, and left the aged father alone in his grief. Gerald Fielden was gifted with those finer feelings and tastes rarely seen in a man of his age. He and the young girl who had just died, were lovers and were to have been married in a month. The girl was an only child and had only her father left in the world, her mother having died when she was but five years old. Gerald went from the house to his own home, an elegant mansion, a short distance from the one he had just left, proceeded to his own room, locked himself in and then threw himself on his bed, sobbing with those hard, dry sobs characteristic of a strong man in grief.

Gerald was rich, talented, pleasant, and withal a fine young fellow, and had planned with his betrothed a life full of happiness and one which should do great good in the world, and it had been cut short by the death of her he loved with his whole heart. It was too hard; it seemed almost too hard to bear. He lived with his parents for two years after the death of his loved one, a sorrowful, morose man, never going into society and living in a world of books, brooding over his sorrow. At the end of that time he caught

the gold fever and decided to go West and rough it, in order that he might forget his sorrow. He went to San Francisco and nothing was heard from him for years. He was living during this time the rough and dangerous life of a gold-digger, and seemed to be a reserved, melancholy man, never talking unless asked some question. His companions would sometimes get him to talk by asking him some question on an important subject, which, as he was well educated, he could generally answer. He was fairly successful in his search for gold and soon became as hardened and wicked as some of the others, but still he could not forget that first great grief that had come into his life so many years before. He brooded over it so much that at last it began to prey on his health and he was obliged to leave his life here among the lawless gold-hunters. He traveled through the United States, thinking that perhaps change of scene might do him good and cause him to forget his trouble. While in New York he was seized one morning with a desire to go back to his New England home and see his native village. He started and soon arrived at the little depot, which had grown so familiar in his younger days. A strange feeling of satisfied longing came over him as he walked up the street on which he formerly lived. He went by the house where his father had lived. It was changed and occupied by strangers, and his heart was full as he journeyed on past the other house, where he had received that terrible blow which had marred his whole life. He turned his steps with a look of determination on his face—a face worn with sorrow and hardship, and walking toward the grave-yard, sought out a humble grave in a remote corner, and throwing himself upon it, wept for a long time quietly. When he rose, there was a look of contentment on his manly face which it had not worn for many bitter years. People, especially the younger ones, wondered

who this strange and sorrowful man was, who had come from no one knew where, to live in the village. A few of the older inhabitants knew him, after he had told them who he was, and by these he was warmly welcomed back again. He soon bought the house where his father had dwelt and lived there among his books to a good old age, becoming the delight of all the children, to whom he told wonderful stories of his adventures. He did a great deal of good with his money, building several schools and helping many a poor boy to rise in the world. He went quite often to visit the little mound in the grave-yard and would stay hours at a time. His life was a changed one after he settled in his old home and he became beloved by all who knew him, as a man of fine education and also of great and noble heart. No one could explain his staying away so many years, although many claimed that the terrible blow he received in his early manhood had weighed so heavily upon him that it had unsettled his mind for a time. It was truly a strange sorrow. At his death the whole town mourned and he received the highest honors at his funeral. By his request, he was buried beside her whom he had loved, in the little cemetery under the whispering pines.

Extract from a Paper by Llewellyn Deane, Esq.

WE TAKE the following statistics from a paper read by Llewellyn Deane, Esq., '49, at the Washington alumni dinner of last year, and which appears in a pamphlet report presented at the meeting, February 17th:

Bowdoin has furnished no less than eighteen college presidents:

Dartmouth—Lord, '09.

Trinity and University of Pennsylvania—Goodwin, '32.

Hobart—Hale, '18.

Pennsylvania Agricultural College and Girard—Allen, '33.

Middlebury—Hamlin, '34.

Iowa State University—Pickard, '44.

Grinnell College—Magoun, '41.

Hillsdale College—Mosher, '69.

Maine State College—Allen, '39, and Fernald, '61.

Urbana University—Sewall, '58, and Moses, '57.

Western University—Wood, '37.

Robert College—Hamlin, '34.

Oau College—Dole, '36, and Jones, '49.

Armenia College—Wheeler, '47.

Aintab College—Fuller, '59.

Bowdoin has furnished, from her graduates, at least one hundred professors to other *bona fide* colleges. Among these may be mentioned:

Harvard—Storer, Longfellow, Abbot, *Everett, *Hall, *Sargent, *Torrey.

Yale—*Harris, *Brastow.

Brown—*Packard.

Tufts—Drew.

Boston University—Swasey.

Wesleyan—Johnston.

Amherst—Abbot, H. B. Smith.

Colby—Barnes, Wadsworth.

Maine State—*Fernald, *Rogers.

Middlebury—Hamlin.

University of Vermont—Smyth, Lincoln.

Bates—Butler, *Howe, *Rich, *Hayes, *Stanton.

Clarke University—*Whitman.

Princeton—*Brackett, *Packard.

Colgate—*Burham.

University of Michigan—Felch.

University of Minnesota—*Pattee.

University of Wisconsin—*Knowlton.

University of Iowa—Pickard.

Grinnell College—*Magoun, Lane, Torrey.

Perdu University—*Huston.

Oberlin—Peek, *Currier.

National Deaf Mute College—Chickering.

*Now on the Faculty.

The following have been "attracted" from the Bowdoin Faculty to other colleges:

Harvard—Longfellow, Goodale.

Yale—Harris, *Ladd, *Smith.

Brown—Packard.

Princeton—Brackett, Rockwood.

Dartmouth—Packard, *Campbell.

University of Virginia—*Wheeler.

University of Indiana—*Matzke.

University of Ohio—*Bowen.

University of Wisconsin—Chadbourne.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University—*Pease.
Andover Theological Seminary—Smyth, Stowe.
Bangor Theological Seminary—Sewall.
Union Theological Seminary—Hitchcock.

I call your attention in the above list to the *; this indicates the men who in the past ten years have been "attracted" from the Faculty of our college to other spheres of usefulness.

To the "Yell" Correspondent.

WHETHER the writer of the article on the "Yell Question," which appeared in the last number of the ORIENT, desired, by defending his yell, to excite an interest in the question among the students, or whether he conscientiously wished to see that yell adopted, the article did not clearly indicate. If he had the former object in view, the general tone of his communication addressed to readers, whom he calls "half-formed Bowdoin boys" seems to have accomplished his desire to a certain extent. On the other hand, if he, who, we are to suppose, is a graduate of long standing—wholly "formed," in fact,—if he really argued for the adoption of this yell, his argument was not wholly conclusive.

It is doubtful if the yell, "Orient, Bugle, Brunswick, Bowdoin," *does* possess the sonorous qualities and the easily pronounced combination necessary to a first-class yell. But granting, for the sake of his argument that it *does* come up to the standard in this respect, let us look at the rest of his argument. He says that the students are reluctant to use "idiomatic words inseparably connected with her (Bowdoin's) history." What could be more idiomatic than the word "Bowdoin" itself, and does he think that a yell without it would be adopted? But he argues that inasmuch as this yell is "full of meat," by which he probably means historical suggestion, it therefore is suitable. Now it is obvious that, if his whole argument rests upon this point, the more "meat," the more historically suggestive words a yell contains, the better the yell.

Why does he not, then, as must logically be done, make the yell as meaty as possible? Massachusetts Hall is certainly more important, historically, than the ORIENT, and King's Chapel than the *Bugle*. Why not make these substitutions in his yell? Even then the yell might be improved from his point of view by adding Memorial Hall, the dormitories, Parker Cleaveland's name, and we, perhaps, should not omit the only Adam Booker and the neighboring town of Bath.

The absurdity of following out his line of argument and maintaining that a yell is good or bad according as it contains more or less "meat" (the sound of course being unimpaired) is clearly evident. Now if his last argument does not hold, and his first is doubtful, there does not seem to be much reason why the students should adopt his yell.

Returning to the question of selecting a yell different from the present college yell, it may be profitable to notice how other colleges in the country have settled the question. The general course seems to have been from complex to simple. Colleges which a few years ago had yells of various lengths, made up partly of words sometimes suggestive, but more frequently meaningless, are becoming gradually settled down to what will probably be the universal college yell, viz., the "Rah" yell. It may be objected that it lacks originality, but what of that? If a yell is good enough to gradually acquire a place among the leading colleges in the country it is good enough for Bowdoin.

Therefore the following yell is offered as a solution of the problem.

Rah-Rah-Rah,
Rah-Rah-Rah,
Rah-Rah-Rah,
Bowdoin.

Dartmouth has a larger per cent. of alumni in the Western States than any other Eastern university.

How Far Does Rank at College Indicate Ability?

IT IS the prevailing opinion among the students here at Bowdoin that a man's standing in his classes is in no way indicative of his ability; and almost invariably a negative answer is returned to a question of the value of rank. Yet, upon looking the ground over with more care, a simple "no" will, I think, be found too hasty and far from being true. Moreover, it does seem that to make such a sweeping assertion is to do an injustice to those who have done their work well in the past—who are doing their work well now.

To begin with, every graduate of Bowdoin on our present Faculty is a Phi Beta Kappa man; and, although use is made of the roll of this society only because it happens to offer a convenient list of class leaders, yet even here at the extreme limit of the system, rank more than holds its own.

Among those, for example, who received Commencement parts and who were chosen to membership on the day of their graduation are men like these: Longfellow, Pierce, Cheever, and Ezra Abbott; Melville W. Fuller, W. L. Putnam, Thomas B. Reed; and still more recently, Orville D. Baker, Herbert M. Heath, and Arlo Bates. But to enumerate them all would be tedious. It is enough that one has only to search the college records to be convinced that nearly all our famous alumni graduated well up in the forefront of their respective classes.

In the face of this fact, the assertion that Commencement appointments go to "digs" and bookworms becomes weak and tame. There are, indeed, many exceptions that can be taken on either hand. There is often a tendency among scholars to cling too closely to their books and to fail in that practical application of their knowledge which alone assures success; and again, so long as athletics justly claim so much attention, there

will be a reason for bright, active fellows neglecting their studies to a greater or less degree. Moreover, there are always some people who get credited with too much, others who receive less than they deserve. Still, with all these various exceptions, rank tells. It tells, that is to say, in the long run and in its general bearings. Real ability must, in the course of four years' study, force some recognition of its due. And, although there will now and then arise in after years a brilliant man who, contrary to the preceding statement, did not make much showing in his college life, yet surely the burden of proving the possession of talent rests with him who makes the claim.

And finally, as regards those who are too indolent to keep the pace that is set for them, there seems to be no possible excuse. Ability, to the most of men at least, means work. And for just this reason a man's class standing, secured by his own efforts, is presumptive evidence of his ability, an evidence not infallible indeed, but nevertheless an evidence that forms a basis for judgment as accurate as any fixed standard of mental, moral, or physical excellence ever can be expected to be.

A Sketch.

THE Wanderer was engaged in performing a peculiar duty. Yes, it *was* a peculiar duty, for him, who had such utterly unreasonable and unheard of tasks to perform. For some reason, known only to himself, the Head Devil had wished to keep watch over a certain young man named John, and had assigned the work to the Wanderer. The latter knew nothing of the details of the job, and so, after having been transported in the usual instantaneous manner, from the Infernal Regions to Earth he was prepared for almost anything in his particular line of work.

When he opened his eyes, as the spell

left him, he found himself in a broad and busy street, up and down which was rushing such a crowd of drays and stages and pedestrians, and what not, as could be possible in but one place in the world, and that place the Wanderer knew was New York.

"Fifth Avenue," he said to himself, for he knew this locality well, and its aristocratic atmosphere, and its exclusive, beware-the-dog air of gilded retirement and seclusion, were as familiar to him as were the sulphurous fumes that emanated from his spiritual home in Hades.

It was evening.

He stood just before a big brown house, which, with the softened beams that glimmered forth from its warmly curtained windows and its air of cold and pompous dignity, seemed eminently fitted for a place on this swellest of the swell of earth's thoroughfares.

But he had scarce time to look about him, for the sudden opening and slamming of the heavy door of the big house drew his attention to the young man who had just come out so hastily, whom he at once knew to be his "subject."

Yes it was John. He stood on the lower step for a minute or so, pulling on his gloves with hands that trembled as if with great nervous excitement. An ominous black line between his eyes showed that his brows were frowning hard, and the corners of his usually firm mouth twitched suspiciously.

He was more than ordinarily good looking, this young metropolite, tall, slim, and fair-haired; and his whole presence betokened much mental force and moral nobility. As he started away from the house he had just left, he raised his head as if to look back, but suddenly recovering himself, with a half angry exclamation, he paced off down the avenue with an air of determination mingled with excitement, that caused the Wanderer to watch him with more than his usual amount of interest in humans and their affairs.

Only at first John's pace was quick; before he had gone a bare three hundred yards he had come down to a dejected and listless saunter, hands deep in pockets, and head bent, utterly oblivious to the throng that surged by him, up and down the crowded walk.

The Wanderer looked at John with something like pity. *He* understood it all, and in this very city had seen just such cases before.

"Poor boy," said he to himself, "he has quarreled with *her*. He thought he was in the right at first, but now he begins to doubt, and repents his hasty words. But 'tis too late. His pride will kill him. Ah, yes! The very same old story, I know it by heart." And from that moment the Wanderer was with John wherever he went.

He saw him when for many a long midnight hour he sat staring raptly at her picture—the only one he had not returned. The Wanderer knew John's feelings as he sat looking at the face, but did not attempt to analyze them. Once he peeped over the young man's shoulder and saw a face that made even him start with something which a soulless spirit ought not to possess. A face of purely patrician type; clearly defined and delicate features; eyes of deep, gentle blue; a firm mouth with lines and curves to tempt St. Anthony himself; and all surmounted by a crown of lovely sun-gold hair which one longed to stroke with one's fingers—this was the face the Wanderer saw.

And he was with John, too, when he would pace up and down his narrow rooms, his fists tightly clenched, and his face pale and set, and in his eyes an awful look of sorrow and self-reproach. And he heard the broken sentences that escaped the trembling lips, the sad overflow of a heart over-filled with grief.

And the Wanderer was with John when in a distant city he met her face to face, and he saw how pride kept them from recognizing

each other; and he heard the gasp that John could not withhold; and he saw her cheek, when it paled like the setting moon at sunrise. And he would have then and there reunited them in an unconscious bond, had not his mortal enemy, Pride, stepped quickly in between and broken the subtle thread of heart-connection.

And the Wanderer was with John again when a long-eared acquaintance spoke of her to him at the Van White dinner; and he saw how the poor boy's face hardened, and how manfully he fought his feelings down and contrived to make some politely conventional reply.

And he was very near to John in some of those sacredly terrible moments, when he feared that the young man would be so foolish and unmanly as to take his own life, and thus a coward fail his duty—his duty to his Maker and to himself.

And when, after the sun had twice run his yearly course, and John had, by steady work in his profession, partly erased the sorrow from his heart, then the Wanderer was with him once again, but ah, how different were things now! This last time that the Wanderer saw John was when, just as the New Year came springing into life and all was quiet and peaceful, she came once more into his waiting arms, sorrowful, repentant, and loving.

He saw the mutually chastened mood of the two young people as they poured out to each other the sorry tale of their sad quarrel; he saw the humble and reverent spirit in which they renewed their well-nigh shattered vows, and he returned to his dismal abode strangely stirred by what he had seen.

He had beheld chapter, by chapter and line by line the old, old tale of human affection, that sweetest of earth stories; sweetest because it gives man a glimpse, though fleeting, of that Heaven of bliss and perfect joy in the dim Hereafter.

The Pessioptimist.

HIS DISSERTATION on social etiquette is entirely beyond the prosaic grasp of the Pessioptimist, yet he feels called upon to expatiate somewhat upon an evil in the conduct of a few—let us hope a very few—of Bowdoin's hopefuls. The treatment accorded oftentimes to feminine visitors to our campus is not entirely in harmony with the spirit of an enlightened and educated community, but rather savors of an ill-mannered and lawless set of beings, utterly devoid of any sense of the propriety of their acts.

Was it so long ago that those charming mediaeval days of chivalry existed that not one spark of their spirit remains to incite the youth of to-day to deeds of gallantry, or at least to pay proper respect to members of the fairer sex? Far from it. The cause of this disrespectful and indecorous treatment lies in simple thoughtlessness. In an unguarded moment we say and do many things which, had we but have allowed ourselves to think, would have been as disgusting and revolting to us as to those who hear or see them.

Above all things let your conduct be civil and respectful toward the ladies who favor the college with their presence, and let it not be said that the students of Bowdoin College are a set of impolite and impudent slaves to thoughtlessness.

* * * * *

Acquisitiveness is a characteristic of the human race, and, properly exercised, is a most beneficial endowment; yet possessed to an abnormal degree it oftentimes carries with it very disagreeable results. For instance the tendency of many individuals of the present age is to take unto themselves everything in the shape of a spoon, knife, or fork that is procurable without dangerous consequences.

The Pessioptimist has heard of cases even in Brunswick where this unusual custom has been a serious inconvenience to those bereft of a certain portion of their silver ware. Is it possible that in the near future after every party or social gathering the participants will be obliged to undergo a thorough search before being allowed to depart? This seems to be the only sure method of protection against the custom.

* * * * *

It has been a good many years since George Washington first saw the light of day. If in order to duly celebrate the event it is necessary for the elements to give us such a taste of polar weather as was their donation on February 22, 1893, it would be far preferable for the country to have been fatherless.

* * * * *

This surely doesn't seem to be Bowdoin's "winter of her discontent." In fact the old college seems to be perfectly satisfied in keeping "the even tenor of her ways," and letting the outside world drift on as best it can. Not a college dance, not an entertainment, not a single diversion of any kind, as yet, to abstract the diligent searcher after knowledge from the serenity of the quiet atmosphere of his room. *O tempora; O mores!* Ye shades of Epicurus and '91! Has the millennium of Bowdoin's existence at last arrived?

Rhyme and Reason.

No Test for Bravery.

What if our country should call us
To a bloody and death-bringing strife?
Would we cheerfully heed her summons,
And willingly lay down our life?

We say so,—I think we would do it;
And yet courage fails us all,
When we see many hostile "Yaggers"
With many a hostile snow-ball.

Do Nothing Rashly.

With the proper obseuration
 'Tis a pleasant occupation,
 If distressed by oscitation,
 To indulge in osculation.
 But to make the preparation
 For this charming delectation
 There must be deliberation,
 To prevent annihilation.

The Pace.

In many ways and manners,
 In almost every place,
 There is nothing that can really touch
 Training for a race;
 But for real demoralization
 And whirling of the brain,
 It can no wise hold a candle
 To racing for a train.
 So, when one sees the hindmost car
 Go off upon a tear,
 For all his wit, you must admit,
 He cannot choose but swear.

Finite Versus Infinite.

There is a land of pure delight
 Where saints immortal reign,
 They have no use for plugging there,
 Or wearing out one's brain.
 Oh! Never, within gates of pearl,
 You chin the Profs. in vain.
 But here, within our college town,
 In this little sphere mundane,
 The matters of this life are run
 On quite another plane,
 And the happiest people keep small shops
 And of the students gain
 A very pleasant little livelihood.

Beyond.

Thro' the long years, as countless ages roll,
 The heart of man has ever blindly sought
 To fathom the beyond, and, dreaming, thought
 Of sunny lands, where speeds the fettered soul,
 When eyelids close, when breaks the golden bowl
 And life's fair blood is spilt. Time's unseen hand
 Has dimmed the faith of old, and from the sand
 Has swept the footprints leading to that goal.

But even yet, we know, when darkness yields
 To light, somewhere, there are Elysian fields,
 And by their streams beneath their cloudless sky
 Our feet shall roam, 'mid voices of that sea
 Where storms come nevermore, and, sorrow-free,
 The far-off Islands of the Blessed lie.



The snow-shoeing after
 the storm of Wednesday
 was a little worse than the walking, as
 some of the inexperienced in such
 found to their disgust.

W. W. Thomas, '94, is still at home ill.
 Dana, '94, has been in Boston recently.
 Prof. Chapman preached in Gardiner recently.
 T. C. Chapman, '94, has returned from teaching.
 Instructor Tolman was in town February 15th.
 Prof. Woodruff delivered a lecture at Bath on
 the 15th.

French, '96, has been detained at home several
 days by illness.

President Hyde's Bible class has been omitted
 the last two weeks.

Baxter, '94, has been out of town a week on
 account of sickness.

Farrington, '94, spent a few days at his (?) home
 in Augusta last week.

Prof. Robinson lectured in Bangor during the
 first week of February.

The Junior German Division is now reading
 Schiller's "Maria Stuart."

The '94 delegation of ♀ r have had a fine group
 picture taken at Webber's.

Deunison, '95, has returned from teaching after
 a successful term at Naples.

Prof. Chapman lectured at Bridgeton, February
 21st, on Tennyson's "Princess."

Dr. Mason delivered the address before the Col-
 lege Y. M. C. A. last Sunday.

The Freshmen have elected Pearson as their
 class leader in the approaching exhibition.

Instructor Tolman is spending his time at Randall Camp near Katahdin Iron Works.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association will be held at Waterville next Saturday.

Dudley and Mead, '95, who have been teaching at Pembroke since Thanksgiving, have returned to college.

Ledyard, ex-'96, is now attending Maine State College and expects to secure a position on the ball team.

Professor Chapman gave an interesting talk in chapel, Sunday afternoon, on "Morality and Religion."

The Subscription Ball in Bath, last Thursday evening, attracted a considerable number of the students.

The Athletic Exhibition will occur in Brunswick, March 17th; in Portland, March 21st, and probably in Bath soon afterward.

Professor Houghton spoke on "Japan" in the Congregational church a week ago Sunday. His address was very much enjoyed.

Clinics are being held at the Medical School on Thursdays and Saturdays. The Saturday clinics are devoted to cases requiring surgical aid.

The Glee, Banjo and Guitar Clubs gave a very successful entertainment in Saco, February 15th. They were highly praised by the local papers.

Andrews and Thompson, '94, took part in the farce, "Popping the Question," given in the court room last Saturday evening by the Unitarian church.

Many of the medical students are availing themselves of the opportunity offered by Professor Whittier, and are undergoing a thorough physical examination.

The members of the Junior History division are listening to ten-minute speeches by different members of the class, on the men and events of the period they are studying.

The concert by the Kneisel Quartette in Portland, February 21st, attracted a good-sized audience. Professor Hutchins and wife and quite a number from the college were present.

Klobedanz, pitcher on last year's Portland team, has been engaged to train the candidates for the nine. The men are taking daily practice in the Gym. under the direction of Capt. Hutchinson.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association last Saturday, Carleton, '93, was elected captain of the

athletic team which will represent Bowdoin at Springfield next June. Between twenty and thirty men will go into training at once.

Among the books recently added to the library, is "Bells' Handbook of Athletic Sports," in three volumes. Judging by the number of calls for it the study of Athletics is popular enough to add to the list of elective studies.

The Inter-scholastic Athletic Association, whose meet was held in Brunswick last year, holds its annual business meeting here next Saturday. Augusta, Brunswick, and Bangor are among the places proposed for this year's contests.

Mr. George O. Hubbard, who will be remembered as one of the leaders in the athletic exhibitions of the last four years, is now instructor of Physical Culture in the Northwestern Military Academy at Highland Park, about forty miles from Chicago.

The celebration of Washington's birthday was but little observed, owing to the heavy storm. Many took the opportunity to leave town, and those who remained were inclined to envy them. Several succumbed to the storm and did not succeed in reaching Brunswick for several days.

The Portland papers state that either Carleton or Machan, '93, or Dyer, M. S., will probably be elected director of athletics by the new Portland Athletic Club at a salary of about \$1,000. Payson and Peabody, '93, Pickard, '94, Foster, '95, Ingraham, special, and Dyer, M. S., are members of the club.

The last themes of the term are due March 1st. Subjects are as follows: Juniors: 1—Do We Need a College Dining Hall? 2—The Country Church. 3—Gladstone's Literary Career. Sophomores: 1—The District School. 2—Emerson's "Spiritual Laws." 3—What Should Determine the Choice of Elective Studies?

The Portland Republicans have nominated for mayor, Mr. J. P. Baxter, and the Democrats, the present incumbent, Mr. Ingraham. As both these gentlemen have sons in the college the ORIENT would suggest that a joint debate be arranged between them for the edification of the student body. Refreshments in Memorial.

The usual number of circulars from Western firms, offering to supply anything in the shape of themes, orations, and commencement parts at prices varying from three to fifteen dollars, secrecy guaranteed, are being received. There are members of last year's Sophomore Latin class who can offer

theses of twenty-five hundred words and over at much lower figures.

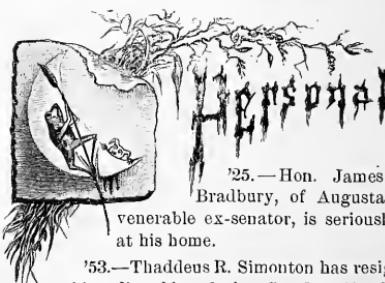
Work for the approaching Athletic Exhibition is going on steadily, but the absence of several of last year's "stars" is severely felt. Only two weeks remain for practice, and great improvement must be made if the exhibition is to be the success it has been in former years. If every man who can do so will take hold and work with a will, we shall score another success. It is especially important that the exhibition be attractive and draw good houses, both here and in Portland, since the receipts from it are depended upon to give the men training for the intercollegiate contests all necessary facilities.

Y.M.C.A.

Throughout the year the financial affairs of the association have been in a bad condition. Thanks to the kind assistance of Faculty and students, we are able to report that a sufficient sum has been pledged to put the association in a sound financial condition. Quite a portion of the amount pledged has been paid, and if the remainder is collected, as no doubt it will be, we shall be enabled to close the year with no bills or pledges outstanding and with a small amount in the treasury. We got into the present difficulty by pledging certain amounts to State and International work before we knew where the money was to come from with which to pay the pledges. For the past two or three years we have received practically no returns for considerable amounts thus expended. Accordingly, at the last State Convention, we reduced our pledge for State work over one-half, and made the pledge that we did, with the understanding that it should be expended in college work. Thus far, however, we have received no visit from the State Secretary or been otherwise aided as we expected to be. Unless something is expended in our behalf before the end of the year, will it be advisable to expend more money without receiving any benefit therefrom? Whatever we do in regard to this matter, one thing is certain, that we ought not to pledge any amount, or contract any debts, without first being absolutely certain as to where the money is to be obtained with which to pay them. At all events, let us see to it that our financial condition remains unimpaired.

Until very recently the attendance at our Thurs-

day evening meetings this year has been larger than for two or three years past. The attendance has begun to fall off, however. It is doubtless due to the increased amount of work which always devolves upon us at the middle and latter part of the winter term. Many of us feel that we cannot afford the time required to attend the meetings. Before we settle down to this conclusion, let us give the matter serious thought, and ask ourselves if we cannot economize three-quarters of an hour in some way and so be able to be at the Thursday evening meeting. Every one should bear in mind the fact that in staying away from the meeting, he is not the only one affected, but that all the others are in a measure affected, as there is much less interest and enthusiasm manifested when only a few are present.



'25.—Hon. James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, the venerable ex-senator, is seriously ill at his home.

'53.—Thaddeus R. Simonton has resigned his editorship of the *Camden Herald* to accept a government position. Mr. Simonton has been a member of both Senate and House of Representatives, and has also been deputy collector of customs at Rockland.

'50.—Senator Frye is alert and tireless in his championing of American shipping. His bill, which has just passed the Senate, checks foreign forays into our immense coastwise commerce and balks one of the schemes of that unscrupulous concern, the Panama Railroad.—*Ex.*

'52.—General Joshua L. Chamberlain is spoken of for president of the Maine State College at Orono. General Chamberlain is now in New York.

'59.—Rev. Americus Fuller, D.D., president of the college in Aintab, Turkey, occupied the pulpit of the Second Parish Church, Portland, Me., February 20th.

'66.—The *Bath Times* gives a very pleasing account of Professor Chapman's lecture before the Fortnightly Club of Bath. Professor Chapman took for his subject "Emerson and his Essay on Friend-

ship." Tuesday evening, February 21st, Professor Chapman lectured at Bridgton Academy. Subject, Tennyson's "Princess."

'91.—The *Lewiston Saturday Journal* has a most interesting letter from Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, of Lisbon, Me., who writes from Berlin University, Germany. In this letter Mr. Stackpole writes at some length on the customs and peculiar features of the University.

'80.—The first number of the *Lewiston Sun*, edited by Henry A. Wing, formerly of the *Bangor Commercial*, made its appearance February 20th.

'91.—G. C. Mahoney, R. H. Hunt, and B. D. Ridlon have returned to the Medical School.

'92.—S. L. Parcher has entered the Bowdoin Medical School.

'92.—Mr. C. L. Stacy, who is principal of the Smithport (Pa.) High School, had the misfortune to lose his school building by fire, January 31st. Mr. Stacy is now "boarding around" with his school in various unoccupied halls and vestries. The ORIENT, which is also "boarding around" while awaiting new permanent quarters, extends sympathy.

to all institutions of civilization and advocated a return to a state of nature. His "Emile" is educational in its character. As he himself says in his introduction: "A collection of reflections without order and almost without connection. The first two lines are the keynote of his whole theory of education." "Tout est bien, sortant des mains de l'auteur des choses; tout dégénère entre les mains de l'homme." He would do away with artificial and mechanical aids and make learning as far as possible a process of personal investigation and progressive with the age of the child. The translation is excellent. The introduction by the translator is of some length. It shows some of the peculiarities of Rousseau and gives a general outline of the work.

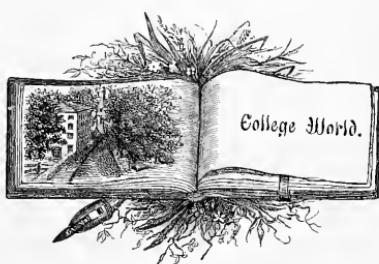
(*La Cigale chez les Fourmis*, by Legouré and Labiche. Edited by W. H. Witherby, M.A., Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) The title of this play is plainly taken from the fable of La Fontaine. It is a pleasing little comedy of Paris life.

(*Extracts from Eutropius*. Edited by J. B. Greeneough, Boston: Ginn & Co.) This is one of a series of pamphlets for sight-reading in Latin. These are adapted for all grades of advancement in preparatory school and college.

Book Reviews.

(*The Diamond Necklace*, by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by W. F. Mozier. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.) Almost every publishing house now has its series of small classics. These handy little editions have sprung into existence to fill the increasing demand for better literature in the schools. They also serve as pleasant pocket companions to the student in leisure hours. The above publishers have added to their list this work of Carlyle. While "The Diamond Necklace" is not the best production of its author, it is an excellent one in which to study his different styles and peculiarities. The biographical sketch is compact, but sufficient to give a good idea of the author's life. The methods of study advised by the editor are suggestions found useful by the best of scholars. The notes are sufficiently copious to give a clear understanding of the text. Neatly bound in cloth.

(*Rousseau's Emile*, abridged, translated, and annotated by William H. Payne, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.) Rousseau is of more interest to us as a historic character than as a distinguished author. As a reformer he was adverse



GREATNESS MADE EASY.
Heads of great men all remind us,
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning
With a head as big as they.

—*Spectator.*

An oratorial contest is to be held in Chicago on June 30th, at which 75 colleges will be represented.

Duffy, of the Boston Base-Ball Club, is training the candidates for the Brown 'varsity nine.

The total amount of gifts received at Cornell last year was \$2,000,048.

About 300 students are taking the course in journalism offered at the University of Chicago.

Columbia College has 600 graduate students—the largest number of any one college in the United States.

The Freshman class at Amherst has been sent a bill of \$100 for damages done in Greenfield on the night of their class supper.

At the University of Wisconsin the outline of the State has been adopted as the official design for a university pin.

There are in the United States 6,500 women in collèges, and graduates of colleges, who are members of Greek letter fraternities

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

One chair will do, on a pinch, for two,

For love will find a way;

But one kiss won't do, nor will a few,

For love don't work that way.

—*Polytechnic.*

A proposition has been made to build a Blaine Memorial Library for Bates College. Mr. Blaine assisted in framing the charter of that institution and was one of its appreciative supporters.

The growth of the University of Michigan has been so great that the needs of the university have outgrown all means of meeting them so that the Regents of the State have asked the legislature to increase the special tax for university purposes from one-twentieth to one-tenth of a mill.

The youngest graduates from Harvard were Cotton Mather, who graduated at the age of 16, Paul Dudley, at the age of 14, and Rev. A. P. Peabody, at 15.

The Dartmouth Glee Club will accompany the base-ball nine on its spring trip and give concerts wherever the nine plays.

During the present school year, Dartmouth has received gifts in property, bonds, and money amounting to \$700,000.

Captain Ives has ordered two paper shells for the Yale crew from Waters, of Troy, N. Y. They are of the same pattern as the shell used last year. This action of Captain Ives was contrary to general expectation as it was thought that another cedar boat or an aluminum shell would be ordered.

The ladies are requested not to read this clipping from the *Grove City Collegian*, but we wager ten to one that they all will :

If she had to stand on her head,

We knew she'd get it somehow.

This poem's already read.

And we've got ours to know.

It gets the last kind of a shaw.

But you bet she'll get it some way.

It's something she ought not to know:

If there's anything written a woman

After so long a time Chicago University is to have fraternities. But they must submit all rules to the faculty. They must have a representative with whom the faculty can confer and the university reserves the right to abolish any chapter.

Of the one hundred instructors in Chicago University seven are ex-college presidents.

Of the colleges represented among the Andover students, Bowdoin leads with twelve men. Iowa College has six, Oberlin and Yale four each.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

565 Congress St., - PORTLAND, ME.



Made by MARBURG BROS.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 15, 1893.

No. 16.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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The ORIENT was grieved to learn of the death of Hon. Henry Carvill which occurred Friday, March 3d. Mr. Carvill was Assistant Treasurer of the college from 1881 to 1890, holding the position until his failing health forced him to retire. He was always held in the highest esteem by the students with whom his duties in the treasurer's office brought him in contact. A kind-hearted gentleman like Mr. Carvill is not soon forgotten.

THE action of the Freshmen in refusing to put a crew on the river is likely to give a death blow to boating at Bowdoin. While it is commendable in them to sacrifice their crew in order, as they say, that all their strong men may go into track athletics for the good of the college, yet there is a general feeling of disappointment among the students that one of the most interesting events of the spring term is to be omitted. It is whispered that the Juniors take it most to heart, as they have on their hands an excellent shell which they were hoping to part with for a few hundred dollars. If cruel fate steps in their way, the best solution of the difficulty may be for the Juniors to put a crew on the river and race with the Sophomores. It is understood, however, that only a very small part of the Freshman class was

present at the meeting which came to the remarkable decision above mentioned. It may be that a thorough canvass of the class would reveal a more conservative sentiment, and that a reconsideration of the matter would result in a decision to retain the time-honored Sophomore-Freshman boat-race, for which there is such excellent material in both classes.

WHE outbreaks of hazing in some of our sister colleges during the present winter tend to emphasize more and more the fact of its disappearance from Bowdoin. It was not many years ago that this infamous relic of barbarism was closely associated with the name of Bowdoin College; and no honor came of the union. We are glad that the mantle of dishonor has fallen from our own shoulders, but pity those of our neighbors who wear it to-day. It means less students, less benefactors, less influence in the world, and an unenviable reputation which will not hide itself under a bushel.

WHE money to be taken at the Athletic Exhibitions this year is for a purpose. It is not to be foolishly spent for the benefit of a few nor to be hoarded up for the benefit of future years. If a financial success is made of these exhibitions, the proceeds will materially lessen the expenses of the whole body of students this year, and may be sufficient to cover the whole cost of our team at the intercollegiate meet. This should be an incentive to all Bowdoin men and all friends of Bowdoin to give their heartiest support to the athletic management, by doing what is in their power to bring out large audiences in Brunswick, in Portland, and in Bath. Every reader of the ORIENT who can do so should be present on one or more of these nights, and look out that his friends who are interested in the cause of athletics do not miss this opportunity of seeing a magnificent

exhibition and at the same time helping the Bowdoin College Athletic Association.

BEFORE the appearance of the next number of the ORIENT, which closes the present volume, six new editors will be elected to take the place of the six Senior members of the board, who retire. In choosing the new editors the present board will be influenced chiefly by the quality of the work offered by the candidates during the past year. There has been probably a larger list of contributors than ever before in the history of the ORIENT. This large number will make the selection more than usually difficult, but on the other hand makes it certain that six good men can be found who are capable and willing to devote themselves to the cause of college journalism.

Any contribution which is designed for the last number should be forwarded to us as soon as possible, in order that it may be taken into consideration at the election.

WTWO new yells make their appearance in this number. Both are inclined to be historical. One falls into reminiscence of the past; the other insists upon modern improvement. The counsel for the geographic-journalistic yell also closes the argument for the defendant. This is a good beginning. Send in some more and do not be afraid to say what you think of those already offered. Please be brief in your discussions.

WHE admission of new schools into the Interscholastic Athletic Association shows an increasing interest in track athletics in the State. Bowdoin men should give all possible encouragement to this association, since it is from it that we must in the future draw our athletes. Bowdoin's admission to the New England Association will also tend to awaken interest among our fitting schools,

giving the athletes something to look forward to besides mere school honors.

MISTER DEANE wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor Little for the statistics in his paper from which we quoted in the last number of the *ORIENT*.

Suggestion for Bowdoin Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Whoop her up to date,
Whoop her up for Bowdoin
In the Pine Tree State.

Portland Alumni Meeting.

THIS Portland alumni held their annual meeting and banquet at the Falmouth Hotel, Saturday evening, March 4th. President Hyde, and Professors Houghton, Woodruff, Lee, and Robinson were present from the college. The occasion was one of much enjoyment. At the business meeting held before the banquet the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Francis Fessenden; Vice-Presidents, John A. Waterman, Joseph W. Symonds, Charles F. Libby, Augustus F. Moulton; Secretary, Franklin C. Payson; Treasurer, Frank S. Waterhouse; Executive Committee, Prentiss Loring, William H. Moulton, Joseph B. Reed; Dinner Committee, Ebenezer W. Freeman, Chas. L. Hutchinson, Clarence A. Baker; Orator, Levi Turner, Jr.; Poet, Albert W. Bradbury; Toast-master, Charles J. Chapman.

After an excellent supper, the toastmaster, David W. Snow, Esq., rapped the company to order, and these toasts were responded to: "Our *Alma Mater*," President Hyde; "The State," Hon. C. F. Libby; "The Clergy," Hon. Clarence Hale; "The Medical Profession," Colonel A. W. Bradbury; "The Legal Profession," Levi Turner, Jr., Esq.

That "Better Bugle."

THERE are two things which go to make a college annual a success: first, the expenditure of brains; second, the expenditure of money. Of late years the growth of the *Bugle* has been marked more especially by an increase in the direction of the latter. Its dress, in other words, has become more elaborate, without clothing any such correspondingly enriched literary qualities. Not stopping to draw too closely the analogy of the situation to that of certain prosperous people with whom all of us are acquainted, the fact of the case is a natural one enough. A better binding and finer illustrations could be made to order; keener wits and higher talents for literary work could not. Accordingly, some five or six years ago, paper covers made way for cloth ones, and more attention began to be given to the mechanical execution of the book.

All this is as it should be, so far as it goes. A glance at the condition of the old paper-covered *Bugles* in the library shows plainly that a more substantial binding was needed. As for the increased number and improved quality of the cuts, the extra expense incurred has been fully compensated by the added neatness of appearance. I am not one of those who think that the purse-strings ought to be drawn more tightly in connection with the outlay on the *Bugle*. Bowdoin may as well try to keep up with other colleges in the matter of getting out a good annual as in that of joining a new athletic association. Besides the amount of money obtained from the advertisements is considerably more than it was a few years ago, something like four hundred and forty dollars being received from that source this year, so that the cost to the Junior class, other things being equal, is being lessened.

But, returning to the expenditure of brains, for the several years just past, at least, the literary work of the *Bugle* has devolved

mostly upon a few members of the editorial board. Now, if, as the old saying has it, "Two heads are better than one," it follows that a book produced by all the editors would be better than that produced by half of them. To secure this end each society delegation should aim at putting on the best possible man for the position, and one who will assume his share of the work. This may be an ideal suggestion, but so long as the *Bugle* remains a class publication I see no other way of improving it. Contributions from members of the Junior class might aid, but are hardly to be depended upon. Throwing the publication of the *Bugle* open to the college would be an innovation of doubtful value.

On the whole, then, the conclusion seems to be that the *Bugle* is well enough as it is. There is certainly no necessity for taking any backward steps on the ground of economy. On the other hand an advance in the direction of improved literary merit is desirable, provided it can be made. If, in the future we can get smarter editors, very good; the better *Bugle* will appear. If not, we may still be satisfied that the *Bugle* is up to the average of college publications of its kind throughout the country.

The Yell Question.

HERE has been quite a good deal said of late, through the columns of the *ORIENT*, about a college yell, and in one number it was urged that each student interested should suggest some yell, that, from the many, one suitable one might be chosen. There have been but two responses to that request, I think, and as a third I submit the one printed below.

Although my suggestion may be considered worthless, my feeble effort may, perhaps, quicken the ambition of some of the more brilliant in this direction, and thus aid

in obtaining more ideas, from which, perhaps, a good yell may be made.

Seventeen-Ninety-four,
Cis-Boom-Ba,
Bowdoin-Bowdoin,
Rah-Rah-Rah.

The Distiller's Daughter.

"**W**ELL me a story, grandpa," said little Amy, as she climbed into my lap, took the *Evening Record* from my fingers and laid it on the table. This was very easy for her to do, as my attention for the past few minutes had been fixed on the face of my dear wife, who sat opposite me, nearer the fire.

It was twilight, and the setting sun lighted up our cozy little sitting-room with his golden light, which fell upon the flaxen hair of the little child, and, flitting across the table, illuminated that face which had grown dearer than all else to me through the many years of joy and sorrow, which were the cause of the numerous wrinkles and also of the gray locks that adorned her head. She had been playing on the violin and had laid her instrument down just as the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were dying away in the corners of the room. The wrinkles seemed to soften and the expression of the face, which was beautiful even now, although the lines of care were marked so plainly upon it, told me that under the influence of the sweet music from the old violin, her memory had carried her back to younger days.

I was always ready to comply with the request of my "little pet," as I called her, for a story, and so I began:

A long time ago, as you have probably heard your grandmother say, we lived in Kentucky. My father was a well-to-do gentleman, as the saying goes, and owned a large piece of land, from which he always raised good crops. I worked at home and

went to school, as most boys did in those times, and grew up to be quite a large boy before I had anything of importance happen to me. Of course my school-days were filled with fun and good times, but no more so than those of other boys who lived near us and went to school. When I became sixteen I was taken out of school and set at work by my father.

The only pleasures with which I could enjoy myself in spare hours were hunting and fishing. I was very fond of hunting, and, as wild game abounded in those parts, I had plenty of sport whenever I found time for it. Nothing of any note happened to me until I was nineteen years of age, and then I made a discovery which changed my whole life.

One day late in the fall, which had been a very mild and pleasant one, my father's hired man and myself went hunting, and having gone further than we intended, did not start for home until after dark. We were on the side of a mountain, and the nearest way for us to strike the main road, which led to the house, was by going through a glen, in which it was rumored that a band of lawless distillers carried on their business. Now there had been several attempts made by the officers of the law to capture these men, but up to this time no one had succeeded in finding out where the distillery was, although almost everybody knew there was one in the neighborhood somewhere. An officer, who was watching near the place where he suspected that they entered the glen from the main road, had chased a man up this road, a short time before; but the fellow disappeared suddenly in the woods and the officer was obliged to return without finding out anything.

Well, as I was saying, the hired man and I started across the glen and came out on the road, without having seen or heard anything of the distillers. We started for home;

both of us were silent and probably both thinking about the glen and its mystery. There was a sudden turn in the road, and just as we came round this bend I saw a team start down the road at full speed, and the figure of a man, with what seemed like a large bag slung over his shoulder, disappeared in the woods. The officers, as well as the rest of us, had often wondered how these rascals could come and go and yet leave no path, but now it was plain enough to me; the point of a ledge ran down to the road and the solid rock stretched away into the woods. I wondered why some one had not thought of it before. My companion and I remained silent until we had got nearly home, then I said: "Well, John, we have made a discovery." "Yes," he replied. "But we had better keep still for a while, for they will be on their guard." I thought this a very wise idea and so did not mention the matter for about two weeks; then I told my discovery to several of the officers, who resolved to try the following night to discover the distillery and unravel this mystery, if possible.

Accordingly on the next night we all assembled and started for that ledge. I led the way, as I was supposed to know more about it than the others. We all started up the ledge, but before we came to the woods I suggested that three of us go on ahead, while the rest stood ready to follow, at a given signal. It was about half-past eleven, but as the moon shone brightly, we could see quite well. We had gone but a short distance when my quick ear caught the subdued tones of a violin coming, as it seemed, from under the rocks. We pressed on and soon came to the mouth of a cave, which was quite small and well concealed among the boulders. I signaled to the others and we held a hurried consultation at a short distance away. It was decided that we should conceal ourselves and watch, hoping that the

distiller would come out some time before morning. We did not have long to wait, for he soon appeared and started down the rocks towards the road.

Then we understood all. This man ran the distillery and his pals bought up corn in the neighboring regions or perhaps raised some of it themselves and then brought it to the cave. The operations were of course carried on in the night, and the whole thing was so well arranged that the distillers had succeeded in evading the law for a long time.

We seized the man, and when he found that he was discovered, he owned up and told us the whole story.

I then asked him where the music of the violin came from. He said that his daughter kept house for him and that they lived in this cave summers, going to a distant village to live in the winter. He led us down into the cave; about half way down we saw a spring and a brook running from this into the cave and finally through the rocks out into the sunlight. A little further on we came to the distiller's home. A young girl, about eighteen years of age, came to meet us. She was beautiful in every way and I was fascinated by her from the first. The distiller showed us all and then led us back into the moonlight again. His daughter followed, taking only the violin and a bundle of clothing. He was taken to jail and died there before he had served half his sentence. The officers tried to capture some of his associates, but never succeeded.

"But, grandpa," said the child, "what was the young girl's name and what became of her?" "Her name was Alice, and you may ask your grandmother what became of her," said I, as I put her down from my knee and went out into the wood shed after some wood to fix the fire.

The University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates on the faculty.

A Grandson of Bowdoin.

THE newspapers of the North have frequently asked, "Who is Hoke Smith?" If we turn to the History of Bowdoin College we find that, as is the case with President Dole of the Sandwich Islands, we can claim the new Secretary of the Interior as a grandson of the college. The following is found concerning H. H. Smith, LL.D., of the class of '42:

"Hosea Hildreth Smith was born in Deerfield, N. H., February, 1820. After graduating he taught school in Bucksport and elsewhere for some years until 1851, when he became Professor of Mathematics in the German Reformed Collegiate Institute in Newton, N. C., of which, having been chartered as a college, he became president, and held that position three years. In 1857 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of North Carolina, and during the civil war he added to his regular department charge of Greek and mathematics. That institution having been abandoned in 1869, he has since been connected with the public schools in Atlanta, Ga., Shelbyville, Tenn., and Houston, Texas. At this time (1880) he is at the head of the Sam Houston Normal Institute, Huntsville, Texas, having been invited to that position by Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody fund—a compliment to his known ability and experience.

"In 1853 he married Mary Brent Hoke, of Lincolnton, N. C., daughter of Michael Hoke, Esq., a distinguished lawyer. They have four children, two sons and two daughters, the oldest son being a promising lawyer in Atlanta, Ga. He was made LL.D. by the Baylor University, Texas, in 1880."

In a letter to the late Professor Packard, written in 1880 and preserved in the college library, Professor Smith says: "My oldest son Hoke is said to be the most promising young lawyer in Atlanta, Ga. Would that

I could do as much honor to my dear *Alma Mater* as he does to his parents."

Half Way There.

HE comments on the "College Yell" have doubled in number and grown from one-fourth of a page to a page and one-eighth. Both are interesting. Number one is short and honest. In fairness it may be urged that the editor overloaded his gun with too many "B. B. shot," which scattered beautifully, but when the target is inspected it is found intact; also that B is the best consonant to open the mouth, but of the mouth—later.

Number two is laborious and vicious. His efforts are to place the person argued against, on ground he never occupied. This attacking writer, to weather his "probably" point, is so close hauled that his sails flop. Vide his question, "What can be more idiomatic than the word 'Bowdoin'?" In the yell he opposes, the word Bowdoin appears three times. Again, it was never urged that the yell was full of meat, but that certain words were "full of meat as a roast ox." Let him take issue on that point, if he dare. It is very gladly conceded, if he still so desire, that "Massachusetts Hall," "Kings Chapel," "Memorial Hall," "Parker Cleaveland," "Adam Booker," and "the neighboring town of Bath" are fuller of meat than any roast ox, but the college wag can be heard inquiring, "What kind of meat?" A careful perusal of the windward tacking of number two leaves the impression that the writer has forgotten the words of the yell he labors to get the weather gauge on. A like suspicion attaches to number one, viz.: that a kind of sleepiness "used with the mouth open," has caused him to neglect the files of the BOWDOIN ORIENT, supposed to be at his fingers' ends, or within reach of his editorial arms. Both one and two should have reread page 6, Vol. XXI. of the ORIENT. In other words, it was their plain duty to have enlightened

themselves before attacking so "pithily" and recklessly with their individual rants uncovered.

Let us turn from the spectacle and refresh our eyes with the fair and lusty proportions of the "College Cheer":

Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Bowdoin! Bowdoin!

Orient! Bugle! Brunswick! Bowdoin!

If the college athletes or the college non-athletes get tired after the first Bowdoin, let them rest right there, penultimating three more rahs and settle down into a seven by nine hole.

Yale occupies, one side, a short Rah! Harvard, the other side, with a long Rah! While Bowdoin can content herself with a medium-sized Rah! and hug herself with the idea that she is in good company, that Colby will soon join her, and all the colleges finally rest in the same box. But alas, this "good-enough-for-Bowdoin" unction is in error. His proposition "that the general course of college yells seems to have been from complex to simple," is as faulty as his memory of the cheer he criticises, is treacherous. The trend has been just the reverse. The yells of the two oldest colleges and those adopted near that time are simple. The recent cheers are what he characterizes as complex or suggestive. The same has been true of the class yells at Bowdoin College and which are a fair index of the general evolution. This point is worthy of careful consideration, and a study of these class yells reveals the truth that the most suggestive have been the most effective and satisfactory.

This trend is natural and will continue. The idea of dead monotony is abhorrent to college atmosphere. Each college should have its own colors and its own characteristic cheer.

Now, finally and honestly, for the writer never intended to be drawn into a discussion, he will say that he has heard and known

the yell of execution. It is always given with the mouth open and held open. A college yell should be different. It is not given by men working at the oar, or bat. It should contain elements of exultation and defiance. This was his dream. The words not to be rattled like the Yale Rah, but triumphant like the waters of Pejepscot Falls.

All this discussion is useless except as an incentive to effort and the sifting out of false notions. The proof of the pudding is the eating of it. These yells must be fairly digested by actual practice of the same by a hundred or so of the students. Give each cheer different renderings till its best rendering can be obtained. Give each a fair, honest trial and then see which is effective and satisfactory. Do not summon in the school committee man or the ghost of Parker Cleaveland unless their presence is actually needed to inform the Bowdoin boys what their voices can compass or how their mouths shall be opened. It may be well, after ascertaining the best method of rendering a yell, to try it under the inspiration of an audience at the close of the Athletic Exhibition in Brunswick or at Portland or Bath, if enough students are present.

The Pessioptimist.

THIS is the time of year when the newly fledged voter feels his importance. The ranks of Bowdoin's upper classes are quite materially thinned on election days, when those who have gained man's estate are called upon to seek their homes and cast their votes for the future rulers of their municipalities. But there was one fair-haired individual, a Senior by the way, whose going home was for naught. For several days he hesitated between remaining faithful to his college duties or his party's needs. The latter

finally triumphed, and he bied himself forth to his paternal mansion with all the ardor of an old-time politician. But alas, his hesitancy had cost him his suffrage, for he arrived shortly after the eleventh hour, and the board of registration had closed its books for the season. It is a good motto for young voters not only to vote "early and often," but to be sure and get the opportunity.

* * * * *

A course of lectures by different professors would not be very far amiss during the winter months. To be sure we see quite a good deal of the professors in the classroom, but there are plenty of topics besides those taken up there, that would not only be extremely interesting but profitable. Moreover everybody in college has not the chance to take certain studies of which he may know very little. A comprehensive lecture, dealing broadly with the subject, would be very welcome and greatly appreciated.

* * * * *

There is nothing that a college man will not do to pass away the few leisure hours which fall to his lot. Of all the pastimes the Pessioptimist has heard of since being in college, that of bringing up a puppy bears the palm for uniqueness. Yet a certain Junior has undertaken the task, and set about it with an avidity that promises great things for his youthful protégé.

The animal has already passed the first of Shakespeare's seven ages, and is entering with all his canine instincts upon the second. May he grow up an honor to the institution that gave him shelter and a safeguard to his indulgent master.

* * * * *

The atmosphere of Bowdoin, and particularly that which pervades the ORIENT sanctum, has been overladen for the past two weeks with the yell question. It seems to the Pessioptimist that all this mere talk and

quibbling will amount to nothing unless the college itself takes some action on the matter. Let the yell enthusiasts call a meeting, have a committee appointed; then let this body give their ideas and present the most feasible yells. Perhaps in this way we can decide whether we have outgrown the old one, and what is most suitable and acceptable for the new. Action speaks louder than a multitude of words.

Rhyme and Reason.

Could I Not Find Thee There?

Could I not find thee there, in realms divine,
If unknown worlds should hide thy face from mine,
The Eden gardens of that golden isle,
Far from thy silvery voice, far from thy smile,
Without the sunshine of thy loving eyes,
Would not be Paradise.

Could I not find thee there, on would I speed,
Unwearied where the swift cloud-horses lead,
By gleaming paths, that trace a wandering star,
With distant suns for torches, and afar
'Mid fountains play and flowers, deathless blown,
My heart would find its own.

Memories of Summer.

The days of summer, long since past,
Were days of pleasure and of ease,
When softly blew the balmy breeze
And long did lingering daylight last.

What happiness their memories bring
Of days from care and sorrow free,
What outings by the land or sea,
In joyful measures do they sing.

And now, when winter closes round,
And all without is cold and drear,
Like some fair picture, bright and clear,
Our summer memories are found.

They cheer us through the dreary parts
Of all the dismal winter days,
And brighter, softer grow their rays,
With greater joy they fill our hearts.

And when the spring-time comes once more,
They softly, gently fade away;
Their time is over, past their day,
The coming pleasures are before.

But they are never wholly past.
They still remain and have their place.
In that dim halo, full of grace,
That glows behind us, they still last.

Andrew Preston Peabody.

There is a greatness that is far above
The knowledge of the vulgar throng of men,
Above the soldier's sword or poet's pen,
The greatness of a broad, all-conquering love.
It was not found by Horace, who could move
Strong men to mirth or tears, nor later when
Great Cromwell, conquering, stood on Marston
Fen,
Or captive led a king, to better prove
His own might, stronger than a right sublime.
It was reserved until this later day
To find a man of men, humble yet high,
Whose heart might hold a love greater than time,
Broader than space. Dear, venerable, gray,
Kindly old man, must you then also die?

My Banjo.

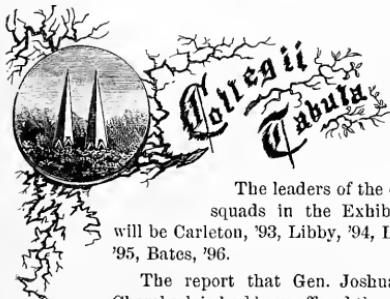
When with study I am sated,
Comes the hour for which I've waited,
And my evening's work is o'er,
Then I take my banjo merry,
And all cares of study bury,
As I play the old familiar melodies once more.

And a sense of quiet coming
As I keep my idle thrumming,
I am filled with joy and rest;
And I call my banjo charming,
With its mystic power embalming
Its happy master, who is surely doubly blest.

No companion half so trusty
As this friend with voice so lusty,
None so fits to every freak,
But in joy this rings with gladness,
And in gloom is low with sadness,
Filled with sympathy as strong as one could seek.

Yale College has had but twelve presidents during its nearly two hundred years of existence.

Athletic Exhibition: Brunswick, March 17; Portland, March 21; Bath, March 24.



The leaders of the class squads in the Exhibition will be Carleton, '93, Libby, '94, Lord, '95, Bates, '96.

The report that Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain had been offered the presidency of the Maine State College has been denied by the trustees, who say that the man has not yet been decided upon.

Haskell, '95, has returned to college.

Currier, '94, was ill a few days last week.

Lyford, '96, is at home on account of illness.

Bean, '92, was seen on the campus March 3d.

Anderson, '94, is spending a few weeks in Washington.

Stone, '96, has been suffering from an attack of tonsilitis.

The Θ Δ X boarding club has moved to Andrews's Restaurant.

Whitecomb, '94, who has been ill for some time, has returned.

Jenks, '93, has returned to college after a business visit to Boston.

President Hyde preached in the Colby chapel, February 26th.

The Sophomore French division is reading "La Fontaine."

The Sophomores have re-elected Bryant manager of their crew.

Ridley, '93, will not return this year, but will enter '94 next fall.

Lord, '94, has been home ill, but returned to college last Tuesday.

Pearson, '96, has been confined to his room several days by a severe strain.

Several sub-Freshmen have been on the campus during the past three weeks.

Bucknam, '95, was called home week before last by the death of a near relative.

Holmes, '95, has been employed the past month in the city clerk's office, Lewiston.

The College Y. M. C. A. held their annual business meeting March 2d, and elected officers.

The town elections Monday decreased the attendance at recitations materially in the two upper classes.

Professor Chapman preached in Bangor two weeks ago, and delivered a lecture in the same place March 6th.

Portland has been thoroughly billed for the Exhibition there March 21st, and cards have been placed in all the street-cars.

W. W. Thomas, '94, who has been so long ill with pleurisy, will probably not return to college until the last of the month.

"Joshua Simpkins" attracted a large audience to the Town Hall. The piece was well given, and several of the roles were unusually well taken.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop recently presented the library with several valuable autograph letters and documents of the Bowdoin family, relating to the foundation and early history of the college.

The Augusta papers report that the Capital City seems to be a favorite place for Bowdoin students to spend their spare hours, judging from the number seen there lately, but admits that it is more the fault of the Augusta young ladies than of the boys.

A Freshman Debating Club has been organized under the following officers: President, Bates; Vice-President, French; Secretary and Treasurer, Blodgett; Historian, Pierce; Executive Committee, Hebb, Coburn, Clough, Newbegin, and Marston. The first regular meeting was held March 7th.

A series of three lectures, given for the benefit of the Brunswick Public Library, is well under way. March 7th Professor Woodruff lectured on "Athens," March 14th Professor Wells spoke on the "Scramble for Africa," and March 21st Professor Houghton will treat of "Japan." It is a very interesting course.

At the annual meeting of the Tennis Association, held March 1st, officers were elected as follows: President, Pickard, '94; Vice-President, French, '95; Secretary, W. S. Kimball, '95; Executive Committee, Pickard, '94, French, '95, Littlefield, '94. The treasurer reported a small balance remaining from last year.

Dyer, M. S., has been elected by the Portland Athletic Club as gymnasium instructor, and will

enter upon his duties in a few weeks. Besides his natural suitability for such a position he has had considerable experience in that line of work, having been instructor in the Portland Turnverein and in charge of the Phillips Exeter Gym.

The Sophomore class have decided to have a supper at the close of the spring term and have elected banquet officers as follows: Toastmaster, Stetson; Opening Address, Wood; Presentations, Roberts; Poet, Thayer; Historian, Jackson; Prophet, Pope; Committee on Arrangements, Mitchell, Haskell, Webber; Committee on Programmes, Fairbanks, W. S. Kimball, Hatch.

The business meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held at Waterville, March 4th. The following officers were elected: President, H. M. Connors, Colby; Vice-President, R. A. Sturges, Bates; Secretary, F. W. Pickard, Bowdoin; Treasurer, H. Murray, Maine State College. It was decided to hold the annual tournament in Portland, on May 30th and June 1st, 2d, and 3d.

The '94 *Bugle* will probably be out before the next issue of the *ORIENT*, as it is expected about the 28th. The editors say that it will be "larger, brighter, and better" than ever before; that all the athletic interests will be represented by photographs of the teams; that the picture of the class of '94, which is to be the frontispiece, is alone sufficient to make the book immortal; and that altogether they recommend the book as worth buying. We suppose, therefore, that everybody will invest in several, as the supply is limited and the demand likely to be great.

The second annual meeting of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association was held in Brunswick, March 4th. Representatives from eight schools were present and elected officers as follows: President, C. F. Valentine, Augusta; Vice-President, John Stevens, Jr., Bangor; Secretary, F. W. Woodbridge, Augusta; Treasurer, S. B. Furbish, Brunswick; Executive Committee, F. R. Dyer, Hebron, J. W. Emery, Westbrook, R. H. Palmer, Bangor. Bangor and Gardiner have lately been admitted to membership, making the total number of schools fifteen. The next field-day will be held June 13th, at either Augusta, Brunswick, or Lewiston.

There will be no base-ball games between Princeton and Harvard this year. Princeton refused to play unless Harvard would play only undergraduates on her team.

Y. M. C. A.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, G. C. DeMott, '94; Vice-President, B. L. Bryant, '95; Corresponding Secretary, A. L. Churchill, '95; Recording Secretary, C. W. Marston, '96; Treasurer, H. O. Clough, '96.

The men who have achieved the greatest results in this world have been those who were actuated by some master passion. Their souls were occupied by some one thing which subordinated everything else to itself. They were, in a certain sense, men of one idea. For though their minds may have contained many ideas, yet a single purpose directed and animated them all. With Sir Isaac Newton the master-passion was science; with Jay Gould to make money; with Lloyd Garrison to secure freedom for the slaves; with Paul the service of Jesus Christ was the sovereign purpose of his soul.

There is a prodigious power in this singleness of heart, this enthroning of one ruling affection in the soul. Even a man of ordinary talents and endowments becomes a leading character when Jesus Christ owns and controls him. The man who follows Christ so thoroughly that he carries other people with him by the sheer momentum of his Godliness is the one who attains to a commanding influence in religious work.

What was the "one thing" which Paul set before himself? He tells us that "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He was not willing to sit down, satisfied with his present attainments. Upward and onward was his motto. Every achievement was only a stimulus to further progress. He had a holy ambition to reach the very highest mark possible this side of heaven. Just what the great apostle aimed at ought to be the aim of every one of us.

Are we fighting resolutely with the sins that so easily beset us? Do we grow more self-denying, more humble, more fearless for the truth, more patient under crosses, more thoughtful of others and less of our own comfort, and more ready to put self under our feet that we may exalt Jesus?

Is our faith getting stronger, our hope becoming brighter, and our love becoming more pure, more ardent, and more ready to "bear the burdens of others and so fulfill the law of Christ"? Such questions as these may be well applied to ourselves,

in order that we may know whether we are really advancing toward the goal set before us. We should remember that on our own responsibility must we push forward, but not in our own strength. "They that wait on the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."



'46.—John Anderson Waterman died at his home in Gorham, Me., Monday, March 6th. Judge Waterman was born in Windham, June, 1827. He fitted for college

at the Gorham Academy, under Rev. Amos Brown, and graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1846. His scholarship in college was of a high order, and he graduated with the highest honors of his class. After graduation he studied law with Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Alfred, and Hon. Josiah Pierce, of Gorham. After admittance to the Bar he settled in Gorham, in the practice of his profession, and has always made his residence there. He was treasurer of Cumberland County in 1857-58, and later filled with distinction the office of Judge of Probate for the county. He has been on the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College for several years. He leaves a wife, three daughters, and a son, John A. Waterman, Jr., now practicing law in Brunswick. Judge Waterman has been closely identified with the religious, educational, and social history of his town, and has been honored repeatedly with positions in its governmental affairs, and has won the respect, confidence, and love, not only of his townspeople, but of all who have known him.

'73.—Hon. A. F. Moulton, of Portland, gave a lecture on "Trial by Ordeal," before the students of Westbrook Seminary, Thursday, March 2d.

'77.—The *Lewiston Journal* says:

When Lieut. Peary, the Maine explorer, was in Buffalo, a few days ago, his hotel was besieged by boys and young men who wanted to go with him to the North Pole next summer. To one of them he said in effect:

"Have you ever been to the Arctic regions?" "No."

"Have you been a sailor?" "No."

"A mechanic?" "No."

"Are you grounded in any branch of scientific knowledge?" "No."

"You have no special qualifications?" "No, but I can work."

"You are the man for me," said the Lieutenant, and the applicant flushed with hope. "But, by the way," he continued, "there is a slight preliminary before we sign papers. You will pay \$5,000 towards the expense of the expedition."

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Certainly." You may remember that Mr. Vereshoff paid \$3,000 for the privilege of accompanying me on my last expedition, and he, you know, was a man of scientific attainments, and he lost his life in the expedition."

The applicant waited to hear no more.

'78.—Professor George C. Purington, who has been principal of the Farmington State Normal School for nearly ten years, has been offered the management of a school in the West with a salary of \$4,000 a year. His salary at Farmington being about \$1,800, it is probable that he will accept the offer.

'82.—Arthur F. Belcher has resigned his position as cashier of the National Bank at Farmington.

'89.—George L. Rogers has resigned his position as treasurer of the Farmington Loan and Building Association.

'89.—D. E. Owen was elected common councilman in Saco at the recent municipal election.

'89.—Mervyn A. Rice, the Democratic candidate for mayor of Rockland, succeeded at the recent municipal election in reducing the majority of his opponent to less than a hundred in that strongly Republican city.

'91.—Harry DeF. Smith, of Gardiner, for the past two years sub-master of the Rockland High School, has been elected principal of the Lincoln Street Grammar School, Rockland.

'91.—Married, Tuesday, March 7th, Fred Washburn Dudley and Miss Lillian Holmes.

Medical, '91.—On March 8th, Dr. H. C. Hanson, of Yarmouth, and Miss Mony L. Jones were married. The ushers were Dr. Nickerson, '89, and B. D. Ridlon, '91.

IN MEMORIAM.

N. E. I. A. A. CONVENTION.

Whereas God, in his infinite wisdom, during the past year has deemed it best to remove from earth our true and well-beloved ex-president, Charles Otis Wells, and whereas we feel that the Associa-

tion has lost by his death a tried and loyal friend, and one ever interested in her welfare and progress, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives and to all who are bereaved by his death;

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed on the records of the Association, and that a copy of the same be printed in the various papers of the associate colleges.

HENRY T. NOYES, JR.,
CLARENCE W. MCKAY,
LEON B. BACON,
Committee for the Convention.

BOSTON, February 11th.

Book Reviews.

(*Greek-English Word List*, by Robert Baird. Boston: Ginn & Co.) This list contains that portion of the Greek vocabulary which every student ought to have under control; the ordinary prose words and their compounds. These are arranged in groups of such form as the mind more easily retains. Those of common origin and associated in meaning are brought together.

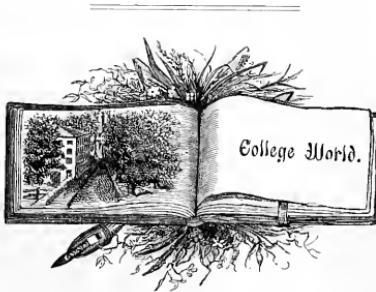
D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have just issued *Schiller's Der Neffe als Onkel*, edited with arguments, notes, and vocabulary, by H. S. Beresford-Webb, Wellington College, England.

This bright three-act comedy furnishes very enjoyable and easy reading of an entirely unobjectionable character, and will always be a favorite text with teachers.

(*L'Expedition de le Jeune Hardie*. By Jules Verne. Edited, with notes vocabulary and a list of irregular verbs, by W. S. Dyon, M.A. Boston: D. C. Heath.) A thrilling little story of arctic adventure. A young captain is rescued by a relief party, of which his betrothed is one of the leading spirits. Notwithstanding the intense cold and hardships she goes forward with the others. The little band is finally found in the far North, and brought back safely.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue about March 15th Beaumarchais' *Le Barbier de Séville*, edited with introduction and notes by I. H. B. Spiers, of William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.

This four-act comedy is one of the masterpieces in French literature, because of its intrinsic interest—its delightful humor—and its felicitous form and style. Throughout the play the dialogue is brilliant and incisive, full of wit and vivacity.



HEREDITY.

Her father had been a highwayman
And this perhaps may explain
To me, poor uninformed layman,
Why she always holds up a train.

—*Brunonian.*

Grinnell College, Iowa, requires a standing of 80 per cent. of all students taking part in athletic contests.

At a mass meeting at Dartmouth \$800 was pledged for the support of the base-ball team.

A \$75 trophy will be awarded to the winner of either base-ball or foot-ball in the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association.

The West Point Cadets will encamp two or three weeks on the Exposition grounds at Chicago next summer.

President Harrison has been offered and accepted the chair of Constitutional Law in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The plan is to have him go to California and remain there three months every year, delivering the lectures within that time. It is understood that his annual salary will be \$15,000.

'TWAS EVEN THUS.

Said Adam to Eve, " My dear, will you view
With me the strange animals kept in our Zoo ? "
Eve sobbingly answered while combing her hair,
" Alas, my dear Adam, I've nothing to wear."

—*Blue and White.*

Leland Stanford, Jr., University will this year follow the lead of eastern universities in opening a summer school—the first of its kind on the Pacific coast.

About one-third of the Senior class at Williams College will have Commencement appointments this year.

At the recent meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association Brown and Wesleyan were admitted to membership.

Out of 195,000 recruits for the Russian army, 141,000 were absolutely illiterate.

Yale holds four intercollegiate records, Princeton four, Harvard three, Amherst two, and Columbia one.

Princeton's faculty has decided that no student can represent the college and any outside organization in athletics during the same year.

Seven members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet are college bred men.

Miss Garrett has given Johns Hopkins \$400,000 during the past year.

Columbia now gives the degree of A.B. for a three years' course, providing the student afterwards takes a professional course.

At Swarthmore the subject of student self-government is being agitated. The faculty are in sympathy with the movement.

PADEREWSKI.

If Paderewski draws a crowd
Who partly go to see his hair,
Pray tell me, can it be allowed,
There's capillary attraction there?
—Brunonian.

Preliminary steps have been taken to establish in Chicago a great medical school which shall rival

the best European institutions. It is proposed to combine several of the best schools already existing in the city and make them a department of the University of Chicago.

The following is the yell of the theologues at DePauw University: "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, the Gospel does away with the law; we're Theologs of old DePauw; a greater school none ever saw. Amen!"

A young colored woman passed the best entrance examination at the University of Chicago for the year beginning this term.

John S. Johnson, the bicyclist, lowered the skating records for 100 and 120 yards at Minneapolis, Wednesday, covering 100 yards in 9.45 seconds.

It was discovered that there was some skidding done during the last examination in the Freshman and Junior classes at Wesleyan, and a committee of students has been appointed to look into the matter, in view of the fact the conduct of the examination had been placed in the hands of the students.

The recent hazing troubles at Wesleyan has brought about resolutions from the different classes, agreeing to refrain from and to disownenance bazing during the rest of their course.

One thousand dollars has been contributed by the class of '88 at Brown for the college library.

The Senior class of Cornell have voted not to wear cap and gown on the Commencement stage.

The libraries at Ann Arbor and Williams are open on Sunday.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

565 Congress St., - PORTLAND, ME.



BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 29, 1893.

No. 17.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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F. W. PICKARD, '94.

TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, \$2.00.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 4, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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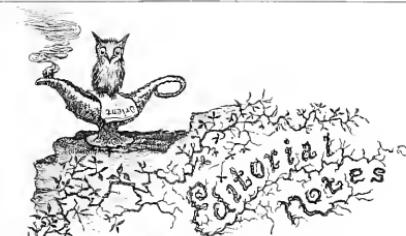
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The new ORIENT Board has organized as follows:

F. W. PICKARD, '94, Managing Editor.

F. J. LIBBY, '94, Assistant Managing Editor.

B. L. BRYANT, '95, Business Manager.

H. E. ANDREWS, '94, Exchanges.

J. C. MINOT, '96, } Locals.

H. H. PIERCE, '96, } Locals.

H. W. THAYER, '95, Rhyme and Reason.

E. M. SIMPSON, '94, Personals.

J. E. DUNNING, Pessioptimist.

A. G. WILEY, '95, Athletics.

THE time has come for us to lay aside the editorial pen, hang up the shears, and turn over to other hands all the cares and responsibilities of the college paper. We wish to express our thanks to the associate editors and to the numerous contributors for their hearty co-operation, which rendered the editor's task a comparatively easy one, and made it possible to issue the numbers promptly.

We extend our best wishes to the new editorial board. Having been familiar with the work of every member of it during the past year, we entertain the brightest hopes for the future of the ORIENT and can assure our readers that a treat is in store for them during the coming year. The new manag-

ing editor, to whom we transfer all our journalistic goods and chattels, together with our "good-will," is an able writer and thorough newspaper man. Our relations with him, not only during the two years of association upon the ORIENT board, but through an acquaintance of many years, enables us to confidently assert that the ORIENT will thrive and flourish under his management.

WE MUST not neglect to say a few words to our readers, in whose interests we have labored during the past year. Our Mr. Bryant will call on our subscribers and advertisers in Brunswick and will communicate with those in more distant cities concerning a very important matter. Any favor shown to him will be gratefully appreciated by the editors.

WHE ORIENT is still without an office. We hope that as soon as arrangements can be made some room will be provided, as it is really a very necessary matter. When the ORIENT gets settled again there are several things which we should like to see managed better than at present. Not only should complete files of our own paper be kept, but also files of the most important of our college exchanges. Some of them would prove of value for future reference. The exchanges should also be kept so that the students could have access to them. Of course this would be impossible in all cases, but the papers of the leading colleges at least might be placed in binders and made to serve a more useful purpose than they now do.

WE DO not intend to give any fatherly advice to the new editors, but will venture to say a few words to the numerous contributors, who are doubtless even now sharpening their wits and their lead pencils in preparation for the coming campaign.

Our experience has shown that one of the most common faults is the writing of too long articles. Do not have the idea that the ORIENT editors are more likely to accept an article of two thousand words than one of five hundred or one thousand words. In case of a story of course it is difficult to be so brief, but the chances are that the best story will be one that has been weeded down the most. What is true of prose articles is especially true of poetry. The long poems are apt to be extremely thin, while it is very often the case that the most thought and the most work is put into fourteen lines or less. Do not conceive the idea that the ORIENT needs a ten-stanza poem to help fill up. Do not use cartridge paper or cardboard to write on, as the ORIENT editors have to pay the postage, and they are poor. It would seem unnecessary to tell college men to write only on one side of the sheet, but we have known of persons who did not understand this rule. Until you get to be famous it is best not to be careless with your handwriting. When possible refrain from writing poems on the "Chapel Towers," the "Bowdoin Pines," etc. These subjects have all been ably treated heretofore. For new subjects we would suggest the copper dome of the Art Building, and to poets especially endowed with imagination, the Brunswick sewers. Finally, if it is positively necessary to write a poem concerning the glowing leaves of October, and the author should chance to recollect that the next number of the ORIENT is not due until Thanksgiving, let him save his verses until another year and get a "cinch" on the next autumn by handing them in about the middle of September.

A GLANCE at the index of the volume shows that the prize of \$5.00, offered for the greatest number of poems published, will have to be divided between Messrs. Minot and Russ, each of whom have contributed

eight poems. Mr. Andrews has written more, but is ineligible, being on the Board of Editors. Messrs. Thayer and Pierce come close behind with seven apiece, and are therefore entitled to "honorable mention." The other prizes will be announced as soon as the judges make their decision.

MMR. A. S. DYER, '91, who is to take Mr. Tolman's place in the spring term, was one of the leading scholars and literary men in his class and will undoubtedly fill the position ably. Mr. Tolman will return in September if his health permits.

AN ENERGETIC attempt is being made to better the sanitary condition of the town by constructing a system of sewage. As all previous movements in this direction have been defeated by the suburban vote, this difficulty has been overcome by the organization of the Brunswick Village Corporation, which includes that part of the town situate within the radius of a mile from the Town Hall. A charter was obtained from the legislature a few weeks ago, and was accepted by the voters of the village last week. The citizens of Brunswick can well afford to pay a little higher rate of taxes to improve the present outrageous state of affairs.

WE WISH to thank our printers for their uniform courtesy and faithful work during the past year, which has reduced the editorial work to a minimum.

The Oxford-Cambridge boat race, March 22d, was won by Oxford. Both crews struggled desperately, but the Oxford crew pulled a more powerful and telling stroke and passed the finishing line two and a half lengths ahead of Cambridge. The official time was 18 minutes and 47 seconds, the best time ever made over the course. The best previous time made by Oxford last year was 19 minutes and 21 seconds.

The Landing of the "Pilgrim."

THIE "Pilgrim" is steaming slowly in to her dock at the gay summer resort of wealth and fashion. The day is one of July's best; all the land and sea are animate with summer's sweet presence; and every living thing cries out for very joy in the mere delight of existence.

He stands on the main deck of the big white monster, far out toward the bow. He is scanning with eager eyes the throng of humanity that clings to the dock like swarming bees to the willow branch. At first he does not notice that he is watching so steadily, but when the thought comes to him a minute later he becomes suddenly angry with himself, and mutters an impatient exclamation under his breath. Why should he of all the world look so earnestly for the familiar face and form which his memory knows so well, but which should long ago have been forgotten? It is weak; unmanly; sentimental. But he keeps on looking! And all the while the steamer is paddling slowly ahead.

It was only a year ago, he thinks,—half ashamed of himself for bringing up this sweet, if sad, recollection,—only a year ago that he had stood on that self-same deck, and had glanced furtively at the fair face and figure; but then the steamer was outward bound, and he was parting from her in anger,—an anger, however, which was so very suggestive of fault on his part that it galled him yet to think about it.

Yet think of it he did, every day of that short year, and it is on account of the uncontrollable longing that has arisen from this most pernicious habit, that he had come down again to view in remorseful loneliness the scene of his first and only love affair. For he was very young, only twenty-three, you know, and he was foolish enough to let the loss of the best little girl in the world take all the sentiment out of his life, and he

was fast becoming one of those most horrid mental deformities, a youthful cynic.

"One bell, quartermaster."

The big boat is slowing down. Now he sees the very spot where she had stood that last moonlight night, when they strolled down the deserted dock to love, and quarrel, and part—is it to be forever?

He thinks he is looking at the spot, but in a moment he knows that all his eyes and all his heart are fastened on that slim blue-clad figure, which he knows, oh, so well. She is not looking his way, and he may gaze with all his might. "A cat may look at a king," he grimly tells himself.

"One bell, quartermaster."

The powerful engines cease their tireless throbings, and the boat drifts on in silence. His heart is beating painfully. He trembles with excitement. He longs for the engines to start once more. His pulses seem to fill the air. Nearer draws the big boat. Swish, flap! go the forward spring-lines, followed close by the snaky hawsers. He can see her face now. Oh, how sweet, how fair she is standing there in radiant and unconscious beauty! Fool, fool that he had been to cast away this dainty rose-bud. Ah! She has caught his eyes. See how she starts and pales. He is as pale as she, but his eyes never leave her face. What means that covet glance from out those timid drooping lids?

"Two bells, quartermaster. Stern lines there." Ay, reverse your engines if you will, Sir Captain, in all your glory of gold lace and buttons. With all your triple expansion might you cannot tear asunder the slowly reuniting bonds of these two hearts.

He stands like a statue by the starboard rail; a good jump would land him at her side on the dock. But he is looking for one more glance from the blue eyes, now a bare twenty feet away. But she hesitates. Will she not do it? He is glad that the slowly

reversing engines make the hull beneath him tremble as if in accord with his own mood. Ah, will she not look?

"One bell, quartermaster."

A weakened shake or two, and all is quiet. Even the rabble on shore hush their frivolous tongues as the steamer comes gliding slowly in. It is now or never. The after hawser is being pulled ashore, and he knows that once the magnetic spell is broken she is lost to him forever.

To him the silence seems awful. But now she moves uneasily under his glance. And, oh, it is all so unmaidenly and indiscreet, but as she turns to make some smiling reply to the love-lorn dudel at her elbow, with blushing cheeks she bravely turns those lovely brimming eyes to the man on the deck, a sweet summons in every line of her dear face.

It is enough. With a quick bound he gains the rail. On drifts the "Pilgrim," but he cannot wait. Another athletic leap, and he is on the dock and at her side, and while in a lover's defiance of propriety, and conventionality, and the etiquette of the 150, he is whispering in her dainty ear things that cause her face to flame and her eyes to shine, over the tumultuous greetings, and cabmen's calls, and all the noisy bustle of landing comes the loud call of a salt-sea voice, "All fast here, sir," and the "Pilgrim" is in.

What We Saw in the Mountains.

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise."

—Parnell.

MANY years ago, before the Adirondack region, in the State of New York, became so well known to hunters and sportsmen, wild game of all kinds was in abundance there, and it did not require a fisherman, even if he did not chance to be a disciple of

Izaak Walton, a whole day's time to catch three dozen speckled beauties. These regions were more beautiful then than they can possibly be at the present time, for the grandeur and ruggedness of Nature stood forth in silent strength, and many of those beautiful swirling pools at the foot of noisy cascades, where the larger trout make their homes, had never seen the wary angler's hook and line.

A party of us, consisting of young fellows, working at different trades in the thriving, little town of M—, resolved, during the spring months, to spend two weeks, camping out, that summer in the Adirondacks. Accordingly we laid our plans and got everything ready for our outing. We had decided that the last week in August and the first week in September would be the only time, when we could all take this short vacation, so the twenty-seventh of August found us at the foot of one of the mountains, in a pleasant spot on the south side, near a rushing stream, which, to all appearances, was well stocked with trout. We had a fine time and everything was pleasant. The weather was even better than we had dared to hope. The hunting and fishing was good, and we had great luck. Near the end of our stay in the mountains and woods of this wild and then comparatively unknown region, my chum, whom I shall call Tom, and myself made a discovery, which served as a good story to tell when we got back into civilization, and which I will try to tell now, striving to be as brief as possible, if the reader will excuse the many mistakes, as I am a regular blockhead at writing anything.

We two were hunting in the afternoon, when we made our discovery, and having strayed quite a distance from our camp, did not know in which direction to start in order to get back.

"Well, this is a pretty fix," said Tom, looking at me and laughing in his merry way.

"It is likely to be prettier, if we do not find our way pretty soon," said I, as I glanced at the sun through the trees. It was rapidly going down in the west and I knew if we did not get back before dark that we should have to stay out all night in the woods. Tom laughed and said that we should soon strike the brook and then it would be easy enough to follow that to the camp. He always saw the bright side of things and consequently was rather a happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow. We floundered around among the trees and undergrowth for a while and finally came upon a small brook. We were glad to find it, because we well knew that, if we followed this brook down, we should soon come to the main stream on which our camp was pitched.

"My, but aint this water cold!" said Tom, as he rose from the spot where he had laid down to drink. The water was very cold, and evidently came from a spring quite near.

Starting down stream we soon came to a well-worn path, which surprised us very much as we were in an out of the way place and had supposed that we were the only human beings within twenty miles of the spot.

"Let's follow this path," said Tom, and up he started with me following behind. We went a short distance and suddenly came out into an opening.

"Stop," said a gruff voice, close behind us, and turning we saw a rifle pointed at our heads. "What do you want here," spoke the same gruff voice. We proceeded to explain as quickly as we could, for it was sort of unpleasant to see a loaded rifle staring us in the face. After we had told our story the man invited us to come in and see his home. We followed into his hut and saw a strange sight. On the inside was everything that one needed to live upon. At the farther end was a large hollow or cave in the rocks, which was filled with supplies of all kinds, the flesh

of animals he had killed and various fruits and vegetables that he raised in his garden, which he showed us the next day. He told us that we could stay there that night, and the following day he would take us back to our camp. In the evening, after we had eaten of the substantial supper, which the hermit placed before us, we sat around the fire in the open fire-place, built of stone, and he told us his story. It was a sad tale. He was once, he said, a young man, rich and talented, living in New York City. He had a good situation and many friends, but falling in with evil companions he had become dissipated and went down quickly. He had a perfect craze for drink and soon lost his position. The young lady to whom he was engaged told him that he would have to leave off drinking and entirely reform before she could marry him. On trying to leave off he found, as many others have done, that he could not do it. He went from bad to worse. One evening he chanced to hear a noted preacher speak. The sermon touched his heart, and filled with remorse he resolved to go anywhere to get away from the city and free from its temptation. Wandering to one of the small towns near these mountains, he resolved to live a hermit's life among the hills and had come to this beautiful spot in the woods.

Five years after he had settled here, he resolved to return to the city and marry the young woman who had loved him, believing that he had conquered his terrible appetite. On arriving in the city he was informed, by one of his former friends, that she was married and had gone to one of the Western states to live. Heartbroken, he turned away and resolved to go back to his hut in the woods. He had lived there since, he told us, making one or two trips a year to a little settlement north of the mountain to get powder and shot and other necessities for his simple life. He had a small library of

the best books and had evidently studied deep into religious subjects.

The next day we returned to camp, and our friends were glad enough to see us, as they had worried about us all night.

A few days later we went back home, resolving to come again the next year. We were all agreed that it was the best time we had ever seen, and carried home enough game and fish to prove it. Our acquaintance with the hermit had been a very pleasant one, and Tom and I resolved to go and see him when we went camping out the following summer.

The Best Yet.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS.

To the Editor of the Orient:

DEAR SIR: Having read with much interest the many yells which have been offered for Bowdoin's acceptance, one occurred to me. I submit the same for your rejection. This yell has at least two points in its favor. In the first place it is jolly. It also has the carrying power of Harvard's Rah! since it resembles it so closely. The first two words have a rising, and the third a falling inflection. The last is left to the discretion of those using it. It is:

Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! Bowdoin!

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF BOWDOIN.

March twenty-second.

The Athletic Exhibition.

THE seventh annual exhibition was given by the Athletic Association, in Town Hall, March 17th. In point of excellence the exhibition this year was about on par with that of last year, which was probably the best ever given by the Association. As is usually the case each succeeding season, a few of the tricks were inferior to those of the preceding year, but this was fully com-

pensed for by the superior quality of many of the others.

A new feature in the Senior fencing drill was the wearing of the regulation caps and gowns. This new departure may have attracted the gaze of the audience from the quality of the drill to that of their costumes, but the judges decided that their "sins of omission and sins of commission" had placed the prize beyond their reach.

A pleasing change was made in the substitution of broadswords for single sticks in the Junior drill.

Aside from a few mistakes in the Senior drill, which was especially long and difficult, the class drills were rather better than last year. The prize cup was awarded to the Freshman class.

The diving, particularly that of Bucknam, Bates, and Coburn, was extremely good. The work on the "parallels," by Foster, was equal to any that has been seen here for several years. Machan, Foster, and Smith, on the horizontal bar, gave several new and difficult tricks. Foster performed the "giant swing" to the delight of the audience.

The most taking thing, though, was the boxing of Lord and Knowlton. It went off with a snap and vim which was highly pleasing to the spectators. Knowlton, however, was a trifle too heavy for his opponent.

Foster's work on the flying rings and the special tumbling of Bucknam and Carleton deserves special mention.

The pole vaulting was excellent, considering the limited advantages which the stage offered for such work.

The "human pyramids" were better and more gracefully built than in any previous exhibition ever given.

Gilbert's Orchestra furnished the music during the exhibition and for the dance which took place at its close. H. A. Ross ably managed the affair. The judges for the class drills were Dr. C. E. Adams, Fred

E. Parker, George J. D. Currie. Baxter, '94, was master of ceremonies.

Last year the experiment was tried of repeating the exhibition in Portland. The result was fairly successful. This year the plan was extended and Bath also was included. Financially, this year, the exhibition at Portland was a failure, owing most probably to a combination of circumstances which could not be altered. The exhibit at Bath was financially a success. Both at Portland and Bath the exhibition itself was superior to that given in Brunswick. This was due, in part, to the appearance of Gahan, '87, who was unable to participate in Brunswick. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

FENCING DRILL.—Class of '93, E. H. Carleton, leader. Messrs. Machan, Bucknam, Chapin, May, Haggett, Hussey, Jenks, Jones, P. M. Shaw.

DIVING AND TUMBLING.—Messrs. Bucknam, Foster, Gahan, Carleton, Jenks, Machan, Stubbs, C. E. Lord, A. J. Lord, W. Kimball, W. E. Leighton, Kyes, Dane, Bates, Coburn.

PARALLEL BARS.—Messrs. Machan, Foster, Gahan, A. J. Lord, W. E. Leighton, F. Smith, Bates.

BROADSWORD DRILL.—Class of '94, F. J. Libby, leader. Messrs. Briggs, H. E. Bryant, C. M. Leighton, Knight, E. Simpson, Flood, Littlefield, A. Chapman, Wilbur, Stevens, E. Thomas.

MUSIC.

HORIZONTAL BAR.—Messrs. Foster, Machan, Gahan, F. Smith, Bucknam.

BOXING.—Messrs. C. E. D. Lord and J. G. W. Knowlton.

SPECIAL TUMBLING.—Messrs. Bucknam and Carleton, A. J. Lord and Gahan, Machan and W. E. Leighton.

DUMB-BELL DRILL.—Class of '95, C. E. D. Lord, leader. Messrs. W. E. Leighton, Blair, W. S. A. Kimball, Axtell, Christie, Stetson, Stubbs, Crawford, Hicks, Wood, G. Simpson, Small.

MUSIC.

SPECIAL.—*Fencing*, Messrs. Carleton and J. H. Pierce. *Single Sticks*, Messrs. Wilbur and A. Chapman. *Broadswords*, Messrs. H. E. Bryant and Littlefield.

FLYING RINGS.—Messrs. Foster, Gahan, Machan, Stetson, W. E. Leighton.

INDIAN CLUB DRILL.—Class of '96, J. H. Bates, leader. Messrs. Marston, Dane, H. W. Owen, Jr., Robinson, Brown, J. Frost, A. P. Ward, Bass, W. S. Mitchell, P. Dana, Oakes.

POLE VAULTING.—Messrs. Bucknam, Bates, J. Haskell, F. Smith.

MUSIC.

WRESTLING.—Messrs. Carleton and Shay, A. Mitchell and Stubbs, French and G. L. Kimball.

PYRAMIDS.—Messrs. MacLean, Carleton, Shay, Stone, Gahan, Bucknam, May, P. Shaw, E. Thomas, A. Chapman, A. J. Lord, A. Mitchell, Stubbs, Foster, G. Kimball, W. S. Kimball, W. E. Leighton, Hicks, Coburn, Bates, French, Smith, Kyes, Haskell, Dane, Robinson.

It Meets Our Approval.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1893.

C. W. Peabody, *Editor, Brunswick, Me.*:

MY DEAR SIR: It will give me pleasure to add a copy of the BOWDOIN ORIENT to the list of educational periodicals to be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, under the care of the special agent of this Bureau.

In the hope that the suggestion may meet your approval, I enclose postal slips for transmitting the numbers of the volume for the current college year.

Very truly yours,
J. W. HOLCOMBE,
Acting Commissioner.

The Pessioptimist.

OLD Father Time has been turning his hour-glass pretty rapidly of late. Here is the winter term at an end, and only a few short months to the liberty of a long summer vacation. But what a momentous series of events are to take place before we reach that happy goal. Here is a base-ball pennant to win.

Do you suppose we can do it? The only answer the Pessioptimist can make is, We can try. And it must not be any half-hearted, disinterested trying, but every man in college must put forth his best efforts. If he can't play ball he can fish deep down into his pocket and draw forth the wherewithal to keep a ball nine in existence. There must be conscientious, hard work on the part of the men on the team, and this, together with the hearty support of the college, will do wonders toward Bowdoin's holding the position of honor among the Maine colleges.

* * * * *

Examinations are by this time either over or very, very nearly so. While the Pessioptimist does not believe that Bowdoin men are not generally strictly honest in the examination room, yet there is the temptation to yield to temptation once in a while and look on "the other fellow's paper." Now this is a college that has become rather noted for its self-government, and here is an opportunity to increase its efficacy. Why not have our examinations conducted on the plan that some of our sister institutions are adopting, that is, put the class on their honor. At the University of Pennsylvania and at Wesleyan there is no professor in the room and excellent results are said to come from the method. Let's try it at Bowdoin.

* * * * *

Generally speaking college men respect each other's rights with as much justice as the outside world, but there is often a tendency not to strictly adhere to the golden rule. Now, as a matter of fact, one man in college has just as much right to a peaceful existence as anywhere.

* * * * *

The Pessioptimist's work is done. At least the Pessioptimist of the BOWDOIN ORIENT, Vol. XXII. The only hope he has in his closing moments of existence is that

he will not be entirely forgotten. He may have been a little severe at times and wounded the feelings of those who took to heart what he said. The only apology he has to make is that what he did was for their good. He gives way now to his successor, and, with an unbroken heart, without the faintest sign of a tear glistening in his eye and with no tremor in his voice, he says farewell.

Rhyme and Reason.

Historical Perspective.

Deep mystery at first; no when, no where; Those countless æons that no annals bear, Unfathomed, unconceived, we pass in awe. Then misty view of tribes whose only law Was fierce, wild struggle 'gainst invading might; They fought, were swept away; the far-off sight Of modern eye perceives an age's fact, But nothing more,—no man, no name, no act. Then beings dimly seen across the lapse Of centuries,—vague, mythical, perhaps; Then ancient heroes bold, a clearer band, Immortal in their fame they still shall stand On the horizon of the past. Now men And names and acts appear and times wherein Beliefs, opinions, motives, faiths, and creeds Accompany, explain, yet complicate men's deeds; And strife of kings and factions,—parliaments, And problems; social, economic, rents, And riots, measures, threats to kill, The first and second reading of a bill.

Different.

I said, "Miss Mary, will you go With me unto the costly show, And after have a costly lunch And bon-bons and a claret punch? O don't refuse and cause distress." She gave a sweet, a candied "yes."

I said, "Miss Mary, will you be A sweetheart, nay, a wife to me? O don't refuse and cause me woe." She answered with a candid "no."

To-morrow.

"In to-day already walks to-morrow."

Her face is fair

As summer skies when loved ones press Our hands, the whole world's loveliness Is gathered there.

Her voice is low

And sweet—the echo far away
Of song-birds' strain at break of day
And brooklet's flow.

Tho' oft we hear

The rustling of her robes, and seem To feel, beneath the dawn-star's gleam Her presence near,

Tho' with us long

And leading on with hope's swift pace,
No man has ever seen her face
Or heard her song.

Ode XX., Book I., Horace.

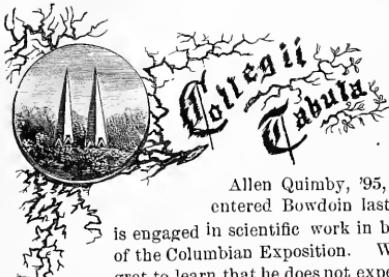
You'll drink but humble Sabine wine
From modest cups of earthen delf,
Stored up in Grecian cask divine,
Dear knight Macenas, by myself;
While rang the city with your praise,
As if your native river bright
Were answering in those happy days,
Or Vatic echoes light.
Drink, if you like, rich Caecuban
Or juices tamed in Cales's press:
Falernian vines or Formian
Temper my wine-cups less.

Ode XXXVIII., Book I., Horace.

Boy, I dislike the Persian pomp,
Coronals wreathed with linden-rind;
Cease seeking where the autumn rose
Still blooming you may find.

Truly I bid you nothing add,
Nor any other garland twine;
Myrtle the servant well becomes,
And me beneath the vine.

There are 3129 Harvard and 1289 Yale graduates in the New England States.



Allen Quimby, '95, who entered Bowdoin last fall, is engaged in scientific work in behalf of the Columbian Exposition. We regret to learn that he does not expect to return, but will probably resume his studies at Amherst next fall.

Mitchell, '96, has joined Δ T.

Gately, '92, was in town last week.

Hersey, '92, was in town last week.

Arthur Chapman, '94, is ill at his home in Deering.

Hersey, '92, was on the campus last Thursday.

Pendleton, '90, was seen in Brunswick last week.

Harry DeF. Smith, '91, has been in town recently.

Gummer, '92, is seen on the campus occasionally.

Professor Matthews, of Colby, visited the college recently.

Leighton, '95, sprained his ankle slightly at the Bath Exhibition.

George B. Sears, '90, has been spending a few days in Brunswick.

Andrews and Pearson, '96, are dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

Young, '92, has been at his home in Brunswick during the past week.

Dewey, '95, has returned to college after a successful term's teaching.

W. W. Thomas, '94, paid us a visit at the time of the Athletic Exhibition.

The Junior German division is reading Goethe's "Herman and Dorothea."

The Easter vacation begins the last of this week and lasts until April 11th.

"1492" attracted a number of the students to Lewiston last Thursday evening.

The Glee, Banjo, and Guitar Clubs will not make a tour this vacation as they intended.

The click of the tennis ball on the adjoining partition is beginning to be heard.

Most of the classes had adjourned the morning after the Exhibition in Brunswick.

The Seidl concert, March 18th, in Portland, was enjoyed by a few from the college.

Simpson, '94, will teach a twelve weeks' term in Boothbay Harbor, beginning April 3d.

Chamberlain, '93, who has been taking the customary sick vacation, has returned.

A new latest pattern Daylight Kodak Camera is offered for sale at 22 Winthrop Hall.

Parker, '91, was in town recently, and acted as one of the judges at the Athletic Exhibition.

It is expected that Gilmore's Band will give a concert here some evening next month.

Mr. Willard, the artist, is painting a portrait of Hon. James W. Bradbury to be placed in Memorial Hall.

A good sized delegation from the college attended the recent performance of "1492" at Lewiston.

Minot, '96, who has been engaged in newspaper work the past three months, will return to college next term.

Professor Houghton delivered an interesting illustrated lecture on Japan in Brunswick last Tuesday.

Boardman, special, who has been out for a couple of weeks on account of sickness, has returned to college.

Dr. Whittier and Capt. Carleton are going to visit some of the leading colleges in the interest of track athletics.

Two minstrel shows, one of them consisting of Brunswick talent, have occupied the Town Hall during the past week.

Professor Houghton read a paper at Gardiner, March 16th, on the "Roman and English Methods of Pronouncing Latin."

There was a well-attended minstrel show in the Town Hall, March 28th, for the benefit of the Brunswick Cadet Band.

Mr. Tolman will not return to his position as instructor in Rhetoric and Elocution until next fall. Dyer, '91, will take his place.

The members of Professor Lee's Senior division are contemplating substituting Bible Study for Histology next term.

The *Bugle* is out and is on sale at Bagley & Machan's and at Byron Stevens's; also at Loring, Short & Harmon's in Portland.

A. O. Reed has taken the contract for the photographs of the members of the graduating classes of both the college and high school.

President Hyde spoke before the Portland Congregational Club, March 16th. The College Quartet furnished music on the same occasion.

The small attendance at the Portland Exhibition was a disappointment. Those who were present, however, were loud in their praises of the entertainment.

The Freshmen have reconsidered their hasty decision and decided to row the Sophomores if they can make satisfactory negotiations for a shell.

Owing to delay in getting the material for the floor of the Art Building, it will be impossible to finish the building in July. It is hoped that it will be ready to be dedicated in September.

Bids for the building of the Sears Building were to be closed Monday last, too late for us to announce the result. Among the firms bidding is that of Norcross Bros. who are erecting the Walker Art Building.

The series of lectures on the "Spiritual Writings of Thomas C. Upham," given by Rev. E. C. Guild, were greatly enjoyed by those whose privilege it was to hear them. The last of the series was given last Sunday evening.

The Portland *Telegram* gives two columns of reasons for living in Portland. Among them is an item that "The Maine Medical School and two commercial colleges are located here." If all the other reasons are as sound as the first part of this one, no wonder that Portland was disgusted with the result of the last census.

The Senior Prize Speaking takes place Thursday evening in Memorial Hall. The following will be the programme :

The Evolution of the Newspaper, Mirabeau and the Revolution, Labor Organizations,	M. S. Clifford. A. A. Hussey. H. C. Fabian.
A Problem of Four Centuries, Parochial Schools,	C. W. Peabody. C. H. Howard.
G. S. Chapin was to have taken part, but has been excused on account of sickness.	

Owing to the numerous cases of serious illness in the town this winter, quite an agitation for a first-class sewerage system has arisen. Last week, Monday, Mr. E. C. Jordan, of Portland, President of

the State Board of Health, delivered a lecture on "Sewerage," in the Town Hall, before a large audience. March 23d a meeting was held and a village corporation was accepted. This includes all the town within the radius of one mile from Town Hall. It is expected that measures will be adopted at once to improve the sanitary condition of the village.

The great expense incident to transporting so many men as are in the Athletic Exhibition, combined with the costliness of orchestras, has made the attempt to raise money by appearing with it in Portland and Bath a failure. In Brunswick the profits were approximately one hundred and thirty-five dollars. In Portland the loss was in excess of one hundred dollars. In Bath about forty dollars were cleared. On the whole, therefore, it will be more profitable for us next year to confine our efforts to Brunswick alone, with a trip possibly to Bath.

At the regular annual meeting of the class of '93, Medical School of Maine, the following officers were elected: President, Ambrose H. Weeks, East Jefferson; Vice-President, George A. Tolman, Portland; Secretary, Daniel S. Latham, Falmouth; Class Orator, Edgar C. Newcomb, Newburg; Treasurer, Eben J. Marston, Bath; Marshal, Pearl F. Haskell, West Falmouth; Executive Committee, Thomas H. Ayer, Litchfield Corner; Louis A. Merritt, Houlton; Seth D. Chellis, East Parsonsfield; Charles L. Sweetser, Saco; William C. Farley, Haverhill, Mass.

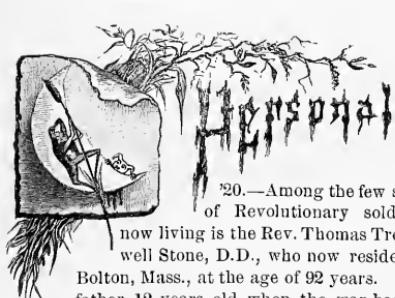
The *Portland Press* says: "In about a week there will open an art exhibition of unusual interest in the shape of a collection of original drawings by old masters. This collection was recently purchased and imported by Professor Henry Johnson, of Bowdoin, and contains authentic drawings by Titian, Rubens, Tintoretto, Domenichino, and others. These drawings number one hundred and seven, and bear the private marks of several collectors, among which are the marks of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of the collection of the famous Strawberry Hill of Horace Walpole. This exhibition will be opened free to the public at the former studio of Harry Brown."

The managers of the base-ball teams of the Maine colleges met at Lewiston, Saturday, Bowdoin being represented by M. S. Clifford, Bates by W. C. Marden, and Colby by Harry Jordan. A. D. Hayes, of Maine State, was also present and urged the admission of that nine. Bowdoin opposed the

admission on the ground of expense. Maine State offered to play at Bangor, the third game to be played at Waterville. Before this Bates has played the third game with them at Waterville, Bowdoin at Lewiston, and Colby at Brunswick. This was agreed to. Consequently the league will consist of four clubs for the first time for several years. Following is the schedule of league games:

- April 29—Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Lewiston.
- April 29—Colby vs. M. S. C., at Waterville.
- May 3—Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
- May 3—Bates vs. M. S. C., at Lewiston.
- May 6—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Brunswick.
- May 6—Bowdoin vs. Bates, at Waterville.
- May 10—Bowdoin vs. Bates, at Brunswick.
- May 10—M. S. C. vs. Colby, at Bangor.
- May 13—Bates vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
- May 17—Colby vs. Bowdoin, at Waterville.
- May 18—M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, at Bangor.
- May 24—Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Waterville.
- May 25—M. S. C. vs. Bates, at Bangor.
- May 27—Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
- May 31—Colby vs. M. S. C., at Waterville.
- June 3—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Waterville.
- June 7—Bates vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
- June 10—Bates vs. M. S. C., at Waterville.

Manager Clifford has already arranged for a game with Exeter to be played at Exeter, Memorial Day. The season will probably be opened April 19th.



'20.—Among the few sons of Revolutionary soldiers

now living is the Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D.D., who now resides at Bolton, Mass., at the age of 92 years. His father, 12 years old when the war began, enlisted in 1781, and was at West Point when Cornwallis surrendered. His paternal grandfather was in the army at Saratoga when Burgoyne surrendered, and his maternal grandfather fought till the end at Bunker Hill—part of the time with a clubbed musket, the ammunition being exhausted. Mr. Stone is a native of Waterford, in this State, and is the oldest graduate of Bowdoin College, having been a member of the class of 1820.

'25.—Commodore Horatio Bridge, United States Navy (retired), died at his home at Athens, Pa., on

Saturday, March 18th. Commodore Bridge was born in Augusta, Me., April 8, 1806, and was graduated in the class of 1825, Bowdoin College, two members of which still survive, Hon. James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, and William Hale, of Dover, N.H. He then entered the Northampton Law School, and upon being admitted to the bar began the practice of his profession at Angusta, but after a few years entered the navy as a purser, on February 19, 1838. On May 3d of the same year he was ordered to the sloop-of-war Cyane, and made a cruise of three years in the Mediterranean. After an interval of shore duty he was ordered to the sloop-of-war Saratoga for a cruise of two years on the African coast. He wrote an account of this cruise, which was published in 1845 under the title, "Journal of an African Crniser." The authorship of this book has been attributed to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was a classmate of Bridge at Bowdoin. Hawthorne, it is said, edited the book from Bridge's notes. From April 1, 1845, to April 9, 1846, Bridge was on duty at Kittery Navy Yard, then he went to sea again with the United States, the flagship of Commodore Read, and made a three years' cruise on the European and African stations. After another interval of duty at the Kittery Navy Yard he was ordered to the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, of the Pacific Squadron, from which vessel he was detached on December 3, 1853, and ordered home, soon afterward being made Chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing. This office he held for fifteen years, including the period of the Civil War, when the transactions of the bureau amounted to many millions of dollars. On April 8, 1868, at the age of sixty-two he was transferred to the retired list with the title of paymaster-general, and the relative rank of commodore; but he continued at the head of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, until April 8, 1869. His resignation was followed on July 6th of the same year by his appointment as chief inspector of clothing. He was detached from duty on February 8, 1873, having been in the service afloat and ashore for thirty-five years. He retired to his country home, The Moorings, at Athens, Bradford County, Penn., where he spent the rest of his life. A short time ago Commodore Bridge published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* an interesting series of reminiscences of Hawthorne.

Medical, '42.—Dr. Asa Millet, a prominent physician of East Bridgewater, Mass., died Tuesday, March 21st. He was born in Leeds, Me., June 22, 1813. He was a grandson of Thomas Millet, a Revolutionary soldier, and also a mariner on board the ship

Hancock, the first Continental war ship. Dr. Millet studied at Monmouth and Waterville Academies, and entered Waterville College in 1832. In 1842 he received his degree of M.D. at Bowdoin College. During the war he was made a contract surgeon under Gen. McClellan, until sickness obliged him to return home. As a member of the Surgical Aid Corps, however, he went several times to the army. He was a member Gov. Andrew's council. Dr. Millet was formerly Vice-President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and was a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. His widow is a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, and many other of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Her father was Capt. Branch Byram, and her grandfather, Josiah Byram, one of the Revolutionary train band. Five children survive him.

Medical, '45.—Dr. E. G. Edgecomb, of Turner, died suddenly at his residence, March 18th. He had been in practice in Turner for thirty-two years.

'46.—The late Judge Waterman a day or two before he died sent the following toast to be offered at the dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni, recently held in Portland:

"A sigh for the departed
Whose sun of life is set;
A health to the true-hearted
Who linger with us yet."

'72.—J. F. Libby, Esq., of Gorham, N. H., was elected county attorney at the last election. Mr. Libby is spoken of as one of the most promising and rising young men of the Granite State.

'73.—At a dinner given by the University Association of Florida, in Jacksonville, last month, Bowdoin was ably represented in the list of speakers by Mr. A. J. Boardman, President of the Park Board of Commissioners in Minneapolis, Minn.

'75.—The opponents of the medical registration bill have found out that it is expensive work to go before the legislature. Hon. O. D. Baker received \$1,000 for arguing their case before the committee.

'60.—Hon. T. B. Reed lectured on "Progress and Leadership," Saturday evening in Chicago, and made a marked success in his effort.

'77.—The Geographical Club of Philadelphia has decided to associate itself with Lieut. Peary in his proposed Arctic expedition. The *Philadelphia Ledger* says: "In thus connecting itself with this Greenland expedition the Geographical Club is not burdened with the grave responsibility which many organizations, embarking in such enterprises, so often are. Mr. Peary's letter relieves them of that, he controlling it absolutely as to its personnel,

material plans, methods of work, and everything pertaining thereto. In these particulars Mr. Peary may safely be trusted to do his part properly, and there is no doubt that the Geographical Club will diligently perform that which it has engaged itself to do. The \$8,000 or \$10,000 required as the club's share towards the expedition will not be difficult to raise."

Medical, '86.—The *Bath Times* records the death of Dr. W. R. Ballou: "Dr. Ballou was a young man of brilliant intellect and prospects, and his death at the beginning of such a promising career will be deeply mourned."

'91.—It is rumored that E. N. Goding will open an office in Boston, immediately after his graduation from the Harvard Law School in June.

'91.—W. W. Poore is principal of Hampden Academy.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALPHA DELTA PHI HALL, March 15, 1893.

Whereas, It has seemed best to our Divine Father to remove from our midst our beloved and esteemed brother, John A. Waterman, of the class of '46, be it

Resolved, That, while humbly bowing to the will of Almighty God, the fraternity recognize in his death the loss of a brother of superior intellect and high moral character;

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of the society be extended to his bereaved family and friends;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the ORIENT for publication.

SANFORD O. BALDWIN,
GEORGE C. DEMOTT,
JOSEPH H. ROBERTS,
Committee for the Fraternity.

Junius Brutus Booth, a son of actress Agnes Booth, and nephew of the great tragedian Edwin Booth, has entered the University of Vermont Medical College. Mr. Booth was for some time a member of the Manola-Mason Company.

Twenty-five graduates and former students of Johns Hopkins have accepted positions on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Book Reviews.

(*The First Millennial Faith.* By the author of "Not on Calvary." Bound in blue and white cloth with gold stamping: Saalfield & Fitch, New York.) "Not on Calvary" was written for the purpose of fighting against the "Satisfaction theory" that God's justice would be satisfied only with the sacrifice of his Son. This little volume is intended to strengthen the former work. It seems that this theory originated with the monk Anselm at the close of the first one thousand years of the Christian church. In proof of this the author quotes from the words of the saints and martyrs of the early church, who upheld that Christ was sent to man as a means for redemption. The book deals with some of the deepest problems concerning our relationship to God, and will be read with the greatest interest by all.

We have received from Ginn & Co., Boston, copies of their modern language series, including Racine's *Andromaque*, Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, and Montaigne's *De l'Institution des Enfans*, all edited by Ferdinand Böcher, Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University. This edition gives in a cheap form the best works in French literature.

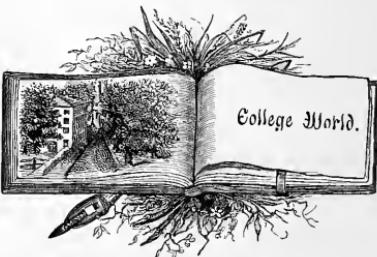
D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have just issued in their series of little texts of modern French, edited with notes, vocabulary, list of irregular verbs, and a grammatical appendix, seven new ones: *Un Cas de Conscience—Le Petit Tailleur Bouton—Un Aventure du Célèbre Pierrot—Les Grandes Découvertes Modernes—Récits de Guerre et de Révolution—Les Enfants Patriotes—L'Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son Chat.*

These are all of uniform difficulty, about ninety pages long, and edited on the same plan and for very early reading in school or college.

(*Mensuration*, by Wm. S. Hall, Lafayette, Col. Ginn & Co.) This work is designed for the course in lower Mathematics of schools and colleges, including as it does work from simple measurements in Arithmetic, to the more complicated in solid Geometry. Also work in Trigonometry and the Calculus is brought in, applied in measurements not easily obtained otherwise. It is in very compact form, and contains everything necessary for work taught in colleges.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue about March 25th, Balzac's *Le Curé de Tours* with notes by Professor C. R. Carter of Wellington College, Eng-

land. This will prove a desirable addition to the French texts for advanced reading, as it is representative of the character of this great writer, and is interesting in itself.



HER SUGGESTION.

Said I, "Suppose one loved a maid—
(No matter whom)—perhaps a year;
And yet that still the balance swayed
'Twixt hope and fear—

"Suppose one longed—yet feared the test,
To know the way her heart's inclined—
Tell me, what subtle means were best,
The truth to find ?

"How shall I read her voice, her touch—
An omen from a blush beguile ?
A smile may count for naught—for much"—
I saw her smile.

"Or, should I send a valentine,
Love's mystery, in a measure sweet;
Perhaps her eyes would answer mine,
When next we meet?"

"Why, if you wish"—her voice so low
I bent to hear—"It seems to me,
That if I *really* cared to know,
I'd ask," said she ! —University Courier.

The University nine at Chicago has received one hundred and fifty applications for games next summer.

Hereafter tuition for the University of Pennsylvania Law School will be \$150.00 instead of \$100.00.

The New England Intercollegiate Association at its last meeting voted to strike from the list of events the tug of war and the running and standing broad jump.

Leland Stanford is at present controlled by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, but on their death it will be managed by twenty-four trustees.

The faculty of Amherst has granted the petition presented by the Seniors asking that the required

number of studies for the spring term be reduced from four to three.

Two thousand photos were taken at the Harvard Observatory at Peru last year.

Two of the students at M. I. T. are building an engine to be exhibited at the World's Fair as a specimen of students' work done at that institution.

There has been in the past year an increase of 500,000 volumes in the college libraries of the United States.

There are said to be only four teachers in the United States who receive \$10,000 salary; three college presidents and the principal of the Lawrenceville Preparatory School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

TRUE SINCERITY.

In modern days a maiden sweet,
In manner sinful, clearly,
Will write a note with fibs replete
And sign it "Yours sincerely."

—Columbia Spectator.

Harvard's crew began last week to row on the river.

The scheme to erect a Y. M. C. A. building at a cost of \$150,000 is meeting with general approval among the law students at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Hans Virchow, of the University of Berlin, will have charge of the anatomical exhibits which the German department of education will send to the World's Fair.

The Senior class at Cornell is to give a rowing tank to cost \$1,500 as a class memorial.

For the first time in the history of Rochester University a reception and ball were recently given by the undergraduates.

The revenues of several of the dormitories at Brown have been given to the Athletic Association.

The new Cabinet Officers graduated from the following colleges: Gresham, Bloomington University; Lamont and Morton, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; Smith, Union, of Georgia; Olney, Brown, '56; Herbert, University of Virginia; Bissell, Yale; Carlisle never received more than a common school education.

NOT BEHIND TIME.

A little old man from the West
Wore his watch in the back of his vest,
"For," said he, "'tis sublime
Ne'er to be behind time,
Though the method is awkward, at best."
—Cynic.

The annual Exeter-Andover Base-Ball game will be played at Exeter on June 11th.

There are seven Wellesley graduates pursuing advanced courses at the University of Chicago, three at U. of P., and two at Yale.

The oldest university in the world is said to be the University of Fez, the chief seat of Mohammedan theology in the Western world.

On Yale's athletic team, twelve men are training for the sprints, forty for the middle distances, seven for the mile walk, six for the hammer and shot, ten for the hurdles and jumps, and four each for the pole vault and bicycle race.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

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